

OCT 12 1925

MCCALL'S

NOVEMBER, 1925
61

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❧❧ ETHEL M. DELL'S ❧❧

NEW NOVEL IN THIS ISSUE

These attractive pattern floors bring new beauty to your home

The colors and designs of these enduring floors meet every decorative need

TODAY in old homes as well as new, sombre floors of wood are being replaced by these newer, brighter floors of Armstrong's Linoleum. And no wonder! There are colors and designs for every type of home, for every kind of room—soft, rippling Jaspés in two-toned greens, blues, grays, and browns; smartly colorful figured designs; bolder Handcraft tiles; and natural marble effects—patterns created by Armstrong's expert designers to meet every decorative need.

These new floors are unbroken by splintering cracks, by careless seams. They are smoothly and firmly cemented in place over a lining of builders' deadening felt, then waxed and polished until the rich colors glow with a mellow radiance. These floors never need refinishing. They are springy, easy to clean, sanitary. They should last a lifetime.

New patterns now on display

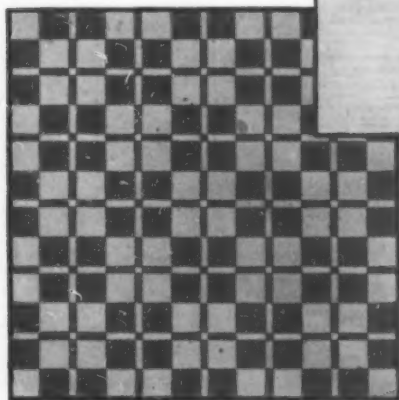
See with your own eyes the new pattern floors that interior decorators and architects recommend for fine modern homes—the floors that are in keeping with the new trend toward color and design in floors. Stop at a good department or furniture store the next time you go shopping and ask to see the new designs in Armstrong's Linoleum. Their beauty will delight you, their modest prices surprise you.

To help you find exactly those decorative touches your home needs—in floors, draperies, and furniture—we offer you the services of our Bureau of Interior Decoration. The Bureau is

The charm of this attractive dining-room lies in its simplicity of furnishings and deft handling of color. The floor, which is Armstrong's Marble Tile Linoleum (Pattern M62), serves as the basis for the decorative treatment.



*Above—Handcraft tile design No. 3143
Left—Black and cream inlaid No. 350*



*Above—Jaspé tile pattern No. 78
Right—Printed rippled pattern No. 8157*

Left—This inlaid pattern (No. 5433) also comes in blue, gray, and green.

headed by an experienced decorator, Hazel Dell Brown. Write to Mrs. Brown, describing the room or group of rooms you would like to redecorate. She will gladly give you her individual suggestions for draperies, wall fin-

ishes, and correct floors of color and design. This information will come to you in a practical form consisting of color set-ups of actual materials which you can get in almost any good store. There is no charge at all for this personal service.

A new book on the art of furnishing and decorating homes by Agnes Foster Wright

Mrs. Wright is an authority on home furnishing and decoration and a contributor to *House and Garden* and other magazines you read. Her new book, "Floors, Furniture, and Color," is brimful of illustrated ideas you can use to make your home a better and brighter one. This interesting and valuable book will be sent to anyone in the United States for 25 cents. Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 874 Virginia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back



Armstrong's Linoleum for every floor in your house

Zane Grey
in characteristic
costume in
Arizona,
which is the
scene of his
latest and
finest novel,
"Desert
Bound"



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ZANE GREY



Zane Grey
and
Dr. J. A. Wilbom
of Catalina
Island
at Long Key,
Florida,
starting on a
tarpon fishing
expedition



ZANE GREY

THE GREATEST WRITER OF WESTERN STORIES THAT AMERICA
HAS EVER PRODUCED

AND

ONE OF THE GREAT NOVELISTS OF OUR TIMES, WILL MAKE HIS
INITIAL APPEARANCE ON

McCALL STREET

NEXT MONTH WHEN HIS FIRST NOVEL, WRITTEN FOR THIS
MAGAZINE, AND ENTITLED

"DESERT BOUND"

WILL APPEAR IN THE PAGES OF McCALL'S, BEGINNING IN THE
ISSUE FOR
DECEMBER

In "Desert Bound," Zane Grey indubitably adds new and surprising laurels to his already renowned name. For, in addition to having created a great picturesque novel of high adventure enacted on western plains, as is his wont, Mr. Grey has here added to his work a thorough-going development of character that is going to amaze and delight even his most ardent admirers. Such a departure affords new and fascinating possibilities for Zane Grey's pen, and bears witness that he is no

longer to be accounted solely a preeminent novelist of action, but that he is now to take his rightful place with those writers who have given the world great portraits of unforgettable persons to hang in the galleries of memory. Mary Newton, tragic heroine of "Desert Bound," will doubtlessly take her place with the supreme women of contemporary fiction—Tess, Diana, Jennie Gerhardt and the rest of that shining company of women whose loves have been freighted with much unhappiness.

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Eleventh of a Series "The Milestones in a Woman's Life"
PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY NEYSA McMEIN

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Gene Stratton-Porter's Page



We shut ourselves up in our house while the parading Democrats, a howling mob, rode up and down the sidewalk.



Are you satisfied with the way your country is being governed? Do you approve of the way your money is being spent? This significant message from the pen of McCall's best loved writer should arouse every voter at whose door, she claims, lie most of the faults of present day politics.



Making Your Vote Count for Something

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

AUTHOR OF "FRECKLES", "THE WHITE FLAG",
"THE GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST", ETC.



ILLUSTRATION BY E. F. WARD



WHAT could be done with all the money that is sent to Washington if it were honestly, sanely, and carefully spent for the development of our land, for the culture of our people? This is a question which is far from being answered.

You and I, the people, are ground between the upper and the nether millstones. We do not know what the trouble is; but we know that something is wrong. We know that there never was anything more rotten in Denmark than the rottenness that from time to time fills our administrative offices in Washington—beautiful white buildings in one of the wonder locations of the world, and in them there goes on daily grafting, cheating, stealing, all kinds of schemes to waste the money collected from a struggling people in taxes—to divert it and to fill the purses of grafting politicians and to let the improvements the people who paid the taxes expected to get, fail in ever being carried out.

This is a subject on which I want every reader of these editorials to set to thinking, and to thinking deeply. How much longer are we going to stand by and let this sort of thing go on? How much longer are we going to pay taxes that are grinding the very lives not only from individuals

but from industries that need the money for development, and then stand back and see these enormous sums totalled and rolled up and sent to Washington and nothing happen with them?

We have been electing to fill our state offices and our national offices men who were willing to occupy these offices, not because of the salary that attaches to them, but because of the opportunity they offer to accumulate ill gotten gains. If there is any tendency on the part of anyone to question any of these statements, let him cast his optics on the records of the Governors of half a dozen of our different states

during the past year; look up the records of some of our senators and congressmen and high officials and convince themselves that what I am telling you is incontrovertible truth.

If we as a people will wake up and shake off our lethargy; if we will forget our

individual concern and think of the children, the hundreds of thousands of children who are growing up in this country who have not adequate religious or civil education, if we will think of the improvements that could be made in living conditions, if we will think of the railroads and the canals and the bridges that could be constructed for the furtherance of commerce, if the money that belongs to the people could be spent for the people, we will all come closer to realizing what I am trying to get at.

It may be necessary, like Diogenes of old, to take a lantern and go searching for an honest man, but he is always somewhere; he always can be found and if people really demand him he will unselfishly give his services for the betterment of conditions under which we may live, and love and have a little time to think about what is going to happen to our immortal souls.

From the time I was born, at the close [Turn to page 67]

Nature's perfect food—whole wheat!

—on your table in 3 minutes
at less than 2 cents a pound!

Tempting golden Wheatena! Each delicious spoonful fairly laden with the sunny strength of the wheatfields!

Wheatena is whole wheat at its best. Plump, golden grains of choicest winter wheat—roasted and toasted by the exclusive Wheatena method. All the flavor and nourishment are retained—the real golden heart of the wheat—the minerals—the carbohydrates—the proteins and the bran—nature's safe regulator. All the elements you need to build bone, muscle, tissue and to add golden years to your life. Treat your family to Wheatena today.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenville, Rahway, N. J.



Wheatena Bread

1/2 tablespoon sugar	1 yeast cake dissolved in
1 1/2 teaspoons salt	2 tablespoons lukewarm water
2 tablespoons shortening	2 1/2 cups uncooked Wheatena
1 1/2 cups boiling water	3 cups flour

Add sugar, salt and shortening to water. When lukewarm add dissolved yeast cake. Add flour and WHEATENA and mix well. Turn out on floured board and knead for five minutes. Place in bowl, cover and set in warm place to rise. Knead dough again for five minutes. Form into loaf and let rise nearly to top of pan. Bake in moderate oven (340 degrees F) about fifty minutes. Brush top with melted butter and cool on wire rack.

Free—Sample package and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served. Write today.

Wheatena

EAT WHOLE WHEAT EVERY DAY • ADD GOLDEN YEARS!

AFTER



*cleanse your finer things
this safe way...for longer service*

PERHAPS in the past when your dainty things have worn out long before they had even begun to give the service you had a right to expect of them, you have blamed it upon their material or the washing or the soap, when all the time the trouble lay with the acid action of perspiration.

Many women have now discovered the dangers of leaving delicate garments with even a hint of moisture in them. They use a simple means to prevent risk.

They tub their silks and woollens in Ivory suds as soon as possible after they are worn. They NEVER put them aside and leave them soiled, either in a closet or hamper.

This quick Ivory tubbing is very simple. To make Ivory suds you may use either the cakes or the flakes. Ivory Flakes is quicker because it dissolves instantly and you have suds in a second.

Of course, with any soap less pure and safe than Ivory, you might have to think twice before risking your delicate silks and woollens in such frequent tubbings. But Ivory has been used for forty-six years, to cleanse and protect the complexions of millions of women, so the thought of risk with Ivory need never enter your mind if the fabric will stand the touch of pure water.

Have you ever considered this?

A great many women do their entire family washing with Ivory Soap—for their hands' sake as well as for the sake of their clothes. Why not try Ivory yourself for this purpose? You will be delighted with the results.

A conclusive safety test for garment soaps

IT is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments.

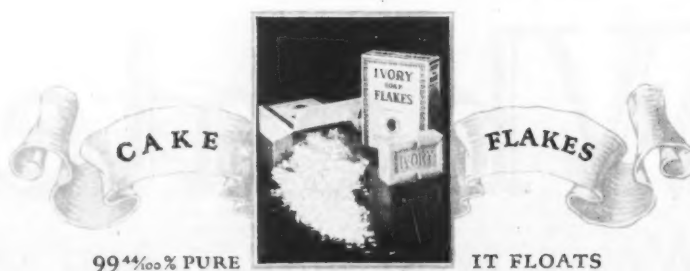
Simply ask yourself this question: "Would I use this soap on my face?"

In the case of Ivory and Ivory Flakes your answer is instantly "Yes," because you know that for forty-six years women have protected lovely complexions by the use of Ivory Soap.

Ivory Flakes for a very special need

IF you have a particularly precious garment that will stand the touch of pure water, let us send you a sample of Ivory Flakes to wash it with. With the sample will come also a beautifully illustrated booklet, *The Care of Lovely Garments*, which is a veritable encyclopædia of laundering information. Address a postcard or letter to Section 14-KF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Procter & Gamble



McCALL'S

NOVEMBER MCMXXV



Lanterns would throw dancing shadows and the smoke of cigarettes drift by while the men crouched over their game

Can A Homely Woman Really Have A Great Romance?

THE LOVE OF CACTUS CARRIE

BY VINGIE E. ROE

AUTHOR OF "THE SPLENDID ROAD," "NAMELESS RIVER"

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

Gives the answer to this question which every woman in the world has asked herself at some time or other.



CACTUS CARRIE came in across the line. Where she hailed from nobody knew, or cared. She was gaunt and agile. Her high-boned cheeks were brown. These, and her opaque, direct black eyes, hinted at Indian blood. But there all likeness to the "civilized" Indian ended, for the woman was filled with energy, and, in her starched, white linen dress, was always immaculately clean.

She had landed in the little desert town late one afternoon, and, twenty-four hours afterward, became an adjunct behind the lunch counter of the Harvey Eating House. The Harvey House flourished so greatly that the flat, hot cluster of adobe huts, the general store, and even the little depot—built after the fashion of the Southwest, with Mission lines—the few houses and the slatternly quarters of the Mexican section hands, all seemed to have but the single object of being near it. For the rest, there were only illimitable plains, and soft, blue-hazed, majestic space—silent as death itself, and beautiful.

The Arizona dawns and the twilights were awe-inspiring

spectacles. Cactus Carrie found them so—gazing from the window of her cubby-hole room in the gaunt barracks of a rooming

house where the five waitresses lived; but she never betrayed it. None would have guessed the hushed peace which the colorful pageant put within her.

"Great Jehosephat!" said Miss Sadie Eppel, fair—artificially; fat—naturally; and forty—unavoidably: "Ain't it hot! If it would only rain once in a blue moon in this God-forsaken country! Sometimes I wish I'd stayed in Boston."

"At Boston wages?" asked little Yvonne Kelly, "an' with ten women to every man? Good night! Not for mine. I come from the East too, an' any square mile of Arizona's worth the whole kit-an'-boodle of it."

"Some little booster, ain't you kid?" said Sadie, laughing. "Go to it: I like to see a guy stick up for his bread and butter."

"Did you get that man-stuff, Sadie?" called black-haired Annie Bruce, as she wiped the polished [Turn to page 95]



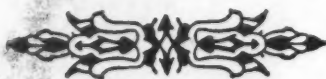
The Prince discusses South African affairs with Sir David De Waal

What happens when a royal prince makes a tour of his Kingdom Which-Is-To-Be? With what emotions does he receive the homage of his father's subjects? And how do these subjects welcome him—the heir to their fealty? H. R. H. the Prince of Wales has just completed a visit to the great Dominion of South Africa, where Englishmen and Boers and native tribesmen united to do him honor.

In this, first of a series of articles written for McCall's by gracious permission of the Prince of Wales himself, by Major Frank Verney, M. C., of the British Army, you will read the true story of the Prince of Wales' South African tour, for Major Verney, was privileged to travel with H. R. H. on the Royal Train and to be present at the great state and social functions with which South Africa wel-

comed her future Emperor.

Through Africa With the Prince of Wales —MAJOR FRANK E. VERNEY, M.C.



ventional, and the result a "wash-out," so far as the real Prince of Wales is concerned.

In all circles, the Prince rivals the weather as a stock topic of polite conversation, and one hears many views of him. It was about time somebody who knew something about him, got busy in the Press. Instead of retaining the view that it would be an error of taste for me to write intimate articles about the Prince, I began to regard it as a duty.

I mentioned the matter at York House, the Prince's residence in London, and the comment was: "Why on earth shouldn't you? It would be a jolly good thing if you did."

So I wrote the articles. Perhaps some of you read them. They were published in McCall's during H. R. H.'s visit

to America, last year, and, I understand, acted as a corrective to a mass of unbalanced and superficial matter that was written and invented about the Prince at that time.

Stimulated by the success of this small effort, and encouraged by the fact that the articles were cordially approved at York House as being an accurate sketch of H. R. H., I am—as we say in the Service, "carrying on," my object being to place on record a more or less complete and unbiased study of the real Prince, as a man, as a workman, and as future ruler of the British Empire.

I would like to emphasise this word unbiased, by stating that, though every word of these articles will be read and approved by Sir Godfrey Thomas, who is the Prince's Private Secretary, before publication, no word will be written that is inspired by any other consideration than my

desire to describe the Prince as I know him to be. I am not out to add another halo to the Prince's head or to indulge in any form of propaganda. Neither is necessary. Besides, the Prince dislikes "bouquets." At the same time, I am writing with a considerable regard to the Prince's rights as an individual.

From the moment that P. W. came into the world, his future was marked out for him by the relentless laws of his official destiny, and by the high sense of service to the Nation which governs his family. He was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but with a curb bit. To people who are weary with the struggle of existence and the fight



Left—The Prince visits a South African school Above—He delivered his speech in clear, clipped accents. Right—An early morning canter before the day's work begins.



EARLY last year I was so indiscreet as to yield to the persuasions of McCall's Magazine, and write a couple of intimate articles about the Prince of Wales. I did not frightfully care about the job; in fact, I shied at the very idea of it. First, because enough has been written about the Prince of Wales to paper-hang the civilised globe; and second, because I felt that it was not "the game" for a soldier-man to join in a paper-chase of his Prince and superior officer. In other words I had the inherited prejudices of my calling. However, the startling nature of the request had its immediate reactions. I was not so hide-bound by regulations, customs and tradition that I could not see the common-sense view. The stuff that had been written about the Prince was pretty first class drivel—a mixture of hysterical sentiment, grandmotherly criticism, and feminine adulation. The "human" side of him was portrayed by widely featuring his smile, his occasional falls in the hunting field, and his performances on the dance floor; the official side by spectacular descriptions of his public functions. A few writers scratched a little deeper, but their excavations were superficial and con-

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His personality melts away racial bitterness. By a smile, he destroys antagonisms that have defied time—Painted by Mead Schaeffer

for place, a curb bit may seem no particular privation, and a predestined course no drawback, so long as both are comfortable and lead to affluence. But, to the young and spirited, both are intolerably irksome. Life's principal inspiration is the spirit of adventure, and its only field the unknown. The Prince has a large stock of this spirit, but no field of the unknown. From the beginning he was denied acquaintance with Chance, and the lure of the veiled future. The subtle appeal of uncertainty; the thrill of hope and fear of what life might have in waiting round the corner; the stimulus of the gamble of Existence, were placed by Circumstance within a ring fence marked with the warning inscription—"No admittance for the Prince of Wales."

This is not merely an analytic deduction, that I am making, or a bare psychological generalisation. It is a hard and concrete fact which the Prince feels very poignantly, and he always will feel so. It is his own view. He is far too human to get case-hardened to the deadening inevitability of living to a cast-iron destiny. To P. W., CHANCE is a vital factor in life. His nature demands it. His composition screams for it. He wants to take chances. He needs this common heritage that is denied to him by the accident of his circumstances. Judging by the universal curiosity, kind and admiring though it is, one would imagine that he has no individual rights. As a matter of fact, he has precious few as you and I understand the term. But such privacy as he does happen to get is his own, and will be treated with appropriate reserve.

A few weeks ago I received a cable from McCall's telling me that America is waiting to hear about the Prince's tour in Africa, complete with savages, lions, and tigers, and what not. And though the savages are *not* savages, and lions have to be looked for with very long range glasses, and tigers don't exist, I must take you straight away to the scene of P. W.'s arrival in Cape Town.

Africa has witnessed many stirring events in her chequered history, and her peoples have thrilled to all the great emotions that can move humanity, but never has her heart throbbed to any individual or happening as it did to the Prince of Wales. Not only was almost every living soul of every colour, creed and race gathered in the streets of Cape Town to witness the Prince's arrival there, but on every tongue, and in every pair of eyes was a deep and united spirit of welcome that could have had no source but the heart. I know Africa, and I know the African people, for I have lived among them. There was no "second thought" about its greeting; there was no crowd stimulus in it; there were no mental reservations attached to it. Even ordinary curiosity was absent. It was just—"Our Prince is here." Here was something which defied analysis, forbade argument and scattered all politics and radical differences to the four winds of Heaven.

And while this great gathering of the peoples of Africa waited ashore, to give the greetings of a great Dominion and a hundred races, to the heir of the King Emperor, P. W.

stood in the cockpit of a little steam launch that was chugging its way across the blue waters of Table Bay from the low, grey bulk of an anchored battleship—the *Repulse*, staring over the top of the cabin and making casual and humorous remarks to his Comptroller, Admiral Halsey, on the action of the boat, the priceless weather, and the film of silver mist which lay on the top of Table Mountain, exactly as if he were an ordinary Naval Officer going ashore for an hour of inconsequential business. In this little incident of the manner of the Prince's approach to an experience of enormous importance to the Crown—as well as a terrific test of himself—you can see reflected that simple naturalness of his, that

stairs to the pier level. His face had now lost its look of easy in consequence—the subaltern look—and was grave and slightly strained—also the subaltern look—as he stood at the salute whilst the Band crashed out *God Save the King*. Then the pent emotion of the gathering broke loose over this clean-faced young man in Naval uniform who was the Tradition of a people come to life. Hats went into the air, hard eyes grew humid, and a passionate wave of cheering shattered formality and swept along the pier to the human masses beyond the barriers, travelling up the streets of the city like a wind-fed flame, forming a mighty human diapason to the distant roar of guns booming out the majestic motif of a Royal Salute.

Paling slightly beneath his bronze at the magic thrill of a country's welcome, but self-composed, and every inch the Prince of Wales, P. W. moved forward with his Staff to greet the tall and royal person of his cousin, Princess Alice, the Earl of Athlone (Governor-General), the Prime Minister, his old friend General Smuts, and various other members of the Government. An occasional swift smile broke boyishly over his face, irradiating its air of rather nervous gravity. And then quickly he passed on to inspect the Guards of Honour. A word here and a word there to officer or private; a quick question about a medal, the length of a man's service, a former meeting, an item of uniform; noticing everything and missing nothing, making the whole Guard feel that he had come to Africa especially to inspect them, and make their acquaintance. A turn round on his heel; a dozen or two more hand shakes; a few more salutes in acknowledgment of renewed bursts of cheering, and then a businesslike line for the car that was waiting to convey him up into the city and its eager multitudes.

But let's get on with the lions and the tigers by making a dash for the scene of Africa's official reception of H. R. H. Being on a kind of social crawl with the Prince, and free of movement so far as participation in processions and ceremonial is concerned, I made a short and rapid cut up to the great parade ground on the flank of the ancient castle and in front of the modern Town Hall, so that I might feel as an onlooker and a unit of the crowd, the pulse of South Africa's greeting. It was not easy to get there, but my guide was a senior police official and my car a police car.

I have taken part in many ceremonies which had H. R. H. and His Majesty for centre piece; I have witnessed many others. I have been on duty at a Royal Review at Aldershot when Laffans Plain has been packed with the scarlet and gold splendour of the British Army in full dress; and the morning sun has flickered on twenty thousand gleaming bayonets and sword blades, moving as one in the Royal Salute, the stirring music of massed bands playing *God Save the King*. I was also present on that famous occasion when half England gathered in the London streets to welcome the return of the Army from the late war. But [Turn to page 30]



King's House,
Durban,
June 9th, 1925.

Dear Verney,

Thank you for letting me see an advance-copy of part of the article on H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, which you told me you were writing for McCall's Magazine.

I think it is very good and you seem to me to have succeeded in striking several notes which, though obvious ones, have been lacking in the countless superficial articles that have appeared of recent years on the same subject.

Hoping to see you at Pietermaritzburg tomorrow.

Yours sincerely,

Godfrey Thomas

Sir Godfrey Thomas, Secretary to the Prince,
congratulates Major Verney on his articles

complete absence of all swank or fuss, which is the key to the man and to the hearts of all men. At the pier head he gathered up his sword and hopped ashore; fingered his tie while Halsey disembarked, and then led the way up the stone



A gust of wind-whipped rain swept a girl into the room

Invisible Cords

BY MRS. O. HENRY
(SARAH LINDSAY COLEMAN)

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HEITLAND



Does a wife inherit her husband's genius? ■ ■ You'll suspect she does after reading this story by the widow of Sidney Porter, who as O. Henry, won the applause of millions and is hailed as the great master—nay, almost the creator—of the modern American short story. ■ ■ For one would be compelled to go to the pages of O. Henry himself to find a tale of greater effectiveness, mellow love-liness and of deeper, compelling emotion, than this one which his widow has fashioned here.



FLASH of light and shock of sound! Wallace leaped from his bed in terror. In the sooty, suffocating blackness that followed the flash he came back from sleep to full consciousness and groped for the matches. He lit his lamp, slipped into trousers, dressing gown and slippers and built a leaping fire.

He drew the table that held his work, the book his publishers were advertising for the fall, up to the cabin hearth. But he did not write. A few restless movements and he shoved back the table to make way for the Morris chair.

Eyes fastened broodingly on the flames, he lay back in an immobility characteristic of him when under emotion. He hated storms in the night. Always they brought back that cataclysm of his youth now fifteen years past. Again he felt the scorching blast of pain that had seared him on that stormy night.

The intensity of the storm increased. Above the tumult rose a cry:

"Let me in! Oh, please let me in!"

He went to the door and opened it. A gust of wind-whipped rain swept a girl into the room. Her wet, bare feet made prints upon the floor. The grotesque quilt she clutched about her dripped in little trailing pools.

Again the thunder crashed, the lightning flared, the screaming wind shook the cabin.

The girl screamed too. The quilt dropped to the floor. Had she known who Wallace was, it was not the entrance she would have chosen. Her dark shingled bob dropped little streams on her yellow negligee and her feet were muddy.

"I c-can't help it." She spoke through chattering teeth. "Grandmother did it. When I was l-little and naughty. She said the l-lightning would strike me dead. I'm not

afraid of anything else. I b-beg your pardon for intruding. B-but you'll have to put up with me till it's over. A-and I'm sorry to look like this. I-I got my lamp lighted and this far along. When I reached for my m-mules, that bad one came. There wasn't anybody to come to but you—your light," she corrected.

Wallace looked at her suspiciously. Ladies were always wanting to know him, but with approaches more subtle, more decorous.

He caught up the blanket from the bed, wrapped it about the shivering girl and placed her in the Morris chair. He went into the lean-to and brought back a big man-sized towel.

"Used to be a sort of barber myself," he said, making a vigorous and deft attack on the head set so charmingly on its slender shoulders. Her curls she bunched on top. Scrumptious! "Don't you girls with your bobbed heads get tired of all looking alike?"

"It saves time."

At a flash from sky to earth she quivered. The cabin rocked with the crash.

With one of his quick changes of mood he held the pretty head to his breast while he rubbed vigorously. Women did bedevil him, but he was a cad to think guile of this girl.

"There, there," he comforted.

He came around and stopped in front of her. "Put out your foot," he ordered.

She obeyed in silence.

"The other."

She stuck it out.

Towel in hand he went toward the lean-to. "I'm going to make coffee, and toast. Late supper or early breakfast, which will you have mam'selle?"

"Late supper, of course. I hate early breakfasts."

He laughed. "Unoriginal young lady. True to type." Wallace was at his best when the honors of an occasion devolved on him. He was shy and ill at ease in the houses of other people—miserable when he was lionized.

Bacon and eggs, toast, coffee, marmalade. He got it together in an astonishingly short time, and served it on his work table again drawn up to the fire.

The storm was dying down. The girl's panic was subsiding. Her color came back as she drank the steaming coffee.

"The night blew you in from where? You couldn't have come far?"

"Oh, but I did," she sighed. "I meant to stay in the village with a woman I know there. I drove in her buggy this afternoon, or yesterday, whatever time it was, and I left the macadam for this lovely road. Every time it made a loop I tried to turn back, but the mountains were so friendly. They crowded close and closer in welcome. The road grew rougher, but I came on. When it stopped I was here."

"Across the road! With old aunt Ziry!"

"When I turned her out and sent her back with the buggy I didn't reckon with the elements." Her somber eyes laughed into his. "She's daown at darter's," she mimicked. "When daylight comes she will be back to milk the cow and feed the pig and the chickens and help me with my breakfast. But I won't need any breakfast. You've been so good to me."

She had apologized for her entrance and had made no other reference to her unconventionality. She had graciously accepted his hospitality, and without squeamishness. There was something honest and unaffected about her that made his voice warm, his whimsical lips sweet, his eyes that saw

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deeply below the surface of things, soft as he gave back: "Why child, you came to me when you were afraid. What man would have behaved?"

Her hand flashed to her heart as though from sudden pain, and traveled to her lips as if to still words that must not be said.

She got to her feet. "I'd better go now. Daylight's coming and Aunt Ziry wouldn't understand my being here." Eyes like shadowed pools, she looked at him in smiling gratefulness.

Wallace swooped her up in his arms. She was a little thing and he carried her lightly across the road to her own cabin, and dumped her down in the soft feather bed from which she had fled.

"What's the game. Hide and seek?"

"There's nobody to hunt for me. Daddy's in Europe."

"I take it that means you don't want to be found."

"No," she spoke slowly, "I don't want to be found."

From the doorway Wallace looked back. "Auf wiedersehen, Miss Terry."

She sat up in bed laughing, as unconscious of herself and her surroundings as a child.

"That was neat. It flatters a woman to have a man think her a mystery."

"And a man's ego flaps its wings and crows like a lusty rooster when a woman appreciates him." Wallace was not to be outdone in compliments.

In the early afternoon, he was awakened by a woman's voice calling "Felicia!" He went to the window and looked out.

The cabins were opposite each other and not a hundred yards apart. Beyond them was the trail that led to the mountain tops.

A woman driving a horse hitched to a shiny little buggy had drawn rein at Felicia's door. Obviously she was the lady from the village some miles below—the woman with whom the girl had "meant to stay."

Felicia came out.

"Met the writer yet, Felicia?"

"What writer?"

"Cheer up child, even if you are in the dumps. In that miserable shack opposite your equally miserable shack Wallace is writing a book. Guess he's just as cranky as can be. I hear he's shy, that he hates women—was mixed up in some sort of a scandal with one, but he's Wallace and it would be thrilling to say you knew him intimately. Wish I had your chance."

Late afternoon when the lady had gone the girl sat on the porch.

"Anything more you'd like to know about me?" Wallace megaphoned, cupping his hands to his mouth.

She shouted back: "Daddy's simply mad about your stories."

"And are you too?"

"Never read 'em."

He laughed whole heartedly, like a boy.

"Neat name, Felicia. Always liked it!"

"It's a liar of a name!"

"How come? What's wrong with it?"

"It means 'happiness' in the dictionary."

"Don't pity yourself," he yelled. "I can't come over and jolly you up. I've got too much work to do."

"I pity you that you can't come," she called back saucily.

It was true that the hurt one woman had given him had made him distrustful of all women; true that he was shy by nature, but he liked this girl with her boyish honesty.

As though jealous of a world to which they might return, the mountain, having shown them how savage it could be, smiled on Felicia and Wallace. Days full of sunshine—towering hills in changing moods—misty and blue at dawn—ethereal and purple sunset. Moonlit nights, glamorous

and unreal, mysterious shadows all around them.

Felicia moved in and out of her cabin. Sometimes she climbed the trail. Sometimes she went down the road. Wallace worked hard. There were times when he toiled half the night and slept half the day. They exchanged occasional greetings with each other from the porches. Wallace thought she was a nice, exceedingly nice, girl having a lark all alone in the big wood, although, for the moment she called the lark a tragedy.

It was, perhaps, a week after the storm that she put her hands up and trumpeted across to him:

"Come to supper. I've been to the village and I've got some good things."

He went over.

Felicia, in honor of the occasion, wore a flame colored silk slip that suited her dark, slender beauty.

After a pause, "When's this to be over, Felicia? When do you go home?"

"Home's a far castle in Spain," airily. "Anyway I've fallen out of love with things that begin with h—home—husband—"

This time the silence was deep. Wallace made no attempt to force her confidence.

"He thought it was I in the man's arms telling him good-night. He leaped at him and he said terrible things. It was a friend of mine—a school mate. Her mother was trying to make her marry a man she didn't want. She was seeing her lover at our house. Malcolm didn't know about it. He hadn't come to dinner. He was extra busy. Oh, he was penitent! I was decent. I didn't make a scene. But when Alice was gone and Malcolm back at the office next day, I took all he'd ever given me and piled it high on the bed with my wedding ring on top of it. I said I didn't love him any more. That I didn't love a man who couldn't trust me when the lights were dim. That was his plea. The lights were dim!" She gave herself a little angry shake. Wallace saw her hands clench in her fight for composure.

His hands closed over hers. "How old are you, Felicia?"

"Twenty-one."

"Quite sure you haven't turned the figures around?"

She stiffened, tried to draw her hand away. Wallace held on to the unwilling hand. "It's a funny thing but you can't get away from marriage—separation—divorce—death—once married, always married. Just because you have run away to these big woods are you unfettered? Are you the girl you were before you married? Don't you feel that in some invisible way Malcolm set his seal on you?"

"He came to our school and he was sweet." Wallace knew that something bigger than the girl herself, with her acceptance of the up-to-date attitude toward marriage, was drawing the words from her reluctantly.

It might have been just the glamorous night with old dame Nature behind it pulling at the girl's heart strings.

"I can see him now in his little checked suit, standing so straight and with that stubborn chin of his held high. His hair still stands up in that absurd cowlick. And his eyes. Nice eyes. Then he went away. His family moved. I never saw him again until last fall. It was breathless then—till the wedding day."

She jumped to her feet. "The lamp's going out. I forgot to put oil in it."

Wallace's hand restrained her.

"That from you," he said. "That subterfuge. Good night. Got to work on that book. Time's most up."

June days passed, splendor of sunshine, glory of color and grayness of rain. And, always, except for the coming and going of the old mountain woman who tidied both cabins and helped them with their cooking, the mountain land shut them in as intimately as if it had been made for them alone.

The story Wallace was writing ran away from under his hands. It pulsed and beat and throbbed with youth—with youth that flames like a rose and, like a rose, unfolds but once. It glowed and laughed, it wept and was alive.

Wallace had got in the way of having supper with Felicia. She had got in the way of mothering him. Sometimes he found midnight lunches on his porch. Once there were great glowing tiger lilies in a tomato [Turn to page 41]



The terror of the storm passed. In the days which followed Felicia and Wallace found new joy



After supper they went out on the little porch. Twilight and the liquid notes of the thrush. Felicia went inside and lighted the lamp. She came back and sat down beside Wallace on the porch steps. She said never a word. Wallace was a man of silences. The moon rose. Its light slid mysteriously along the tree boles turning them into fantastic blurs—a place for dryads to steal out and meet fauns.

Felicia's hand went out and patted Wallace's knee.

"You're nice—as nice as my daddy."

"And as old. Thank you." Wallace's voice was chagrined.

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Here is the amazing first installment of what will prove one of the great literary sensations of the times. It is a genuine recreation of the family circle of "Little Women"—a recreation fashioned from the fifty unpublished diaries kept day after day by Bronson Alcott, the brilliant, luckless father of Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women" and herself the famous "Jo" of that story. These articles, arranged directly from the diaries by Mrs. Morrow, will establish once and for all time the



A. Bronson Alcott, the Father of Little Women

reputation of Bronson Alcott, great and neglected genius, whose theories have revolutionized our modern education; a man Hawthorne and Thoreau were proud to call friend, but whom most of his generation thought only a blundering fool. McCall's Magazine is proud not only to throw this new light upon the real lives of the famous "Little Women" themselves, but also to lead the way toward a tardy recognition of the great American who was their inspiring father.



The Father of Little Women

BY HONORÉ WILLIE MORROW

AUTHOR OF "THE FORBIDDEN TRAIL", "THE ENCHANTED CANYON"

BECAUSE she was a New Englander born and bred, of Anglo-Saxon stock, America meant something to my mother which it cannot mean to a person of different background. Mother spent most of her married life in the Middle West and I think one of her greatest problems in rearing her children was how to produce for them that background of traditional responsibility toward our country that had come to her quite automatically, because she was of the lineage she was, and because she had been reared where she had been. And the Middle West was without tradition.

As I look back at our intellectual relationship to Mother I realize that she attacked the problem from many angles. But most obviously by talking to us so much about New England, about life in the New England town that bred her and about the men and women who, she said, had given America whatever standing it had in the world of letters and of statesmanship, that we actually grew to look on New England as our true home, and on her birthplace as our own.

She was a fluent talker, and one of my dearest pictures of her is of winter twilight, with mother rocking my little sister before the old base burner with its glowing eyes. Curious—as that picture returns to me at this moment, every line is wiped from her face, every grey hair has gone from her head. She is young, and I am tiny, and look up into her eyes, so rich and warm a blue in the firelight. And she is



Home of the Little Women, now maintained as a memorial

talking to us about the picture that hangs beside the Daniel Webster engraving. It's a tiny water color of a moss rosebud in a narrow blue frame. There was a series of stories connected with that modest painting that we children asked for again and again. For it was painted by Abba May Alcott,

fascinating talker that I had known or ever would know. And I still think so. And I'd like to see justice done him.

"Yes, and what of that?" I asked with the nonchalance of youth and ignorance.

"What of that?" flared Mother. "What of anything that

the "Amy" of "Little Women," from whom my mother had taken painting lessons when she was a young girl. And Mother told us over and over of the gaiety and charm of May, and her really fine talent, "which," Mother always added firmly, "she inherited from her father and not from her mother. Mrs. Alcott was always given the credit for what Louisa and the others amounted to. But my father always said that Bronson Alcott, their father, was a very great genius, born a hundred years before his time. And I believe that both Louisa and Abba May got their great talents from their father."

In the telling of what we called her "Amy stories," Mother repeated this statement many times, and at last I grew up sufficiently to ask Mother why she always stressed it so. "Because," she said, "I believe that Harriet Martineau, when she ridiculed Mr. Alcott's Masonic Temple School in Boston out of existence, set back the clock for education not only in this country but in the world, a hundred years. I remember Bronson Alcott vividly. When I was a girl and he came to Exeter to lecture, he used to stop at our house. I can remember that I thought him the most beautiful man to look at and the most

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impedes the nation's growth? Bronson Alcott would have been one of the greatest glories of New England and they wouldn't have it. They crucified him. They laughed at him as an impractical visionary, a man who allowed his family to go hungry while he dreamed dreams! Every one but Emerson. Emerson understood him and was not above drawing on him for philosophical sustenance. Never forget that."

And you observe by this that I have not!

As I grow older nothing astonishes me so much as the inexplicable continuity of apparently irrelevant events in one's life. There is my dear mother in the Middle West with her unquenchable enthusiasm for the older giants of New England and her unceasing partisanship for Bronson Alcott; and there is many, many years later, one of the younger editors in New York City who asks me if I would be interested in looking up Bronson Alcott's diary. Me—I never had heard of Bronson Alcott's diary! But this editor informed me that Bronson Alcott had kept a diary for over fifty years that never had been published! And he asked me if I would not try to get permission to delve into that diary and find out what sort of father produced the Little Women. Thus was I invited into the most charming literary adventure of my experience.

The first thing to discover was the whereabouts of these diaries. That was not difficult. The diaries were in Concord, Mass., in the Alcott home in which lives Mrs. Frederick Alcott Pratt, who was the wife of "Demi," "Meg's" son. I wrote and after a time I received permission to call on her.

I got off the train at Concord in a blinding storm of snow and sleet. It's just a small town, much as it was when the Little Women themselves lived there. I asked the station agent how to reach the house. It was only three or four blocks from the station. I was to recognize it by the white picket fence that surrounded it. I pushed my way through the storm; conscious that great elm trees tossed gigantic arms above wide streets; conscious that the girl Louisa and her sisters had buffeted many such a storm in exactly this spot. Thrilled and breathless, I turned in at the gate in a picket fence, and reached a little New England "stoop."

A pleasant-faced maid let me into a hall and, after I'd divested myself of my snowy overcoat and hat, she led me into a large, low ceilinged parlor whose walls were hung with many fine paintings. While I was examining them, a small, grey haired woman with the keen, kindly face that belongs to New England, came in and we introduced ourselves. This was Mrs. Pratt.

I think we talked about the weather, first and then we talked a little about writing, and then we touched on the relative merits of women's magazines versus *The Atlantic Monthly*. But we didn't seem to get to the subject of the Bronson Alcott diaries. I began to feel a little chilled, mentally. I recognized the atmosphere fully. It was the same kind that my mother created with strangers whom she proposed to hold at arm's length. And it is an extraordinary difficult atmosphere for a westerner like myself to break through. I admired the paintings.

"Yes," replied my hostess pleasantly, "most of them were done by May Alcott."

"My mother took painting lessons from May Alcott when she was a girl."

"What was your mother's name?"

I told her. Mrs. Pratt leaned toward me, her face eager and tender. "O, my dear!" she exclaimed, "I knew your mother. She and I went to the seminary at the same time," and in a moment we were plunged in a flood of questions and answers, regarding Exeter. It was after this that my hostess asked me to have a look at the diaries.

She led me into the next room—such a room as time and New England alone can produce. In all the far West, in all the Middle West or South there could be no such room because the culture there lacks the austerity and the richness that created Bronson Alcott's library. It was a square room with windows on opposite sides, and a small, marble-faced fireplace, inconspicuous in design. Worn old chairs and reading lamps, and round the walls, book shelves, crowded with books.

Books overflowed the cases to tables. There were busts of Socrates, of Bronson Alcott and of Louisa; tiny, choice portraits of the Alcotts; a program for a child's day of work and play in faded ink; the snow slashing against the windows, the glow of firelight on the rich bindings of old books. This



● Louisa May Alcott from a bas-relief ●

had been Thoreau's home and Bronson Alcott's. Emerson and Thoreau and Bronson Alcott had sat before this fire giving one another those ideas that had made Concord one of the greatest thought centers of the world!

My hostess crossed to one of the bookcases and made a

hand. "1829. Journal." It was a book of about the flat dimensions of *The Atlantic Monthly*, but two inches thick. It contained three hundred pages of sheet paper, yellowed by time, and covered by a fine handwriting in faded ink that, while beautiful to glance at, was very difficult to read. I looked up at Mrs. Pratt and there was a distinct twinkle in that astute lady's eyes as she said: "Volume after volume like that! And Lowell, who admired much about Mr. Alcott, said that when Alcott went to his writing he went to his death! The man could not put himself into such literary form that people would read him."

Something of my mother's old feeling flared within me. "And yet," I explained, "he was a very great teacher!"

"Yes, he was a very great teacher," my hostess agreed. "My husband's mother ('Meg of 'Little Women') felt that, I think, even more than Aunt Louisa did. Although heaven knows, Aunt Louisa was devoted itself to her father. But after all, it was Aunt Louisa who carried the financial brunt of the family, and that tends to lessen one's ardour! You don't know, perhaps, but people in New England felt that Bronson Alcott was a mere impractical visionary."

"And yet," I insisted, "Louisa Alcott's genius could not have been the mere result of birth. Her early training must have counted heavily. Didn't her father educate her?"

"Yes, and entirely according to his peculiar theories . . . How proud he was of her! Yet, in most ways, Anna was closer to him. She too was a remarkable woman with a fine gift for expression."

"Where did Bronson Alcott get his own training?" I asked suddenly. "Was he a Harvard man?"

"No, he never went to college, come to think of it," I was informed. "It's a curious thing that he never went to anything but the worst kind of little country school, and that only until he was fifteen. He had almost no access to books either. I've heard my mother-in-law say that frequently, during the time young men are in college, he was a peddler in Virginia in the winter, and worked on his father's farm in summer."

"And yet," said I, "at twenty-three or four he was conducting the greatest experiments in education this country had known and was evidently, even then a profound thinker and a classicist. What went on in that young peddler-farmer's mind? One can't get an education spontaneously as one gets religion. I want to find out what life did to Bronson Alcott so that he was able to give Louisa Alcott to the world."

"I'll be glad if some one will do him justice," said Mrs. Pratt. "Only in your anxiety to discover him, don't fail to realize that 'Marmee' was a very noble human being, nor that there must be some sound reason why Bronson Alcott

is neglected while every summer twenty thousand or so people from all over the world come to Concord to see the home of the Little Women."

She went to the bookcases and brought me another diary.

I opened the book, working slowly through the beautiful, difficult script. It ran:

"Observations on Childhood."

"Observations on the Spiritual Nature of my Children, (Anna and Louisa) A. Bronson Alcott, 1834-5."

"Monday, October 27, 1834 . . . I dressed them this morning at an early hour. Louisa shed a few tears while being dressed. She has been less irritable, I understand from her mother, than usual. She enjoyed Anna's society with several of the little ones at school for an hour. She took a nap at noon: went to bed, shedding tears. Her mother deemed it best to discipline her into silence; crying on going to bed being one of her almost confirmed habits."

"Anna spent some time with me after tea, in the Study. She was remarkably amiable, communicative. But she did not succeed in getting to bed without tears, her common habit, if urged against her will. I punished her, sending her to bed without a kiss and shutting the door to her bed chamber . . ."

"Louisa's deep-seated obstinacy of temper is far from being conquered."

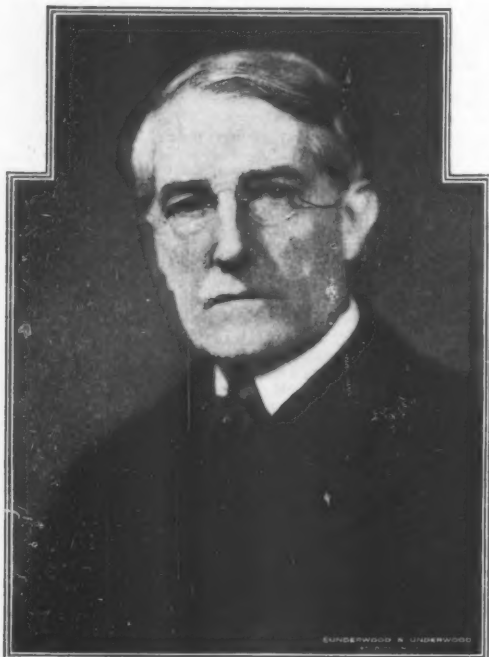
She is by no means docile. Submission is an act of self-infliction that she renders doubly painful by her resistance to every entreaty. I have not resorted to physical suffering today, reminders of the possibility of punishment having succeeded in controlling her . . . I had [Turn to page 91]



● Children adored him. He could make them understand anything—Painted by R. W. Stewart ●

little sweeping gesture with her hand. "All these are Bronson Alcott's diaries—fifty volumes of them, with much of his correspondence. Aunt Louisa had them all bound up for him when he was old."

She pulled out a volume at random and laid it in my



John Roach Straton

"Heaven will be much as Aunt Car'line Believed"

BY REV. DR. JOHN ROACH STRATON
NOTED PASTOR OF CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH
AND PRESIDENT OF THE FUNDAMENTALIST
LEAGUE

THIS story touched me deeply. We lost our own precious little daughter, a radiant child of twelve summers, only two years ago. We have found ourselves like Aunt Caroline thinking much of heaven, therefore, I rejoice, too, to say that, like the quaint old character in your story, we have an unshaken faith in the reality and glory of the heaven's home. The old fashioned faith which Aunt Caroline so quaintly exemplified is precisely what is needed in these modern times. In the midst of the materialistic philosophy and the superficial speculations of today, the reality of heaven has largely faded from the consciousness of the average individual. The recognition of the reality of an unseen and eternal world is the greatest need of our age.

I like your story, therefore, immensely, and I would say as a student of the Bible that there is far more ground for Aunt Caroline's homely but beautiful faith in the reality of the hereafter than there is for the idle doubts and the empty speculations of today, which know no conception of heaven, except in some vague, intangible way that can neither satisfy the thoughtful mind nor comfort the sorrowing souls of the children of men.

While God through the Bible does not reveal in detail the exact nature and conditions of the heavenly land—nevertheless He does give us all that is necessary to challenge our interest, feed the altar fires of our hope, and strengthen within us the forces of a satisfying faith. And what is taught in the Bible concerning the hereafter, all indicates that Heaven will be much as Aunt Car'line believed; not a place so unreal, with conditions so strange and new that pilgrims from earth cannot feel at home therein. The Scripture's teaching makes clear that the conditions of heaven will be simply the completion, glorification and perfection of the conditions of earth.

When we compare the strength, beauty and usefulness of such lives as those of Uncle Daniel and Aunt Car'line with the superficial and silly lives of today, so frequently developed by our growing paganism and godlessness, it should make us pause.

John Roach Straton



WHAT WILL HEAVEN BE LIKE?

This question, so appealingly discussed in the short story presented herewith, was taken to one of the greatest of the Fundamentalist clergymen, the Rev. John Roach Straton, of New York, and also to Clarence Darrow, the noted attorney who led the defense against William Jennings Bryan at the world-famous Scopes trial at Dayton, Tennessee.

Their answers, presenting, as they do, the arguments of the two opposing camps—the materialists and the fundamentalists—are given here in parallel columns.

In reading them you will be able to garner the main arguments for and against the so-called scientific view of life and death as contrasted with the spiritual view—the view of the Bible and of Aunt Caroline.

"There's A Land That Is Fairer Than Day"

By

FRED H. McCULLOCH



UNCLE DANIEL'S health had been failing gradually for two years. After he and Aunt Caroline celebrated the sixty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, an event which was made a great occasion by all of us who were related to them by blood or by marriage, his strength ebbed more rapidly. We had talked and planned the celebration for months, and neighbors, friends, indeed the whole community, made it a great event.

Uncle Daniel was very happy to receive the proof of affection from so many persons. To have all the inhabitants of our village join in the testimonial, seemed to be a fitting climax of his life. He had looked forward to it, timidly, but with great pride, and when it was over there seemed to be nothing left for which he need live.

For weeks after the event he was able to be out of the house and to wander hand in hand with Aunt Caroline



Clarence Darrow

"I Don't Know What Heaven Will Be Like"

BY CLARENCE DARROW

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS LAWYER AND DEFENDER OF THE EVOLUTION THEORY IN THE NOTED SCOPES TRIAL AT DAYTON, TENNESSEE

MAN has always speculated on life hereafter. Every person makes his own image of heaven. I don't know what heaven will be like, or if there is any. But any consolation any person may get from the hope and belief and from his image of what heaven is like, he ought to be permitted to have.

Every one pictures the emotions he will experience in heaven as the keenest pleasure he's had on earth. People have no other pattern. Nobody can tell where it is, what it's like or what they'll do when they get there.

Everybody makes his own separate heaven according to his own hopes and desires.

There are very few people who are so sure of heaven that they do not, when ill, send for a doctor to keep them away from it so long as possible.

The main basis of the idea of immortality is in the will to live. All normal living organisms fight against death. It is really never overcome except by some physical calamity which destroys the will to live. This amounts to insanity because it's so very rare and abnormal.

One person's guess on heaven is as good as anyone's else: If he happens to guess wrong, he will never know it.

The more frustrated or unfulfilled has been the individual's life, the more anxiously he looks to heaven where he may realize the things he failed to accomplish here.

This is paralleled by the parent and the child. In youth the parent had his dreams of wonderful achievement which are more or less frustrated by the disappointments of life. He then turns to his children with the hope that they may accomplish what he himself has failed to realize. They in their turn probably will fail. And so the tragedy piles up and we pass on the hope to generations to follow.

The shortness of life, the failure of ambitions, the weakness of faith ought at least teach human beings to be kind and charitable to each other and try to make the brief existence on earth as happy as it is possible to be for all.

Clarence Darrow

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through the old fashioned flower garden. It was early autumn, and the hollyhocks against the fence and the double rows of asters along the garden walk were in bloom. On the ninety-second anniversary of his birth, he and Aunt Caroline walked down into the village and received the congratulations of the townspeople who always smiled tenderly as they watched the old couple strolling along slowly, loitering like boy and girl lovers.

The following day Uncle Daniel was obliged to remain in bed. I stopped to see him and he told me he was not feeling quite so "peart" as he had been and that the walk to the village had overtaxed his strength, warning me not to alarm "Car'line" by telling her.

I saw the old man was worn out, not sick save that the machine was slowly running down. Aunt Caroline, who was three years younger than Uncle Daniel, and who for several years had been the stronger, protested indignantly when I told her I would arrange with Miss Simons, the only trained nurse in the village to care for Uncle Daniel. I told her she must save her own strength, or both would be sick and she could not help him at all when he needed her and that Miss Simons was just the kind of a girl to have—quiet and helpful. She yielded to my arguments but made small effort to conceal her jealousy of the efficient young woman in the blue and white uniform.

The doctor and I had an understanding, and, a week after Miss Simons was installed and given charge of the case, I told Aunt Caroline as gently as possible, that Uncle Daniel could live but a few days more. I had insisted that I, who had been "their boy" when I was small, and who always had been welcome in Aunt Caroline's kitchen when she was making crullers or cookies, should tell her. She sat with her knitting fallen into her lap, her face calm and serene.

"Maybe I'm selfish and wicked, child," she said gently, "but I always have hoped Dan'l and I might go together and, if we couldn't, that I might go first. I've asked the good Lord that He allow us to go together, hand in hand, as we've gone through life." She fidgeted with her wizened old fingers until she found her knitting again, sighed and added: "I reckon He knows best. He knows Dan'l couldn't get along without me if I went."

Her calmness and serenity, the absence of all outward emotion, amazed me and made the words of comfort I had framed mentally useless. She spoke of her husband's approaching death as if it were a trip to the postoffice, or to the store in the village and I was puzzled until she smiled softly and said: "It won't be for long, child. You run away home, now, I'd better go to Dan'l. He'll be wanting me."

I had arranged with the nurse that she was to call me whenever I might be needed and, only a few days later she slipped from the sick room to summon me. "His strength is exhausted," she said. "And you must come."

When I arrived at the old, white house, Miss Simons was waiting for me on the porch. "I haven't dared tell her" she whispered. "She acts so strangely, as if death is nothing—"

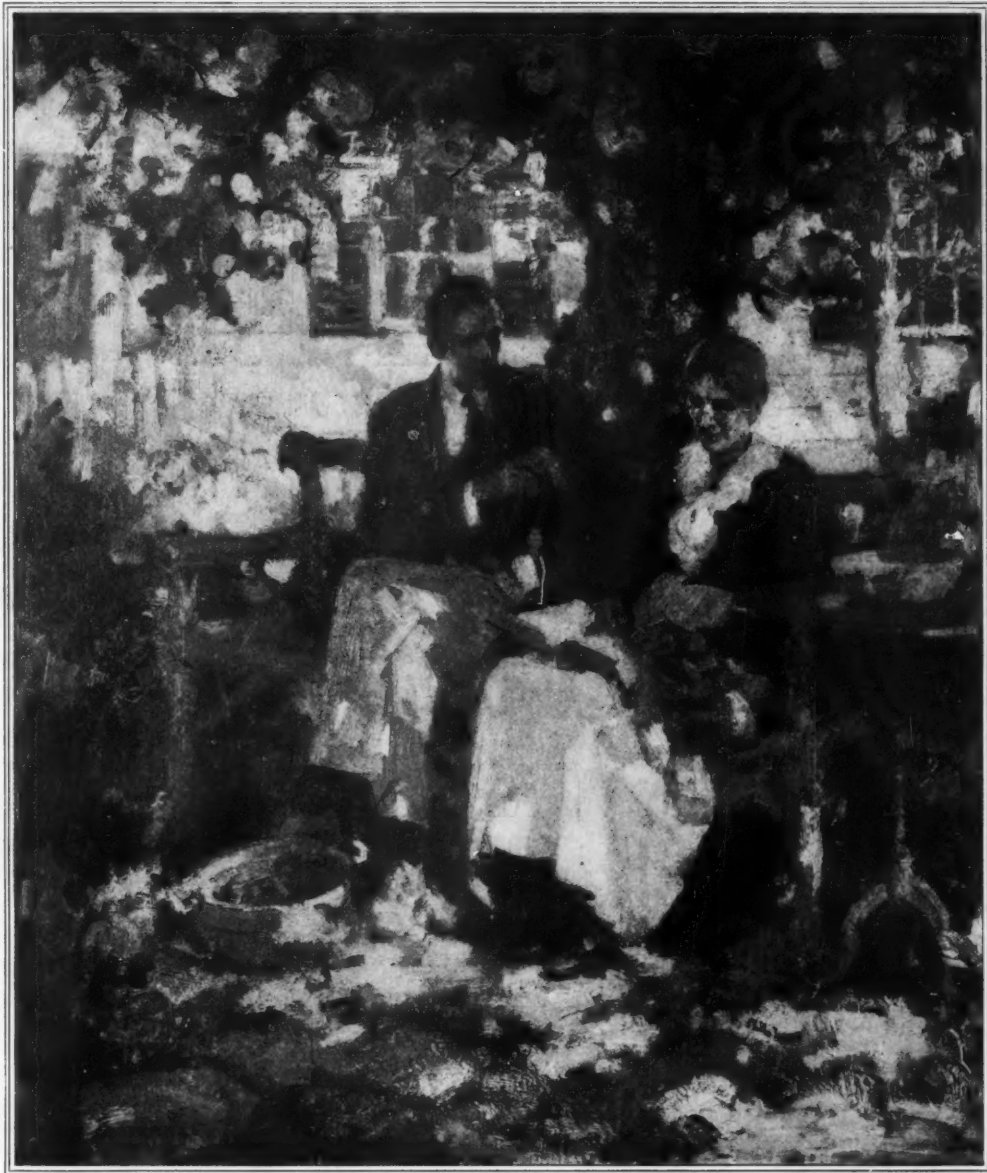
I found Aunt Caroline arranging a verbena in a pot in the bay window on the sunny side of the cottage. "Aunt Caroline" I said gently "Uncle Daniel—"

"I know, child" she interrupted. "I thought it would be today. I must go to him, now."

She walked slowly toward his bedroom, even stopping to straighten a corner of a table cover as she went. Miss Simons came out, closing the door softly.

For an hour I waited. Every few minutes Miss Simons tip-toed to the room, opened the door and entered, coming out again, her pretty face wet with tears. "She says you may

Is there really somewhere "A Land That is Fairer Than Day"? Does the heaven promised in the Bible actually exist and if so, what is it like? This question, now stirring the nation as a result of the Tennessee evolution trial, is discussed here in this beautiful and inspiring story of an old lady who knew that she saw the Promised Land!



Later, it became my habit to sit with her on the porch or on the rustic bench under the cherry tree in the garden and listen to her gentle philosophy—Painted by Pruett Carter



come in," she sobbed.

Aunt Caroline was sitting by the bedside, holding Uncle Daniel's hand, stroking it softly, her face composed. I came closer and saw he had passed away, the last flicker of life dying out without a tremor. "Aunt Caroline," I said touching her arm, "Uncle Daniel is gone."

"I know, child, I know" she replied calmly. She smoothed the coverlet, tenderly arose and said steadily. "I reckon, child, you may send for Dave."

Her manner was unchanged and when Dave, our village undertaker, came, she talked with him and gave instructions. We were afraid the shock of parting had dulled her keen intellect, and that she did not fully realize her loss.

We laid Uncle Daniel at rest on a knoll in the village cemetery which is on the hill overlooking the valley. It was a beautiful afternoon in October. I stood with Aunt Caroline

as the casket was lowered, and not a tear did she shed, but, as we turned away, she looked down for the last time and said softly: "I'll be coming soon, Dan'l."

Neither of us spoke as the carriage wound slowly through the drives of the cemetery until we were passing the keeper's cottage. Then Aunt Caroline spoke, her voice natural and unshaken. "The asters are fine this fall," she said. "Dan'l always loved them and I reckon he'll have them planted and in bloom when I come."

She seemed weary as we came back to the old, white house, and, fearing she would break down upon realizing she was alone, I strove to speak comforting words. "It seems wicked" she said, as I helped remove her wraps and led her to her big rocking chair by the fire. "Seems as if I doubt the

Lord, but I can't help worrying about Dan'l."

"Why Aunt Caroline," I said, "Daniel was the best of men."

"It isn't that, child," she said smiling softly. "I'm worrying for fear Dan'l won't get along well without me. Dan'l was sort of do-less when I wasn't by to help him."

I could not help laughing, and she smiled. It was the first time I had a glimpse of Heaven as Aunt Caroline saw it, but thereafter, in our talks, she revealed much to me. She refused all the urgings of her children who wanted her to make her home with them, and insisted upon living in her old house, with a young colored girl she had raised from childhood, and a cook, so that almost every day I felt it a duty to stop and be with her for a short time. In spite of her great age she seldom was what she called "ailing," nor was there any sign of that sudden collapse of mental and physical strength which so often follows the death of an old mate.

During the winter following the death of Uncle Daniel she spent much of the time sitting before a fire in the great fireplace of the old house, a little lace cap over her snow white hair, her shawl over her fragile shoulders, her knitting needles clicking steadily as she knitted for the soldiers who were then in France. She was keenly interested in the war, and listened understandingly as I read to her from the papers. After listening she would tell me quaint stories of our Civil war, how gallantly Daniel had served and how she, then a bride, tore lint and knitted, waiting for him, how her first born came on a day when word arrived that Dan'l had been wounded in the Wilderness but was safe and was coming back to her.

When spring came she was in her garden almost before frost was out of

the ground, digging with her trowel and planting, scolding at the stupidity of the colored boy who did the heavy work. She was just "pottering around," she said and she laughed at my fears that she would catch cold. Later, as the weather grew warmer, it became my habit to sit with her on the porch or on the rustic bench under the cherry tree in the garden and listen to her gentle philosophy. She loved to talk of Uncle Daniel, of their long life together, of their love for each other and of their coming meeting, of which she never held even a passing doubt. For a long time I could not fully understand, her mental attitude, until it dawned upon my comprehension that hers was the simple faith which entertains no doubts.

One morning I came to her as she sat on the rustic bench, her old-fashioned Bible, with its large type, its quaint illustrations and the faded records of her family, open on her knees. Her steel rimmed spectacles were pushed up into her white hair and her eyes seemed to be gazing far beyond the limits of the horizon. Many times, during that year, it seemed to me Aunt Caroline's vision was far beyond that of human eyes; that she was seeing things through the eyes of Faith. "Child," she said, "there isn't a [Turn to page 50]



Suddenly his arms were about her and her head was lying on his shoulder and a perfect understanding had been established between them

CASTAWAY STUFF

BY HUGH RANDOLPH

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC ANDERSON



GOING to shoot the next scene of Robinson and Mrs. Crusoe," said Banks of the scenario department. He was "doing the honors" for Conover, new representative of the all-important financial powers who were backing the company. "Where Lord Willoughby—that's Sidney Serviss—first sees the girl. The heiress has the finest suite on the boat and she invites him in for afternoon tea. Rena comes in to serve it."

"Oh, Miss Romany plays the part?"

"Of course. What would a Perfectart picture be without Rena Romany? There she is now." They walked over to a position near the second set and Conover, who had had neither time nor opportunity as yet to see much of the actors, glanced with frank curiosity at the leading woman. "She's there with the looks, ain't she?" whispered Banks, nudging him. Conover nodded. Even the chalky make-up could not conceal the fact that Rena Romany was there with the looks. She was petite, with lovely and expressive eyes and a quantity of golden hair that beggared description. If there is anything to set off this combination of charms better than a frilly apron and a cap, a short black skirt with an occasional swish of white beneath it, black silk stockings and French heels, it has not yet been invented.

Harkaway, the director with the temperament of a prima donna, called for a rehearsal of the first bit where Lord Willoughby enters and hands his cap and gloves to the maid. They rehearsed it time after time but somehow it didn't go right. Harkaway was tearing his hair and Rena's sharp heels clicked with irritation. Finally she stopped short and walked over to the director who had slumped aggrievedly into his chair.

"My dear Mr. Director," she said in a clear voice that

*Can lovers in the movies be lovers in real life?
Can the hero and heroine of a throbbing love
story continue their romance off the screen?
Or does professional jealousy so exagger-
ate the faults of each that friendship itself is
impossible? Familiarity breeds contempt,
we are told, and in this story of Hollywood and
the movie colony you will read of two stars who
fairly loathed each other until fate stepped in to
play a prank which gave their story quite a
different ending.*



could be heard by everyone, "how can we get this right as long as I am compelled to edge and circle all around the set? Mr. Serviss has taken centre stage and refuses to budge an inch."

Lord Willoughby adjusted his monocle. "My dear Mr. Director," he remarked, "I have a suggestion to make that may overcome the difficulty. Suppose we drop this scene altogether and fill in with another close-up of our leading lady. It would be only her twelfth, I think."

"Mr. Director!" called Rena, sharply. "You must realize my difficulty in working with a man who only knows one thing—how to keep his profile turned to the camera. Mr. Serviss never looks me straight in the eye."

"Mr. Director," rejoined Serviss, "if you will permit me to change places with your camera man I'll always be able to look Miss Romany straight in the eye."

Banks whispered excitedly. "The boy swings a wicked comeback. Didn't think he had it in him." Harkaway had sprung up from his chair and was calling for peace. "Children, children! True art demands amity and accord. We can't afford to quarrel."

"He isn't right there," Banks whispered again. "Actors have got to have the real old professional hate for each other if they're going to show the stuff. That's why Romany and Serviss have been so successful."

"You mean, then, that our two stars actually have a feud on?" asked Conover.

Banks chuckled. "Say, those two haven't spoken to one another for fourteen months. I bet the censors in Pennsylvania would cut their scenes together if they knew what those two were thinking about when they made them."

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The altercation on the lot grew sharper. Miss Romahy walked off with her head in the air, each heel tap expressing her contempt for handsome male stars and spineless directors. Her course brought her within a few yards of the two bystanders. After passing them without a sign of recognition, she suddenly wheeled about and addressed the scenario editor.

"Mr. Banks," she commanded, "please inform Mr. Harkaway that I am through for the day."

"But, Miss Romahy," protested Banks, "the light will be good for two hours yet."

"I know all about that," said the girl. "But I've stood as much of that stuffed shirt of a Sidney Serviss as I can for one day. I'm through. Tell Mr. Harkaway that, if you please. And perhaps you can tell me," she added viciously, "why Ziegfeld sticks to pretty girls? Why doesn't he do something about the beautiful young men of America as well? The Ziegfeld Foppies!"

Banks had been in the theatrical business but a sense of humor had not been one of the assets he employed in it. "Say listen, that's a fool notion!" he declared. "Where would you book a male beauty show?"

Rena turned back to Conover and one long-lashed eyelid flickered the merest fraction of an inch. "I've got all that figured out, you could book such a show into New York a few weeks both spring and fall when the women buyers are in town thickest. During the summer you could play mid-week dates at all the summer resorts along the coast. Then for the winter, book it solid at Reno. It would attract all the pretty boys from the movies and we might be lucky enough to lose our lovely Sidney."

"He's not so bad when you get to know him," put in Banks, placatingly.

"I hear he has a new name for me," went on the girl. "In fact, he used it in my hearing today. Rena Reel-hog! Thought it up by himself too! I wonder what with? Well," viciously, "I have the satisfaction of knowing I was the first to call him Sissy Serviss and that he still squirms every time he hears it!" Without another word, or so much as a glance at Conover, she walked off, coolly ignoring the impatient hall that came from Harkaway. There was silence for a moment after she had gone.

"She's a trim little thing, isn't she?" said Conover.

"I hear he has a new name for me," went on the girl. "In fact, he used it in my hearing today. Rena Reel-hog! Thought it up by himself too! I wonder what with? Well," viciously, "I have the satisfaction of knowing I was the first to call him Sissy Serviss and that he still squirms every time he hears it!" Without another word, or so much as a glance at Conover, she walked off, coolly ignoring the impatient hall that came from Harkaway. There was silence for a moment after she had gone.

"She's a trim little thing, isn't she?" said Conover.

TWO weeks later a fair start had been made on the outside scenes. It was characteristic of Alvin Harkaway that he had not been content to shoot the island stuff along the mainland. He knew of a small island down the coast which answered, in every detail, the requirements of the script according to which Lord Willoughby and the pretty maid were to be marooned together. So he had chartered an old steamer capable of making the trip in about two hours, and daily the whole company would sail down for work. Another method peculiar to Harkaway was the carrying of a full company through the making of a picture. "You never know just when an idea may strike you," he explained, "therefore I must have all my characters about me at all times so that I'm not hampered in carrying out my inspirations."

One Saturday in early fall, the shore of the island looked as though an oddly assorted excursion party had descended upon it. They were all there—society folk, ship's officers and crew, sailors, mutineers and savages, all in full make-up, and in addition a veritable army of assistants, camera men, continuity clerks and supers in general. A great mass of properties for all manner of scenes had been unloaded from the steamer, which lay at anchor close to shore. All the casts were idle, with the exception of the two main characters.

Harkaway had jumped ahead to the concluding scene of the picture where the lovers, united at last, walk hand in hand up a gentle slope from the shore and vanish in a fringe of trees against the skyline. He wore a satisfied smile as he watched the figures of his two stars gradually recede in the distance. Rena Romahy's wind-tossed curls touched the arm of the lover-like Sidney Serviss. The final title would probably read something like this:

And thus, hand in hand, and with a new born happiness singing in their hearts, they followed the path to the horizon of a new life.

As a matter of harsh fact, Sidney Serviss was allowing

himself the luxury of a groan and an audible comment: "Good heavens! Twenty yards more to those life-saving trees!"

Rena was barred from a direct rejoinder but, without relaxing for a moment the tenderness of her attitude, she remarked in an even tone: "No one can hope to succeed on the silverscreen without enduring great hardships. At one stage of her career, Miss Romahy was compelled to work with an actor who has since been lost sight of and even whose name escaped the memory of the writer. A particularly trying episode was the closing scene of—"

Serviss interrupted with a rejoinder of his own:

"Yes," said Mr. Serviss to your interviewer, "I feel strongly that the most obnoxious type in the movies is the reel-hog. These silly ingenues insist on shoving their vacant faces—Thank heavens! That's over." He detached his hand from Rena's and got as far away from her as he could in one jump. "Being now at liberty, the long-suffering Mr. Serviss will proceed to spend a peaceful half hour in exploring yon sylvan glade. And he is going to do it alone."

Back on the beach, Harkaway was shouting: "Cut! Cut! That's the end of that. Now we'll get on with the big quarrel scene among the mutineers. Number 47. Here you, Casey, get a hustle on with the props. Cal, get Big Bart and

woods at a fast trot and, drawing himself up suddenly, gave vent to an exclamation of amazement and dismay. The boat was under steam and rapidly drawing away into the distance. A moment later Rena joined him, coming from a different section of the woods. Her first reaction to the situation expressed itself in a laugh of pure amusement. "Well! she exclaimed. "What do you know about that!"

Sidney broke the fourteen months' silence by addressing her. "I'll tell Harkaway what I know about it," he said. "They'll discover what they've done in about a minute and turn back but just the same we'll get good and wet."

Rena watched the disappearing boat with a suggestion of alarm. "They're getting pretty far away," she said. "It's funny they haven't missed us. Don't you think it would be a good plan to go down to the beach and signal them?"

"In this rain?" demanded Sidney. "Not on your life! Besides, they wouldn't see me now. The only thing to do is to stay under these trees until they come back for us."

"Four hours from now, at least," she said. Then suddenly she laughed, with a slightly hysterical note. "Here we are playing we are deserted on this island; and then we actually are deserted. I'm sure it's a good joke if you look at it the right way."

"The way I look at it," asserted Sidney, sulkily, "it's just plain stupid. And I'm good and mad about it. I may even," he hinted darkly, "break my contract over this."

"No!" cried Rena. "Really? Well, that would make it worth while."

"No!" cried Rena. "Really? Well, that would make it worth while."

AFTER that nothing was heard for a time but the lash of the rain and the beating of the waves on the shore. Rena, huddled as closely as she could get to the trunk of her tree, finally broke the silence.

"If it's still raining when they land," she remarked, "they'll be in an awful hurry. Since they didn't miss us here, they may not miss us there, either."

"They can't overlook us!" declared Sidney, savagely. "Who ever heard of a king or a president or a duke being lost? Well, I guess we're too well known to be lost ourselves."

"But," quavered Rena, thoroughly chilled, "in this kind of weather no one will be stirring around on the boat. Those in one cabin will think we're in another so no one will miss us. Of course, if the worst comes to the worst your friends will notice your absence and start a search."

Sidney's face registered genuine concern. "That's the deuce of it; they won't. You see, I live with three other fellows and we had planned to run down to Tia Juana for the week-end. At the last moment I changed my mind and 'phoned them from the dock. They're on their way down by this time. But you'll be missed soon enough."

Rena was holding back her tears with difficulty. "No," she gulped, "I won't be missed either. I intended running out to visit a friend

and I told my maid, she could take a holiday."

"But your friend will miss you and raise the alarm."

Rena shook her head slowly. "It was to be a surprise."

"My heavens," cried her companion. "You haven't forgotten that Monday is a holiday? It's just possible we won't be rescued until Tuesday morning!"

"I have a feeling that is what is going to happen," Rena sobbed. "And to think I'll be here all that time practically alone!"

Sidney Serviss stared at her uncomprehendingly. "Where do you get that alone stuff?" he demanded. "We've been antagonistic for a long time but you don't suppose I'm going to keep that up here, do you? We're in this together and we'll have to make the best of it."

"Yes, I know," choked the girl. "But you see, in all the stories I've ever read where a man and a girl were left together on an island the man was always big and strong and—well resourceful. He could do things like Lord Willoughby—build huts and find fresh water and catch fish. And—and—I don't want to hurt your feelings, you know—but everyone thinks of you as very handsome and all that, but not exactly as a man. I mean," hastily, "not that kind of man."

Sidney stood up, after a pause, he dashed off into the rain. In half an hour he was back drenched.

"It's turning to a steady drizzle," he [Turn to page 61]



They rehearsed it time after time but somehow it didn't go right

the rest of them ready and clear the beach of the rest of this riff-raff. Get them away. I don't care where—drown them if you like. Now then. Get busy, everyone!"

A frenzied half hour followed in getting ready for the scene. Several times Ed. Birney, the head camera man glanced at the sky where ominous dark clouds were rapidly banking up. "Say, chief," he remarked, finally, "I hate to interrupt you but just take a squint at those clouds, will you?"

Harkaway looked up and promptly tore his hair with characteristic fervor. "Even the elements are against me," he groaned. "All the blockheads in the world are gathered here in my company but even that isn't affliction enough! Say, Birney, how about it? How long do you suppose we've got?"

"Just about time to make the boat," replied Birney. "Suppose we take along the valuable stuff and leave the rest? If we pile it together there's canvas sheets enough to cover it safely. It'll have to be done in a hustle though."

Cal Simmons, the first assistant director, came to life and took hold of the situation. He got the men to work piling the properties together and the feminine members of the company made for the boats. There was too much to be done in a short time for anyone to notice that neither Rena Romahy nor Sidney Serviss had returned.

When the first patter of rain, about fifteen minutes later, gave warning of what was to come, Sidney emerged from the



Our Lord, taught people the beauty of the hills and fields. His parables were steeped in the daily round of the husbandman and householder.

The Angel Standing in the Sun

BY THE REVEREND S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA

ILLUSTRATION BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

THE nation which visualizes the "Angel in the Sun" has a practical monopoly of hope and good cheer. But the people whose pessimism is so confirmed that they see nothing in the sun save a bubble which is already cooling off, will not have much use for Thanksgiving Day. So the American belief that Nature is not supremely indifferent to human good, because it is the instrument of a benevolent Creator's purpose, explains to a given extent this annual festival of praise and gratitude.

The Parsees formerly worshipped the sun without understanding it. Now that it has been explained by scientists, we worship the God who designed the system of which it is the center. Its heat and radiance pour upon this planet of ours, making it habitable and fruitful. Poets, essayists and orators have celebrated the groves and gardens of the North

American Continent. It is indeed a favored area where none may witness unmoved the lasting bridal of earth and sky. Its summer roses and its winter snows alike furnish inspiration. Its vineyards, orange groves, huge prairies and fields of standing corn; the cattle grazing in countless valleys; the exhaustless resources of mine and factory, cause us to say that out of the earth come bread for man, and fodder for his beasts. Yet above all this opulence and color, this fragrance and provision, hangs the blazing and colossal orb. What adjustments must take place between it and us in

order that the intervening spaces may modify and slightly direct the energies of its light and warmth! It does not tax the imagination to speak of an Angel presiding

over the sun's motions to make them profitable for mankind. The poet's vision becomes actual truth.

Moreover, the time-honored festival of Thanksgiving is peculiar to the people of the United States because they persist in believing the best to be the true.

A young nation like ours, resilient, eager, happy; plentifully endowed with material substance, not fatally deficient in ideals, has done something toward solving the mystery of life. Its three hundred years of existence bave their smiling episodes, deliverances and achievements. If one had to furnish concrete proof of a superintending Power which shapes men's ends, rough hew them [Turn to page 67]

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The Mystery Lady

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF "CARDIGAN," "THE FIGHTING CHANCE,"
"THE HI-JACKERS," ETC.



ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER



MADDALEEN LOVELESS, aided by a man named John Lanier, of whose past she is ignorant, is pitted against the master criminal, Barney Welper, and the latter's confederates of the Forty Club in a struggle for gold buried 350 years before by pirates. The treasure is hidden near Place-of-Swans, an island off the coast of North Carolina, on which is the Loveless home. Welper possesses a map, stolen from Miss Loveless' youthful brother, which describes the location of the treasure, and he thinks that young Loveless has committed suicide. What he does not know is that Maddaleen Loveless has an additional document which corrects the one in his possession, and that the brother caused a false report of his suicide to be circulated and is in hiding near his old home. Miss Loveless and Lanier are at Stede's Landing, waiting for a boat to take them to Place-of-Swans.

THE wind had gone down with the sun but a heavy sea was running. Slowly the launch drew in to where Lanier and Maddaleen were waiting.

"Jake!" called the girl eagerly.
"Yes, ma'am, Miss Maddaleen! We're a mite late, but it's blowing some. Yes'm!"

The launch nosed in along the flimsy dock; a figure in oilskins climbed out.

"Oh, Jake!" she cried, throwing her arms around him. "I'm so glad to see you! Tell me, has Dirck come back?"

"No'm—But don't you worry, Miss Maddaleen. Master Dirck he's hangin' 'round the house."

"How do you know?"

"Huh! I left the ice house door open, 'n there are two hull hams 'n a side o' bacon gone. I've left things whar he could git 'em—left doors open—accidentally on purpose, ma'am! That boy will come home when his own cookin' makes him good n' sick—he will . . . Waal, now, Miss Maddaleen, jest you hop aboard—n—your gentleman friend, too—"

Maddaleen made the presentation: "Captain Jacob Winch, Mr. Lanier," and, not forgetting the bay-man, whom she greeted cordially and introduced to Lanier as Mr. Robert Skaw, "the best sink-box helper on the Bay."

For a few minutes, after the launch started, it was smooth running; then, by degrees they began to feel what the Bay can do. Whiplash! came the spray aboard, splash, dash, whiplash! Maddaleen pulled down her sou'-wester, bundled up and crouched close.

JOHN LANIER awoke the next morning in a four-poster bed at Place-of-Swans in a great panelled wing-room full of sunshine. To bathe, shave, dress in flannel shirt and knickers, did not take long. Maddaleen joined him at breakfast in the ancient panelled dining-room—a breakfast of fruit, coffee, hot breads, ham, eggs, and crisp little fish—bass, no doubt.

"You seem unusually happy," remarked Lanier, meeting her swift, charming glance.

"I am. That silly, stubborn brother of mine nearly emptied the pantry last night. Jake told me. I'm happy and—vexed."

Breakfast ended, they walked together to the north porch and out across more Bermuda grass to a little stone pavilion which stood at the water's edge near a dock. Boats were moored at the wharf, and Jake and Bob Skaw, busy abroad a launch, saluted them with doffed caps.

"Jake tells me," the girl said, "that there are a dozen men at that shanty on Tiger Island—the place they call 'The Gay-Cat.' He tells me also that a launch towed in a dredge and pontoons early yesterday morning. If Dirck is hiding on Tiger Island I do wish he'd leave, now. If there were any way to find him—"

"I'll do my best," said Lanier. "But let us clearly understand how matters now remain between the Forty Thieves and you, your brother, and myself. Here is the situation: Welper robbed your brother. He thinks that the boy whom he knew as Fitzjames—or Jimmy—Loveless, is dead. But Welper knows now that the girl who called herself Maddaleen Dirck, and who passed for my sweetheart, is really Maddaleen Loveless, sister to the boy he robbed. That's clear, so far, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the girl calmly.

"Also he knows that you and I are not sweethearts and never have been. There is very little chance that he thinks you deceived me into vouching for you at the Forty Club. He must realize that I betrayed the club and myself when I vouched for you. He is now my enemy as well as yours. Also, you dare not call on the police because Welper possesses lying evidence to silence you—dictographic evidence which, though false, is corroborated by your brother. To publish it

to the Red Moon, we must be very quiet and very inconspicuous in our activities and investigations. A good glass from Tiger Island would inform Welper concerning what we are about. That wouldn't do, would it?"

The girl shook her head: "It wouldn't do at all," she repeated. "We are too remote from civilization. If we did discover the Red Moon, and found gold in her—and if those men at The Gay-Cat learned of it—they could come over and kill us all. Who would pay attention to shooting where, four days in the week, so much shooting is going on during this season? Here and there some solitary duck-hunter in his blind might hear a fusillade, but he'd only think that the shooting must be good in these waters. Why, Welper and his gang could exterminate us and spend a week looting the Red Moon without being seen by anybody!"

"How many men have you here?" demanded Lanier.

"You, Jake, Bob Skaw, and two other bay-men—boys of eighteen—Sid Warnock and Chester Gray."

"Five. Six, if your brother comes in. Your other servants are women in whom you can place absolute reliance?"

"Yes; wives and daughters of bay-men and fishermen. Pearl Gray and Pansy, her sister, can shoot as well as their brother, Chester. My house-keeper, Mrs. Pangborn, has plenty of courage. My personal maid, Jessie Miller, is timid. But all these Southern women can be counted on—" the girl blushed painfully—"better, perhaps, than you can count on me—"

"I don't want anybody better than you!" he retorted sharply, and took her hands in his with a quick roughness that made her vince. But it set her heart beating faster, too; and, though his grasp hurt her, she gave him a swift smile and bravely squeezed the hand that hurt her.

She stood looking at him, holding to the hand that clasped hers. There was a slight hesitation; then she said: "But—may I know a little about you, Mr. Lanier?"

He was still smiling: "I'll tell you; I'm thirty-two, white, unmarried, can read and write—"

She strove to fling his hand from hers but he clung to hers. Both were laughing. He said, finally: "I won't tease: I'm in a service the existence of which is not generally known. It is international in character. I might describe it as a sort of intelligence bureau organized by a certain group of civilized nations to obtain information and investigate and control the criminal activities of modern groups of malefactors. To this international bureau our own Government contributes men from the Army, the Navy, the Customs, Coast Survey, Revenue Service, and from the Departments of the Treasury, Post Office, and the Department of Justice."

He quietly imprisoned her other hand, drew both against his breast, and looked into her eyes quizzically, almost mischievously: "In plainer words, I'm a policeman of sorts.

But that seems suitable in our case, because you're a sort of nurse-maid to your brother. So I think if you and I take a Sunday out and sit on a bench together it would complete a very logical situation. Don't you?"

Into the girl's eyes, too, came a glint of something—mischievous, perhaps. "Certainly," she said,—"Mary Ann and Dennis the cop."



The boy, whose idle curiosity one afternoon in Charleston had led to this adventure.

would merely serve to bring disgrace on your brother.

"Let's see, then, where we stand. If Welper, in addition to his enmity, discovers that we also are after the treasure in the Red Moon; and if, further, he ever learns that the Red Moon lies in these waters and not off Tiger Island, which he has purchased, then, in this remote spot, I think we may look for lawlessness and violence. I think we may expect trouble from Barney Welper and his gang at the Gay-Cat shanty.

"We'll have to see what can be done. And now, in regard

LANIER was waiting under a window which old Jake had purposely left open. It was a long, long wait there in the dark. But Lanier, who had been a boy once, knew something about boys. He was taking a chance on the psychological aspect of the case of young Loveless.

About half past two o'clock he heard a slight sound above him. Cautiously looking up he saw on the window-pane, against the stars, a human hand in silhouette. Instantly he

left his chair, stole on tip-toe to the unbolted pantry door, opened it without a sound, crept over the grass to the corner of the house and peeped around. A young man had opened the pantry window and was hoisting himself upward, one knee already on the sill.

As a goshawk strikes game, so pounced Lanier on his quarry, plucking the lad bodily from the window and holding him, struggling and kicking in a grasp of steel. "Come into the house," said Lanier. The boy struggled like a convulsed panther. "Come into the house," repeated Lanier. "Your sister is worrying about you!"

"Let go of me!"

"Your sister needs you!" repeated Lanier coldly.

"I tell you I'll never face her!"

"Yes, you will," said Lanier, yanking him bodily across the grass, into the pantry, through the house in spite of his frenzied struggles. Chairs fell, tables overturned, lamps crashed; but Lanier lugged the frantic lad to the stairs and dragged him up, step by step, fighting like fury.

Both were speechless when finally they floundered to the landing and into a sudden and startling flood of light. A white figure stood at an open door holding a lamp and a pistol. For an instant she stared at the hard-breathing man and the panting, disheveled boy. Then she set her lamp on her night-table and laid the pistol beside it. "Dirck!" she said quietly, "come here."

WHAT passed between sister and brother that night John Lanier did not know. The only sequel he perceived was a very subdued and civil youth in the breakfast room, politely awaiting the family guest. The boy, whose idle curiosity one afternoon in Charleston had led to this adventure, reddened and bade him good morning in a low voice, and seemed gratefully confused when the older man offered his hand, blandly ignoring any previous encounter.

Maddaleen joined them and, after breakfast, they took up the question of the search for the Red Moon treasure. The girl, with a map before her, placed the tip of one finger on a spot a little south by west of The Old Man's.

"Here," she said, "is where I have imagined that The Red Moon lies buried under silt and sand." She read aloud from the Spanish script—"From east to west . . . toward the south and at three fathoms depth—"

"There's half a fathom there now, Sis," said Dirck, "but there may have been three fathoms then."

"Particularly," added Lanier, "if The Red Moon struck the vanished seventh island and sank in the shoals at the Old Channel's edge. Why not build a miniature cofferdam out there and try a little excavation? Or—better and quicker—why not do a little digging on The Old Man's, first. For if that poor Spaniard, Carillo, tried to salvage anything so long ago, some sign of his operations ought to remain on The Old Man's—some buried debris—bits of charcoal, metal, perhaps—"

"I'll get a couple of bay-men and we'll go over and dig now!" said Dirck, impetuously. "What do you say—just for a try-out?"

"All right—if your sister thinks so," said Lanier politely. "In the reeds I don't think we need worry about a glass on Tiger Island."

"If they notice us at all they'll think we're digging a blind, probably," said Dirck. He went down to the water where the live decoys yarded, and where, on the long wharf in a repair shop, Sid Warnock and Chester Gray were patching up leashes, leg-bands, weight-cords, and wooden decoys. "Take some shovels and picks and a hand-pump over to The Old Man's," said Dirck. "We're going to get sea-boots and row over."

"You all aimin' to build a blind, Mr. Dirck?" inquired Warnock. "I better tote some cement, too—"

"No; but if you've a wooden form we can sink to box in a hole, fetch it with you, Sid. You can bring a couple of blasting cartridges, too."

His sister and Lanier were moving toward the house when the boy joined them.

It was only a short pull to the lumpy expanse of mud and reeds called The Old Man's. Maddaleen led the men to the north-west end of the islet, where reeds stood higher than their heads. A few minutes later the two young bay-men arrived, poling their skiff; and the pump, the form for cement work, and the tools were carried up and laid among the reeds. It was a washy digging; the four men all fell to

with picks and long-handled shovels; and very soon the box-form was lowered into the hole and the pump started.

At the depth of two spade-blades Chet Gray struck a bit of timber. It was as heavy and sound as bog-oak and had a copper spike in it. "Part of a ship's timber, I reckon," said Chet Gray; "I dunno how it come here."

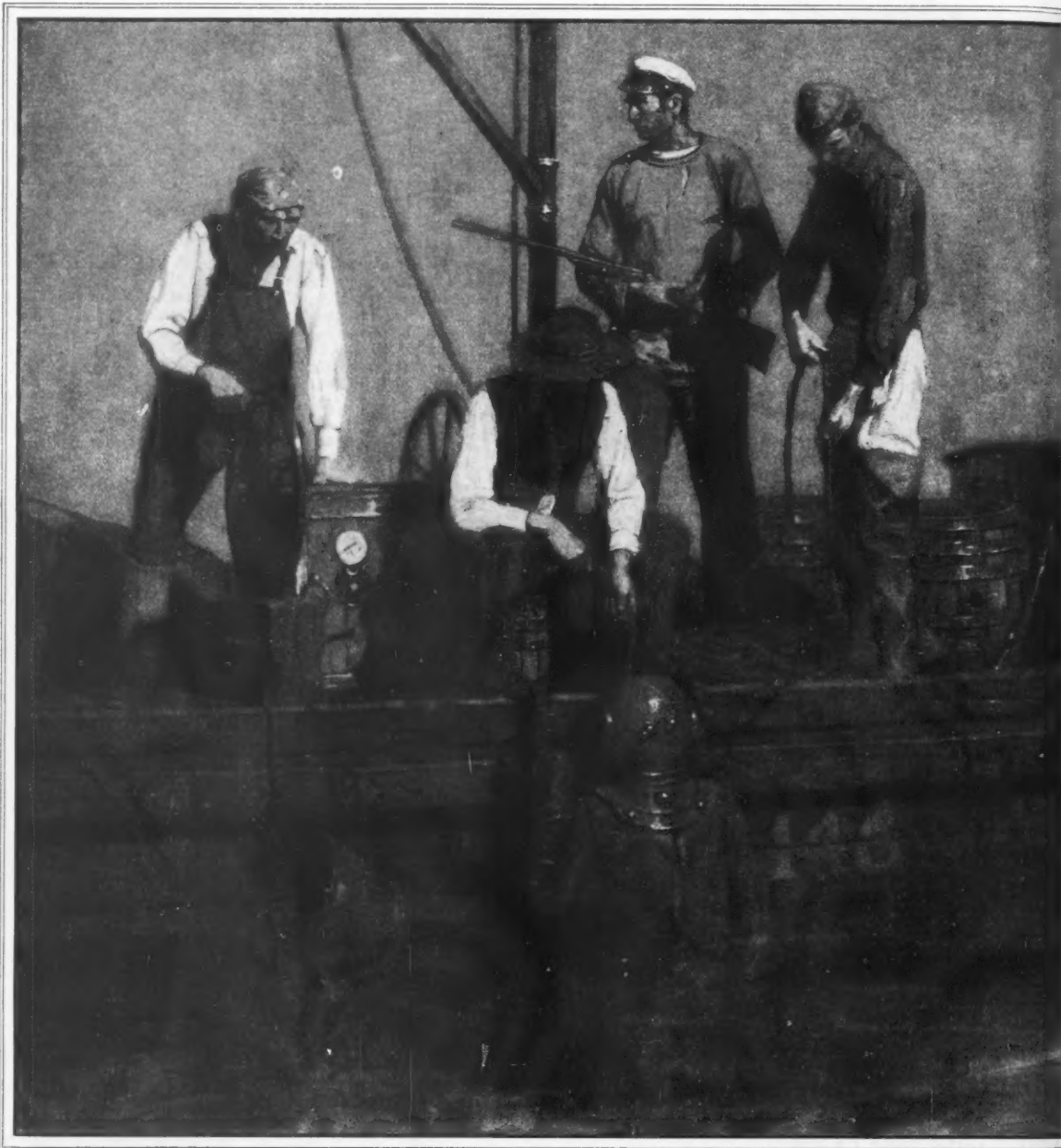
They pumped the box, started to dig again; encountered more fragments of live-oak hewed, chiseled, and planed. Some were pierced by spikes and bolts or bore the marks of them. "These are the fragments of a ship's timbers," said Lanier, "and they are very, very old. They may have been bits of drift from False Cape brought here for boat patching

decided to build your cofferdam, Miss Loveless?"

Dirck warned them to beware of swan-holes as they stepped into the shallow water and moved out, knee deep, toward the south-west. Lanier carried a pointed stake with a rag tied to it. As they waded on, side by side, the girl showed him where the ancient channel once wound between Red Moon and Star Shoal, and where once it flowed on either side of The Old Man's.

"Shall I set the stake here?" he inquired, smiling, and she nodded her assent.

That day, the next, and every day during the week, old Jake and his men were engaged in the preliminaries of build-



At that moment, aboard a scow, a heavily helmeted and armored deep-sea diver was lowering himself on the

or for fuel, or they might be fragments of The Red Moon."

When the water was all out it was discovered that the silt was out, too. A deposit of almost dry, yellow sand appeared; and, at a spade-blade's depth, Lanier struck charcoal. There was a bed of it full of lumps of metal which rang against the shovels. A few oyster-shells partly calcined, bits of iron and copper, shards from broken earthenware with patches of iridescent glazing left—but nothing of more value—no nobler metal; not a flake of gold or silver—merely the debris of some immemorial camp-fire, or the remains of a burnt rubbish heap, centuries old, perhaps. Yet, to Lanier, this bed of charcoal was vividly significant. Here, perhaps, toiled that ancient and shipwrecked outcast, Carillo, all alone in this untenanted desolation, doggedly striving to maintain life in his wretched body with fire and scraps of scorched sea-food.

"That," remarked Lanier, when an exploded cartridge revealed nothing but yellow sand, "would seem to settle operations, as far as this island is concerned. Where had you

ing a cofferdam on the shoal off The Old Man's. It was going to be a long and complicated matter. The dredging scow had to be overhauled; its machinery put into shape; the pile-driver assembled and installed aboard another scow; fuel gathered and prepared, piles made ready, plank transported.

One afternoon Lanier went quietly to his room. Here he fastened a web belt across his chest, so that the two woven holsters attached to it lay under either arm-pit. Into each holster he slid a loaded pistol; filled the belt flaps with clips, buttoned his coat, picked up his tweed cap. In the little library down stairs Maddaleen sat writing.

The young man grinned at her cheerfully: "I'm going over to have a chat with Barney Welper," he said. "I thought—in the remote event of such a necessity—that I'd better leave an address to which you could telegraph from Stede's Landing. May I have a pen and a slip of paper? . . . Thanks—" He wrote: "Notify Frank Lane, Desk Clerk, Hotel Marquis-of-Granby, Norfolk, Virginia."

"Thank you," he said calmly. "I'll be back to dinner, I expect—"

"Mr. Lanier—" He turned at the door; the girl sat quite motionless. He walked back to the table where she had been writing. "Why are you going to Tiger Island?" she asked in a voice so constrained that it sounded cold.

"I thought I'd talk to Welper. There might be some way of getting that dictograph record."

"How?"

"I hadn't quite formulated any plan," he replied airily. "One is forced to become something of an opportunist in such affairs. One must see for oneself just how matters

He picked up his cap and was going. She rose and joined him; and they walked through the house and down to the southern cove where her sail-boat lay. He untied the painter, jumped in, picked up the pole. "Au revoir, Maddaleen."

"Good-bye, John Lanier."

LANIER landed, poling to a muddy shore through thickets of tall reeds which already had turned from green to bronze and gold. Here he pulled up the prow a little way, unshipped the mast and furled his sheet. But he had no intention of remaining there. This manoeuvre was for the benefit of anybody watching from Tiger Island.

not using his knife, not entirely removing the tender bark, but leaving it as though some of the wild hogs on the island had trampled it while fighting.

Now he continued to walk eastward, parallel with the pine-woods on his right; and when he thought he had covered a mile he walked into the high pine forest searching for some less lofty and climbable tree on the outskirts. He found a live-oak, which was easier and better. Up he went among the evergreen foliage and spectral drapery of shaggy Spanish moss, until he was high enough to see the shore. It was as he expected: where he first had landed there were several men moving in the scrub. He could see the sun-glint on gun barrels. The company that had taken over Tiger Island was guarding its waters very vigilantly.

For some time, now, he had heard the mean whine of a saw-mill somewhere ahead in the forest. But the men who operated it evidently were on the western edge of the woods, and so screened from his view.

As he advanced, the scream of the saw became more distressingly near, and very soon he came in sight of the shore. There were a few huts and a bunk-house on the wood's edge. Farther ahead, in a clearing beside a rough, new road, stood the larger portable house, evidently used for drinking and eating purposes.

Very soon he was near enough to read the letters on the swinging board suspended from two iron hooks: "At the Sign of the Gay-Cat." This saturnine humour had always hidden a grimmer meaning for John Lanier. To him it meant that Maddaleen was not forgotten; what she had done had been important enough for Barney Welper to remember it, and let her know he remembered it.

Well, there was the tavern; there swung the sign; and beyond, on the water, he could see a sloop and a dredger anchored off shore, two scows, and several boats of various sorts, all clustering off the westward point of Tiger Island where, no doubt, Barney Welper had decided to begin salvage operations for The Red Moon.

Lanier now stepped from the rough ground into the new road; walked carelessly past a bunk-house and up to The Gay-Cat; walked into the open doorway where he heard voices and the clinking of heavy glasses. Voices and the tinkle of glass ceased as he entered. From the farther end of a long, pine table three men looked at him out of cold, astounded eyes.

"Hello, Barney," he said, smiling; and to Mr. Samuel Potter and Harry Senix he spoke gaily, amiably, and with the careless, good-humoured ease of a man greeting friends in his own club. "Some plant you've got here, Barney," he added, pulling a chair toward him and seating himself; "I suppose all the Forty are in this deal, more or less."

Perhaps it was the incredible impudence of the man that saved him at that instant; perhaps it was the swift common sense of Welper, whose left hand caught Mr. Potter's right hand under the pine table and crushed it immovably over the weapon it clutched. If Lanier noticed and understood the scarcely perceptible movement he seemed to exhibit no concern. Harry Senix gazed at him out of washed-out eyes—the unblinking regard of a vindictive creature, sick but dangerous.

Lanier said carelessly to Welper: "I'm sorry you've got it in for me, Barney. But I'm sorer yet that my girl did what she did in the Forty Club. I'm mighty sorry for that."

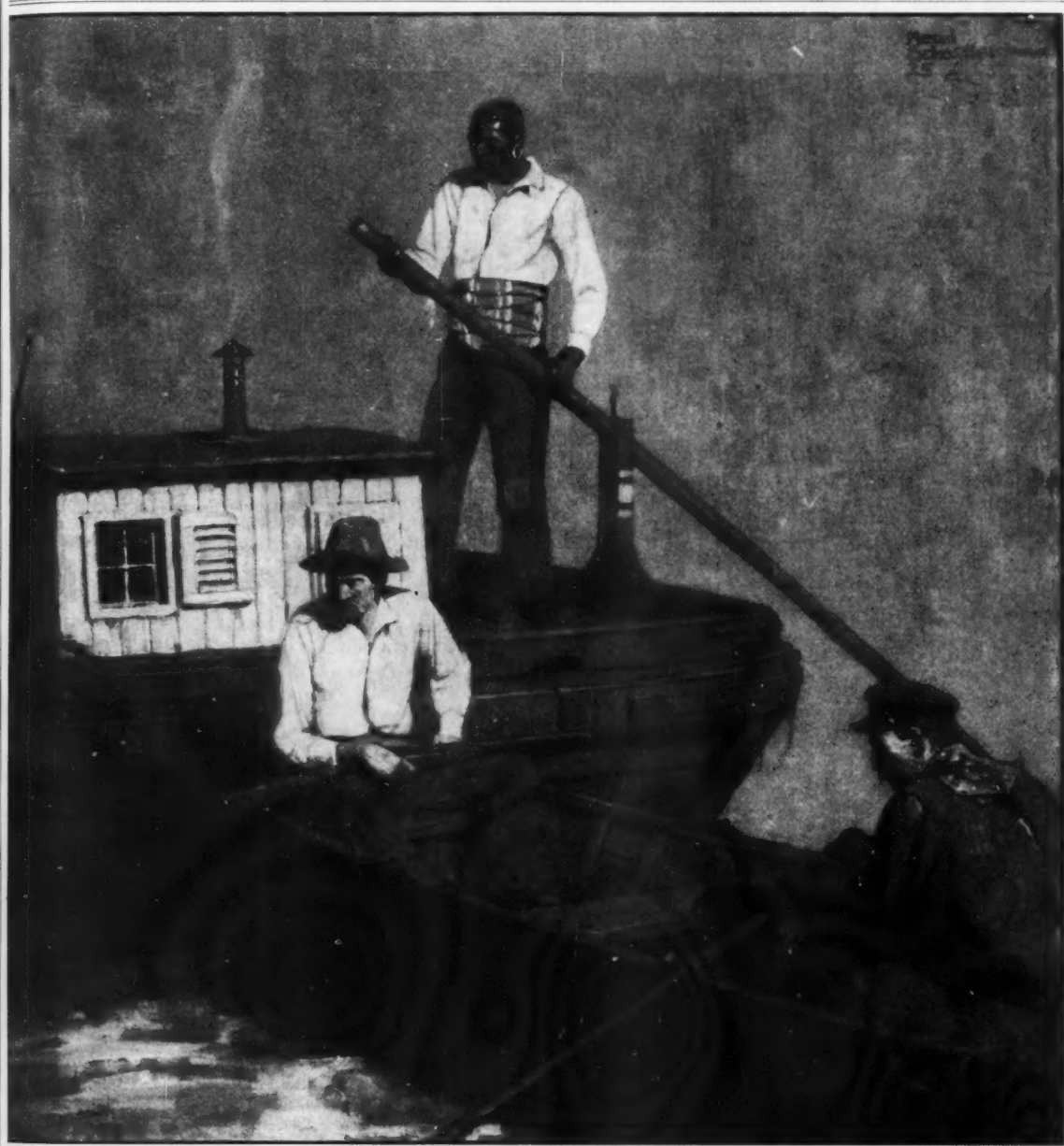
Harry Senix loosened his colourless, unhealthy lips: "All that's coming to you is jack. You framed Barney good, you did, and you've got your nerve showing up here."

"If I'd framed anybody in the Forty Club I wouldn't come here, you poor dope. Even if I had no more mind than the coke's left you, I'd beat it if I ever framed the club or anybody in it."

"If you didn't frame me," said Welper softly, "what do you think you did to me with that girl?"

"The two of you framed him," said Harry Senix, his pale, evil eyes unmoved.

A silence; and Lanier's even tones again: "If you feel that way we can shoot it out now!" Nobody stirred a muscle. Lanier, looking at Senix, addressed Welper: "It isn't what it looks like, Barney; my club record concerning you is clear. I wouldn't have had that happen for all the gold in The Red Moon. Because gold is no use to a dead man. And if I'd framed you inside the Forty Club I might as well have kissed myself good-bye."



ladder, while his assistants stood around the apparatus on deck ready to respond to his signals

stand; and then, whichever way they turn, one must be ready to think quick—"

"Or shoot quick?"

After a moment: "Oh, I don't expect it to turn that way," he said pleasantly.

"But if it should turn that way, Mr. Lanier? I stand to lose you."

"The man you send that telegram to will come and stand by you as I would have."

"You misunderstand. I said that I stood to lose you. Is there any replacing a friend?"

"That's nice of you But really, I don't believe I run any danger in going over to Tiger Island. Barney Welper knows that you and I are here. He knows, also, that I must have told you exactly what to do in case I don't return. He's in no position to punish me; he's hot after The Red Moon; and the last thing on earth that he wants is any trouble with the authorities. Really, Miss Loveless, I feel very secure in doing what I propose to do."

And now, stealthily as a Blue Peter sneaking along reeds and rushes, he slipped off the bank and began to pole, noiselessly, due east, kneeling so that nobody on land could see his head above the shore-reeds. In and out among the reedy thickets his skiff slipped swiftly, edging every indentation of the island, always eastward, until he had put a mile between his first landing place and the spot he now chose. This was a muddy gully, possibly a channel, but probably a blind lead running south out of Tiger Island. Up this he poled a little way, drove his pole in for a mooring, tied his painter.

Now Lanier took from his pocket a reel of tiniest wire, attached it to a young pine which grew on the bank above where his boat lay; then, slowly advancing, he unreeled his wire along the ground. Between the tall and ancient pines which covered the centre of the island and the growth of young pines there was open scrub and grass. When he reached this he laid his reel of wire under a young pine, walked westward a hundred paces, carefully keeping count, and there he broke off and peeled a living pine about five feet high—

He glanced at Welper now. "You know I never doubled you, Barney. You've more respect for my brains than to believe that. Am I right?"

"M—m—I guess so. But—does that let you out, John?"

"Because I brought her there? Barney, she's my girl and she's going to be my wife. Your Orizava Oil bunch flim-flammed her brother, took his last cent, framed him, and drove him to bump himself. And when his sister came to me and told me that Barney had taken The Red Moon documents, too, and that she ought to have them back, I said to her, 'Sure! Go to it—outside the club. That's allowable. That's understood. But,' I said, 'nothing like that indoors.'"

"Well then, by thunder!" burst out Sam Potter, "that lets you out, but that's all you get, John! And if you're smelling around over here for a look-in you can smell your way home again."

"I see. You mean that my girl gets nothing out of this Red Moon job."

Welper looked up slyly: "M—yes; that's what we mean, John."

"All right then," interrupted Lanier sharply; "if that's the price and the penalty, I lose out too, do I?"

"You've got to be responsible for your girl," growled Potter. "You gotta take your medicine."

"All right; I'll take it," snapped Lanier. "Between you guys and my girl I'm done good. All right. I don't get a piece of The Red Moon. All right; you're squared now." He turned on Welper: "Are you squared, Barney?"

"M—m—yes, John... I guess that's right."

Welper sat up in his chair, eased his cramped limbs, reached for one of the bottles on the table and shoved a clean glass toward Lanier: "This is Scotch," he said. "We got rye, too, if you want it, John."

Potter heaved a great sigh, straightened his bulky body, withdrew his pistol-hand from his coat pocket. Harry Senix reached for a glass with shaky fingers and held it clutched tightly while Welper half-filled it with raw rye whiskey. Then the drug addict added two fingers of tabasco and three of Jamaica ginger.

Lanier laughed: "Well then, we're set, Barney. Come on; show me your plant. Anybody else here that might try to bump me?"

"Eugene Renton and Dan Supple," replied Welper. "They heard what your girl did to me in the Forty Club. I told Donald Mayne, too. And Helen Wyvern knows. But these are all who know about it. I haven't laid it before the club."

"Is Don Mayne here?" asked Lanier.

"No. But he's coming with Helen."

"Well then," continued Lanier, "don't you think it is just as well that Eugene Renton and Dan Supple should see you and me arm in arm, Barney?"

"I—m—m—think it highly advisable, John," said Welper. "If you wish to inspect our preparations directed toward the—ah—the recovery of The Red Moon, I am sure that Sam and Harry will share with me the—m—m—the pleasure of conducting you."

They came out on the western edge of Tiger Island. At that moment, aboard a scow, a heavily helmeted and armored deep-sea diver was lowering himself on the ladder, while his assistants aided him or stood around the apparatus on deck ready to respond to his signals.

"A ship crammed full of gold," mused Lanier. "I suppose there must be several millions aboard her."

"By mathematical deduction, assuming the capacity of the ancient Spanish sailing galley to be that of its measurements recorded in Spanish archives, we believe, John, that the Red Moon should contain gold valued—ah—at approximately eleven millions of gold dollars—m—m—yes—at about eleven millions."

"I see eleven members of the Forty Club retiring from business," laughed Lanier.

The latter was about to leave when he noticed that Eugene Renton had come up behind the group, immaculate, jaunty, his clean cut, clean shaven face as colourless as ever, accenting his black eyes and black hair. He wore jaunty riding breeches, puttees, and a clean silk shirt open at his very white throat. Two pistols sagged in holsters low on either thigh.

"Gene," said Welper, casting a sly glance at Lanier, "shake hands with John. He's squared himself, and we've squared ourselves."

"That's good," said Renton without changing his expression. Lanier offered his hand; Renton accepted it. His black,

still eyes remained intent on the other man. Welper asked Lanier where he had left his boat. "Yes," said Renton; "Dan Supple and I went down to where we thought you landed, but you were gone."

"Oh, it was you?" replied Lanier carelessly. "I saw somebody down there." And, to Welper: "This seems to be a snaky place, Barney. It isn't always safe to land where you want to. Well, I'll be going," he went on. "Good luck to you, Barney. Good luck, gentlemen."

What he must do, now, came hard; he turned his back to Eugene Renton. For Lanier was as utterly convinced as though he had been told, that Renton suspected him in spite of Welper's endorsement and its acceptance by the others. For, while Eugene Renton was of a thoughtful, secretive type, with a false appearance of nervous frankness, sometimes he acted like lightning.

It was hard for Lanier to nod airily to these men, to walk



Slowly the launch drew in to where Lanier and Maddaleen were waiting



on past them, to turn his back on Renton. Ten yards, twenty, thirty; and no explosion behind him sent him pitching on his face to die while the pistol-shot was still ringing in his lifeless ears. Thirty yards, forty, fifty; and here he strode out into the scrub.

And here it was natural for him or for anybody to turn. Look back, wave a last greeting. He looked back. Welper, Potter, Senix were gathered in a close group; Renton apparently harranged them with fiercely nervous gestures. He saw them lift their heads to look at him; saw Renton turn and stare. And he waved his cap in gay and careless adieu, entered the bushes, whirled on his heel under cover, and saw Renton start swiftly after him; saw Senix hesitate, then follow Renton; saw both men free their pistols.

He freed his own weapons, grasped them in either hand, moved on as fast as he could without running—not caring to face anybody with a thumping heart and gasping lungs to mar a steady trigger finger. All the scrub looked alike; all the wastes of young pines, too. He did not know how far to go nor how far he had gone. He did not know where to turn off towards the shore nor where his boat lay. The forest told him nothing; its edges were unaccented and monotonous; and when he looked for the live-oak he had climbed he saw scores along the edges of the pines, all shrouded with Spanish moss, all similar.

Now and then he obtained glimpses of Renton and Senix, not much nearer, perhaps, but always on his track. The sun hung very low, reddening the scrub till it rolled away like a vast waste of glowing gold. Suddenly he caught sight of his peeled pine-bush; ran to it, swept the ground with one hand, caught the reel of wire, dropped it, and hurried on guided by the hair-fine strands running through his fingers.

It was not far; he saw the cleft where the gully cut inland. Then, as he came out on the bank above, he saw Dan Supple sitting in the boat, a rifle across his knees, but looking the wrong way. "Put 'em up!" came Lanier's ringing com-

mand. "Stand and drop that rifle off your knees!"

Men like Dan Supple lose no time under such circumstances. Even as he jumped to his feet and lifted both arms on high, Lanier landed on the deck. "Step that mast, Dan! Quick!" snapped Lanier. "That's right. Grab that pole and shove her out. Shove!"

The boat shot out into the bay. "Keep on poling," said Lanier. "Faster! Put your back into it! That's the way—"

There came a flash and report from the shore, another, another. There were two round holes in the sheet and a ragged tear where it was partly furled. Another shot struck the water. "Hey, you guys!" bawled Supple. "Who d'ye think you're shootin'!"

Lanier picked up the rifle, emptied the magazine, reached over and stripped the cartridge belt from Supple's body. "Thanks, Dan," he said. "Now step overboard."

"Swim?"

"I don't think you'll need to. Come! Make it snappy! Hop it!"

Supple seized the gunwale, steadied himself, vaulted into the water. It was only waist deep. "Here's your rifle," said Lanier politely. "Look out for swan holes."

Supple, over his hips in water, stood glaring at him. "Dan," said Lanier, holding the boat with the pole, "what does Gene Renton think he's got on me to chase me with two guns?"

Supple leered at him: "You want to know? All right; I'll tell you. You act too much like a squealer to suit Gene Renton."

"He's crazy. I squared myself with Barney! Do you think I could pull anything on Barney Welper and Sam Potter?"

"You done it!" retorted Supple savagely. "Orizava Oil is pinched. Mrs. Wyvern, too. She's out, on bail, and she wired Gene."

"What!"

"Ya-as, n'you squealed to square your girl with the Orizava bunch because they trimmed that rat of a brother of hers. Gene and I was over to Bonnet House today and Helen Wyvern wired him how she got pinched. That's where you stepped on Gene Renton, and he's got it in for you."

Lanier reddened: "Dan," he said, "I'd rather have Renton put a bullet in me than hear you tell me that Orizava oil had been pinched. You say so to Barney, and to Eugene. If they want to pull a gun on sight, all right; but, on my word—which you fellows know I never broke—I didn't know Orizava was pinched; I had nothing to do with it; and I wouldn't have had it happen for anything on earth."

Supple's little, ruddy ferret eyes bored into Lanier's features for a full minute's silence. "John," he said finally, "I gotta believe you. A liar—that's one thing you ain't, unless you've changed. I guess Gene got you wrong. But Helen is his girl. Any guy that's got a girl is influenced by her. And Helen wired Gene to watch you because of what your girl done to Barney and because we skinned your girl's brother. By Jiminy, if that little rat wasn't dead I'd say he started the dicks after Orizava. Say, I wonder if he is dead at all!"

"Wasn't his body found?"

"I didn't see it. Rats is rats. Cats hasn't anything on 'em—no, not with all their nine lives. I wouldn't wonder—"

"You better start and wade ashore," remarked Lanier. "If you hit a swan hole you'll swim. Tell Gene the truth. Then, if he still itches to toss a gun, tell him it's all right with me. Only I want to know beforehand. I'd hate to kill him too quick."

"Got a glass on your island, John? If Gene wants war I'll burn a flare on the diving-dock at seven o'clock."

"Right. Good-night, Dan."

"Aw review!" said Supple, and started towards the shore. It was just seven o'clock when Lanier landed on Red Moon. As he stood up to unship his mast and furl his sail, he looked across the darkness toward Tiger Island. A distant flare burned at the extreme western end where the diving-dock ran out.

Between himself and Eugene Renton, now, any encounter meant death.

At last the cofferdam off The Old Man's was finished; a pump and dredge had been at work for a week; the debris of mud and sand, dumped on the scow, had been carefully screened. So far nothing was discovered to encourage anybody in the hope that a submerged ship lay anywhere in the vicinity. The dump-heap consisted of nothing but sand, silt, weed, and a few antique shells.

Blue-bird weather had vanished; skies [Turn to page 94]

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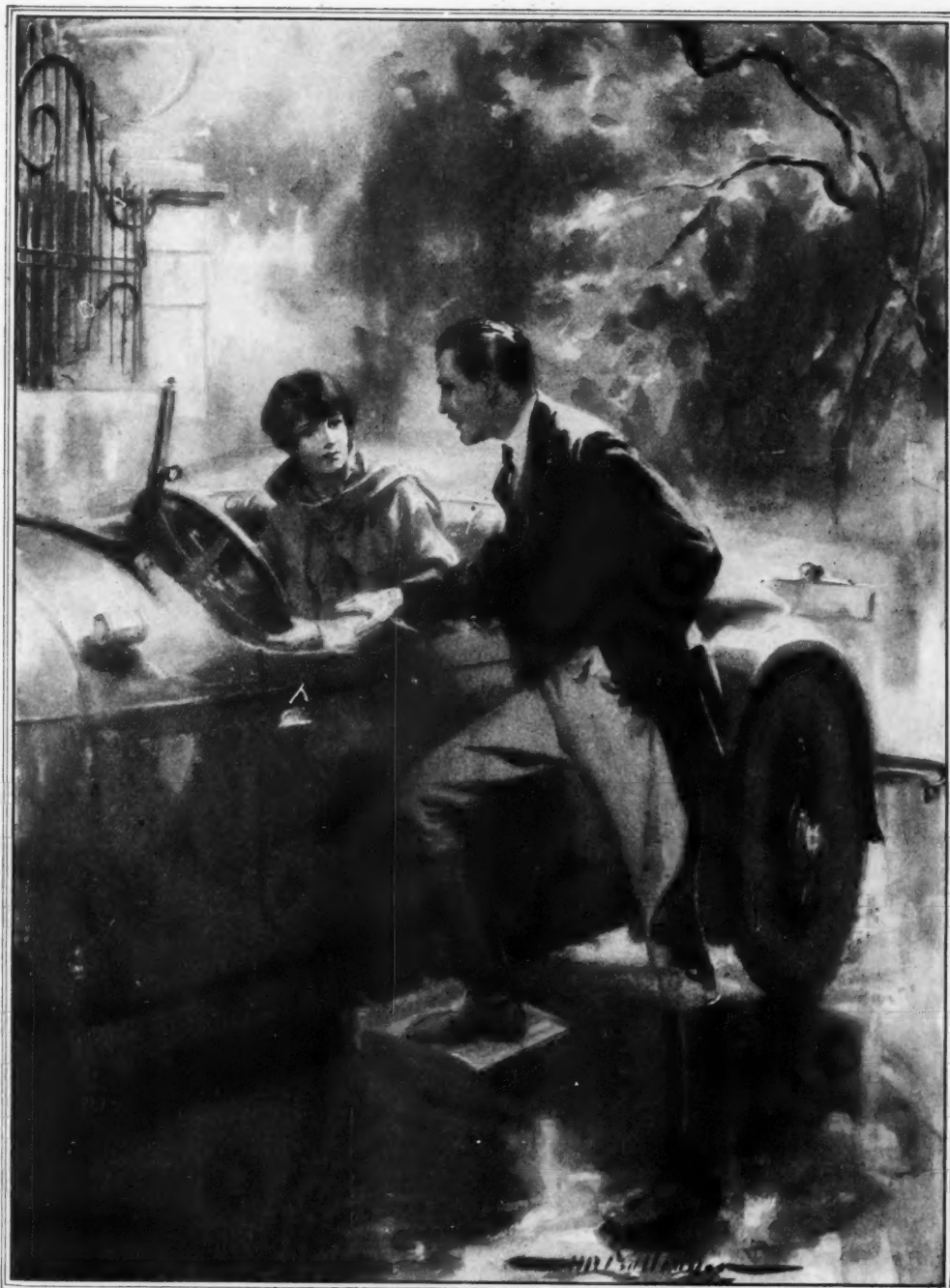
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"She won't look at Stafford now, I tell you, though they were friendly enough last Christmas."



to see Madame's son also—at his own desire. Where shall I find him? In the garden?"

A gleam of indignation showed in the watchful eyes for a second. "Madame's son is also not at home," the man declared inflexibly.

Somehow, instinctively, Bill knew it was a lie. He took his hand from the door. "I will give you my card," he said.

But ere he could produce it, the door was once more closed upon him. "Madame does not desire visitors," said Benedict.

The click of the latch followed the announcement, and Bill turned on his heel. After all, why discuss the matter with a servant? The man probably had his orders, and it was not for him to dispute them. Perhaps Lady Rivers had already repented of her graciousness of two days before, while as to the boy—he had probably never intended his invitation to be taken seriously.

He began to retrace his steps towards the beech avenue, walked a few paces, and suddenly stopped. Someone had called. He stood still, listening intently, uncertain whence the sound had come. But immediately it came again—an urgent, piercing cry, and in a moment Bill was racing at full speed across the garden to the yew-walk that led to the shore.

He went like the wind, for something in that cry warned him there was not a moment to be lost, down the little winding path, leaping the flight of six steps at the end. From there to the edge of the bathing-pool it was but a few yards over the rocks. Bill took that last stage in a series of bounds, landing at length on the flat top of the low stone wall that enclosed the pool. For out in the very middle of the pool young Rivers was struggling, making futile, spasmodic efforts to swim!

As he came up Bill shouted to him across the intervening stretch of water: "All right! Keep up! I'm coming!"

And then, without further waste of breath, he dove into the deep, clear water, literally hurling himself along at a speed which he had never achieved before; for that one glimpse of the boy's desperate fight for life had warned him that there was not a second to be lost.

The rush of water from the incoming tide was against him, but he was a strong swimmer and his whole being was concentrated against the opposing force. Reaching the centre of the pool, he trod water and looked about him, certain that he must be near the boy, though he had ceased to see any splashing to guide him. A horrible misgiving went through him, for the surface of the pool was empty! Then, suddenly, a few feet off, Gaspard rose with a terrible gurgling and a look as of death-agony on his convulsed face. He saw Bill

EVERYONE in the little village of Rickaby was stirred by the arrival there of the beautiful and mysterious Lady Rivers, and her son, Gaspard. The Rev. Bill Quentin, Vicar of Rickaby, had heard enough about them to be vitally interested when he met the mother, first, walking in the twilight, and found her a fascinating woman of the world. Next day, when he helped young Gaspard after an auto accident, he realized that behind the boy's mood of dark despair lurked some sinister, unguessed fear.

But Molly Morton and her sisters at Hatchstead Rectory were not so generous. They agreed with old General Farjeon in distrusting the new tenants at Beech Mount, all which provoked the Rev. Bill to unwonted anger, and set him wondering whether his life as a simple pastor of souls were well chosen.

THE next afternoon Bill Quentin went to call on his new parishioners. He reached Beech Mount and turned up the winding drive that led to the house. It was a foreign-looking place; a long, rambling, white-plastered building, no longer thatched, with white shutters at every window; and it looked out towards Rickaby Cove with its dazzling white cliffs and blue water. Where the beech avenue ended were two tall fir-trees, and on the south front some bent and stunted yews shaded a walk to the broad terrace above the bay where the Italian garden had been laid out, carefully shielded by wall, bank and hedge of yew. Paths and flights of steps ended finally in a hidden way, that wound down to the shore. Here was a boat-house and bathing-hut on a sandy shelf out of reach of the tide, and a deep rock-pool with a diving-board above it.

Bill knew the pool well, had indeed bathed in it more than once during the years that Beech Mount had stood empty. For no one had occupied it till now during all the time that he had been at Rickaby. It had passed to a distant relative of old Admiral Thesiger and had been for sale almost ever since, so that the advent of the new owner had been quite an event for the village.

The front-door was shut, contrary to Rickaby custom, and some seconds elapsed before his ring brought any response. Then the door opened about a foot, and a dark face peered out at him. Molly Morton's description of the man-servant flashed into his mind. So this was Benedict!

He asked for Lady Rivers and read the answer in the black, unfriendly eyes before it came:

"Madame is not at home."

But Bill Quentin was not to be expelled thus. He put out a restraining hand. "Wait a minute!" he said. "I have come

A Man Under Authority

BY ETHEL M. DELL

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER



and flung out a clutching hand. The boy was nearly crazed with fear.

He collected his own wits. It was no moment for slacking. "Let go of me and get on your back!" he commanded. "You'll drown us both at this rate."

But the strength to let go was not in Gaspard at that moment. He clung with frenzied insistence.

"Don't be a fool!" Bill cried again. "Keep your hands down! I've got you. I've got you, I tell you. Get your head back! That's the way! Now—trust me! See? Trust me! I shan't let you drown."

Somehow he prevailed. He was near the limit of his own strength when at length he reached the rough wall of the pool. The water was less than two feet from the top, and the wall sloped out towards him. He made his last colossal effort and hoisted Gaspard toward it. The boy clung; he could do no more. And Bill, freed from his weight, climbed up, himself, and then dragged his companion after him. In his scanty bathing-dress the boy looked little more than a skeleton.

Bill took him gently by the shoulders as he made no movement. Gaspard's head fell back. His teeth were chattering, his limbs cramped and powerless.

He thrust his arms beneath the meagre form and lifted it. Then, with infinite care, he turned to make his way over the rocks, and came face to face with Gaspard's mother.

"Ah!" she said, and he heard the great breath of relief that broke from her. "You—have saved him!"

She helped him to lay down his burden on the stones, and she took Gaspard's head into her lap while Bill knelt beside him and vigorously rubbed the helpless limbs.

"We must get him into his clothes," he said. "Where are they?"

"I expect he came down without them. Will you hold him while I go and fetch Benedict?" said Lady Rivers. And was gone over the rocks with the fleetness of a hare.

Again Bill applied himself energetically to the task of trying to bring a little warmth into the boy's chill body, till Gaspard suddenly put forth shaking hands and stopped him.

"Don't! Don't, I say! I'm much better—heaps better. And look here—I want to say something. You—you saved my life and—it nearly cost you your own. I don't know how to say it. But—but—" something caught in his throat, preventing utterance; his hand groped rather pathetically for Bill's.

"Oh, rot—rot!" said Bill kindly. "It was up to me to do what I could. One has got to do that. But the other part—well, I hadn't much to do with that. That was God's part. He would have saved you just the same, of His mercy, if I hadn't been there."

He spoke with absolute simplicity. Gaspard's hand was hard gripped in his own. The icy fingers clung to his, but the boy's head was bent.

"You believe that?" he said, speaking with some effort. "Believe it! I know it," said Bill.

He waited a moment, but Gaspard said no more. He was beginning to shiver again.

"Don't go!" said Gaspard.

"All right, old chap! Here's your mother coming now," he made reassuring answer.

Benedict was behind her, carrying blankets; his brown face wrinkled with deep concern not unmixed with suspicion as his look lighted upon Bill.

"I think we might get him back now," said Bill. "I'll carry him."

"He might be able to walk," Lady Rivers said doubtfully.

Gaspard stirred and slowly raised himself. "I don't want anybody to carry me," he said. "I can walk."

"You're not going to," said Bill.

Gaspard's eyes flashed up to his with an instant's rebellion, but the next moment he smiled. "All right—padre!" he said. "Have it your own way."

It was late that evening when Bill passed out into the moonlit garden to smoke a last cigarette. He was fairly tired, but feeling by no means discontented with the day's

work. He did not think that even the forbidding Benedict would ever close the doors of Beech Mount upon him again.

His thoughts did not dwell for long upon that struggle in the bathing-pool. Even his steady nerves flinched a little at the thought of what might have been—at the thought of that woman with her stricken face coming alone to the edge to find the tragedy of her life awaiting her. Somehow that look of hers haunted him. The conviction came to him that this was not her first acquaintance with tragedy. Those strange eyes of hers, what had they looked upon before? It was not

"I thought perhaps I should find you here," she said. The music of her voice acted upon him like magic. He moved to meet her, every pulse tingling.

Her hand came out to him, and he clasped and held it. "I only came," she said, and again her voice thrilled him, "because I could not sleep without saying 'Thank you'."

Her hand closed upon his. He spoke with some abruptness, for he was moved also. "Don't thank me," he said. "It was a chance in a lifetime, and I thank God for sending it my way."



Lady Rivers had excused herself to the General and leaving him to enjoy the shade of the yew walk, she led the Vicar upstairs to the wide and spacious chamber where Gaspard lay. "I shall leave you alone together," she said to Bill. "Gaspard seems to wish it and I believe you will do him good." The boy caught at her hand as she turned to go. "There is no one quite like you," he whispered, and his voice was husky



merely the wisdom of the world that they held, but a deeper knowledge, a greater intensity of suffering than falls to the lot of most. What did they remind him of? What was that thing at the back of his mind which so persistently eluded him? It was something which had happened a long time ago—possibly in his boyhood. He had turned a sharp corner and had come upon it very suddenly—a thing with eyes of blank and agonized despair, that had looked at him, but as though they saw him not. And he had been shocked for awhile, but afterwards he had forgotten. Where had that happened to him, and when? He sought his memory in vain.

He came along the moonlit path to the aloe that was about to flower. Its spear-like leaves flung strange fantastic shadows before him, and he halted with the whimsical thought that some spell might fall upon him if he trod where they lay. Beyond, lay a stretch of shrubbery which the moonlight scarcely penetrated, leading to the gate.

He had not made half-a-dozen paces when he stopped and swiftly turned again. He neither saw nor heard her, but—he waited for her.

And, in a moment or two, she came quite silently, emerging from the dark path, a tall, slim figure in a shimmering gown, and stood still on the other side of the aloe. The shadow of it lay between them. So still was she, so ghost-like, that it would not have surprised him to have seen her disappear again in the garden's shadow.

"Ah!" said Lady Rivers. Her hand pressed his and slipped free. "Then it may interest you to know that you have done me a greater service than you will ever realize—not only in saving my boy's life, but in making him trust you. And I am asking you to make allowances for him. He is young and—in some ways—heavily handicapped."

"You mean his health?" said Bill.

"Partly his health," she said.

He thought he understood her. "If his health improves, his mind will probably get more wholesome too," he said.

"I hope so," said Lady Rivers.

In a few moments she spoke again as though it had not been. "I have not said half I came to say, but—there are no words to express it. Perhaps some day I may find some other way, not of repaying—that would be impossible—but of showing you something of the gratitude that will always be in my heart."

"Oh, don't do that!" said Bill impulsively. "Forget it! That's the best. At least, forget my share! I am a man under authority, you know. I only obeyed orders. There is no earthly reason for you to feel under any obligation to me."

"No?" She paused as if this were a new thought. Then—"Now I must indeed be going. I shall get you talked about at this rate."

He heard again an alluring note of laughter in her voice, and it stirred him strangely to protest with genuine anger:

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"Do you imagine I care the toss of a halfpenny what anyone says about me?"
"I imagine you ought to," she answered.
"Why?" His question was almost a challenge.
"Because," her words came very deliberately, "as a man under authority I take it you are in some measure responsible for your Master's credit."
"Ah!" he said in surprise. He had not expected such words from her.
They were walking now towards the gate. She spoke with

from her presence, that warmed his senses like wine.
"Circe!" he whispered. "Circe!"
And he knelt, scarcely knowing what he did, and kissed the wet, sweet earth on which her feet had rested.
Lottie Morton's marriage was fixed to take place at the end of June. Doubtless the weather—which had turned stormy—was as trying to the bride as to everyone else, but she showed no sign of dissatisfaction.
General Farjeon alone, seemed to enjoy it. To him the excessive heat was like new life. His nephew Stafford was

sorry, Bill. I didn't say that. What's the matter with you, my lad? Have you got any further in your acquaintance with the renowned Madame Verlaine yet?"
"I don't know who you mean, sir," said Bill.
"Oh, don't you? You're not very bright this afternoon. I am referring in a jocular fashion to the lady who has just taken Beech Mount. Rivers, didn't you say her name was?"
Bill got up from his chair with abrupt resolution. "I'll take you across to see her if you'll come," he said.
"What? In riding kit?" The General stood hesitating.

"Certainly," said Bill. He himself was bareheaded and wearing flannels. He never wore the conventional clerical attire when not "on duty." The day was close and sultry, but there was no sun.

They turned up the beech avenue, and here the heat seemed even more oppressive. Each leaf of polished green hung motionless, as if carved in metal.

"Curious place!" commented the General. "I haven't been here since old Thesiger died. It used to be a decent old English house, but after his second marriage he turned it into a sort of villa on the Riviera. Rotten bad taste, I call it," was his verdict, "and always have. Hullo! Is that Lady Rivers over there with a rose-basket?"

His keen old eyes had spied a woman's figure in a little rose garden at the side of the house. Bill turned swiftly. She had seen them and was moving along the green path to greet them.

"She knows how to walk," commented the General appreciatively. "One of the very few who do."

Bill went to meet her, feeling the blood drum hotly in his temples. In that moment he repented fiercely having brought General Farjeon. If only he had come alone! And then her hand was in his, and all regrets vanished in a second.

Her look went beyond him to General Farjeon, and she smiled a welcome before Bill had time to effect an introduction.

"General, let me present you to Lady Rivers!"

The General bowed and took her outstretched hand.

Then a voice from the house arrested them—an eager, imperious voice. "Padre! Hullo! Padre, I say!"

Bill turned. Gaspard was standing at an upper window, his face dead-white against the jet-black of his hair. He was waving an importunate arm.
"Come up here, I say! Come up!"

Bill looked at his mother. "May I run up?" said Bill. He wondered why she delayed to answer him, for obviously there was no other means of quieting Gaspard, but her permission when it came had the tardiness of reluctance.

"It would be very kind of you," she said. And to the General, "My son is not very strong. We have to keep him very quiet."

"I won't excite him," said Bill. "I'll just run up for a few minutes, but I won't stay."

"Thank you," said Lady Rivers gently, leaving him uncertain as to which of his undertakings had earned her gratitude. Lady Rivers had excused herself to the General and led the Vicar upstairs to the chamber where Gaspard lay.

"I shall leave you alone together," she said to Bill. "Gaspard seems to wish it and I believe you will do him good."

But the boy caught at her hand as she turned to go. "There is no one quite like you," he whispered, and his voice was husky. Then, to Bill when they were alone: "Why on earth haven't you been here before? I tell you, it's worse than being in prison to be cooped up here without a soul to speak to."

Bill glanced round the room in which he found himself. It was a cheerful apartment—one of the best in the house, large and airy—with open windows that looked out to the sea.

"Well, if you never have a worse prison than this," he said, "you won't have much to complain of."

The silence with which his words were received caused him to look at Gaspard, and he was struck anew by the intense pallor of his face, the restless misery of his eyes.

"I'm afraid you've been having rather a rotten time, old chap," he said kindly. "What's the [Turn to page 87]



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complete irrelevance. "I love your aloe by moonlight. There is something mysterious and Egyptian about it—something of the desert that holds all secrets, past and future."

She paused on the edge of the shadow.

"No," she said whimsically, "I will not go through it again. It is too great a risk a second time—especially with no one waiting on the other side. Good-bye!" She turned her head. Her wrap had fallen back from her neck, and he saw the beautiful curve of her throat as she did so.

"Better that than a broken heart!" she laughed. "I don't trust that aloe of yours until it comes into flower."

"You will come back when it does?"

"And drink its magic!" She laughed again, that soft, intoxicating laugh, and surely the magic was in herself. "It would be better than a parish tea, wouldn't it?" she said, and was gone, silently, round the aloe and into the darkness beyond.

An impulse, quick and utterly alien to him, suddenly seethed up in his soul. There was a fragrance other than mere English flowers in the air—a maddening, elusive essence to which his whole being pulsed in fiery, uncontrollable response. Thought was beyond him. He was caught by an irresistible magic. She had forbidden him to follow her, but she could not deny him this. And there, alone in the moonlight, the madness came upon him so that he yielded himself utterly to the mystic enchantment that had emanated

spending a few days with him, purely as a matter of duty, for neither appreciated the other's society in the smallest degree, and it was hard to say which of the two was the more bored. The old General rode over one day to see Bill and confided in him that his nephew was a rotter. Even Molly wouldn't have anything to do with him, and goodness knew she hadn't many to choose from!

The General pursued the subject with the tyranny of old age. "No, she won't look at Stafford now, though they were friendly enough only last Christmas. But, Bill, the little lady won't come near now Stafford is here. I've threatened to drop in and carry her off bodily, but she spits like a cat at the suggestion."

"You want him to marry her, I take it, sir?" said Bill rather wearily.

The General stared at him wrathfully for a moment or two, then broke into an angry laugh. "You're getting awfully clever, aren't you, Bill? Of course I'd like 'em to marry. Don't you see Molly is a little girl after my own heart? And she won't be counting the days till the old man's put underground either. She's got a soft place in her heart for me, has Molly."

"It's about the only one there is then, I should think," said Bill. "I hope you will never be disappointed in her, sir. I shouldn't trust her too far."

"Oh, go to—" The General pulled himself up. "No, I'm

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THE CIRCUS LADY

BY JOSEPHINE DEMOTT ROBINSON



IT was some years before I rode in a ring again. A friend of mine telephoned me that a certain picture required a circus scene, that they had a horse and would I ride him? I agreed right away, for it sounded interesting.

I reached the lot, and stood around like a gillie, just waiting. When I finally asked a hot young man to direct me he was very explosive. "You Miss DeMott? Gosh, you should have been in that car that left for location a while ago."

"Oh, never mind," I said, "I'll just walk there."

He withered me. "Oh, will you? It's ten miles away. I'll have to send you in another car. Got the wig?"

"Wig? Wig? No one told me about a wig."

He threw his hands up. "All right, come along." So I was fitted up to look like the star, and hustled out to location, feeling rather foolish, in blonde long flowing curls and a walking suit. My friend came up to me with the horse and we got in the ring and began to work him. The horse, we soon saw, was decidedly not a circus trained horse.

"Never mind," I said, "you hold him on the lunge rope and keep his head inside. I'll whip him along, and maybe we'll get him around the ring three or four times before he gets dizzy."

So we practised him until, through a far-off megaphone, the director called everybody to get ready. I hurriedly put on the star's costume, and practised a little more, until another call came from the director. "All out of the ring but the rider."

We looked blankly at each other. I never could ride him alone, for how did I know but that he might stop suddenly and catapult me into the air.

The director was talking: "Attention, rider. The man in the trapeze is your father. As you ride around the ring, he falls from the trapeze to the ground. You jump from your horse, rush to him, and pick up his head in your arms. All set."

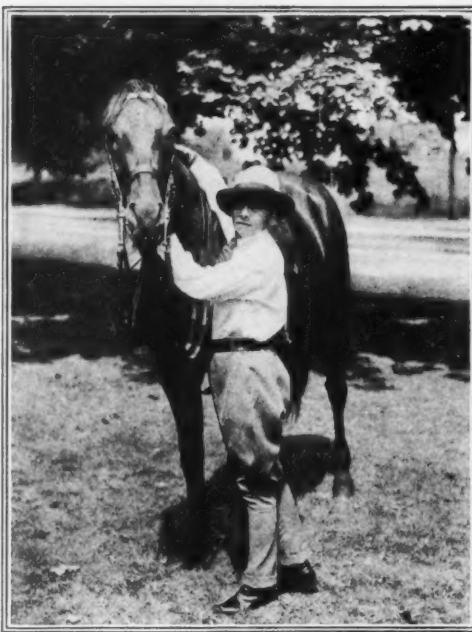
Off I started my horse, my friend holding the lunge.

"Stop the scene," went the megaphone. "Everyone but the horse and the rider will leave the ring."

We were aghast; we tried to ignore the megaphone and go around again. And we discussed the possibility of holding him short on the left side and whacking him on the right to keep him in the ring. Meantime the megaphone was enraged. The audience of supers was beginning to jeer too.

"Listen," called the megaphone voice sarcastically. "What's the matter down there? Can't that little girl ride?"

Well, that was too much. Grandmother's blood grew hot within me. I jumped on the horse, thanked the Lord he was at least gentle. He was no sooner well started than I went into what is known as a shoulder stand, a difficult and showy trick. Down went my shoulders on the horse's neck; up went my feet high in the air. Around we flew until the music stopped. Applause rent the air from the super benches, and I swept a low bow in the direction of the



The Circus Lady and one of her favorite mounts



megaphone. From the seats came a yell to the director, first scattered, then in concert, "Well, what's the matter? Can the little girl ride?"

Then we went into the trapeze scene. The man fell, and I leaped gladly from that horse, and ran to my supposed father.

"Are you my father?" I asked, clasping his head.

He gave me a look. "Not on your life," he answered. "You are my mother."

And so we finished the scene. Some months later a voice on the telephone asked if I were Josie DeMott, who used to be a circus rider. Would I come over to the Goldwyn studios at Fort Lee to do some riding for May Marsh's forth-coming picture, "Polly of the Circus"? Would I double for the star? I suppose all my life I shall sniff the sawdust from afar and rush to it if I am given the least chance, so I said yes.

I went over and met the casting director. He looked at me just long enough to say how do you do, gave me a strange look, and flew out. Instantly I knew what was wrong—my hair, it had grown white years ago. In the ring, I had colored it, for a little white haired lady dancing on a bare-back horse might have caused a sensation all right, but not the kind I wanted. Now that I was living privately again I rather liked the white hair and let it alone.

It must have made a strange impression on the casting director engaging someone to represent a young girl. When he came back he told me that they might need me later, that he would take my name and address and keep me in mind. And so I was bowed politely out.

The world had gone wrong again. Here I was, perfectly qualified in ability, size and all, condemned by my white hair.

But a week later the telephone rang again. The Goldwyn studios wanted to know if I was ready to go to work on the picture. I said I was, and went over there again. Later I learned, that after seeing my hair they had looked around to find someone else, but could find no one able to do the work.

When they first brought me the horse, they said they had spent days trying to teach him in the ring and couldn't do it. After they showed me how they did it, I saw why the horse wouldn't do it. They were running him the wrong way round the ring!

At the studio, the wardrobe woman allotted me very disagreeably to my dressing-room, apparently deciding I would last only one try-out. She hustled me into a room where there were a lot of extras. I put up with this, not knowing anything of movie people, and realizing it is in the movies that youth is served first and best.

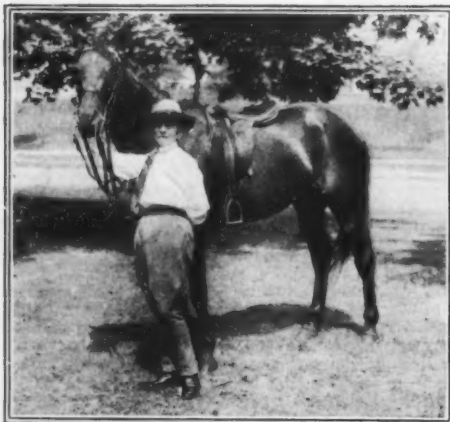
But my first work before the directors put me in a different light. My first doubling more than carried out what they had wanted, and they said so. Some one happened to ask where I was dressing, and I told him in the room with the extras. There was great indignation, and they were surprised that I had said nothing about it. But by this time I had passed the stage where I walked out when my trunk didn't get centre space!

But they said to me—those kind directors to whom my heart warmed—"You are a star and you must have a star's dressing room." So they gave me the one Jane Cowl had used when she was there.

Every night I was all dressed up in my duplicate star costume. Whenever I passed in front of the camera I had to remember to turn my face away from it. I liked the work, and time passed very pleasantly.

We reached the big part in the picture, where Polly falls from her horse as she rides him around the ring, when the clown is holding her hoop carelessly. She is supposed to faint and fall over backwards, from the standing position to her back on the ground. I told the director that a rider would not faint and fall like that, that she always tried to recover her balance, struggling, and then fell. But he said the script demanded a straight fall from the top of the horse. So I yielded. It was not exactly my party excepting that I was the person who was to fall.

[Turn to page 26]

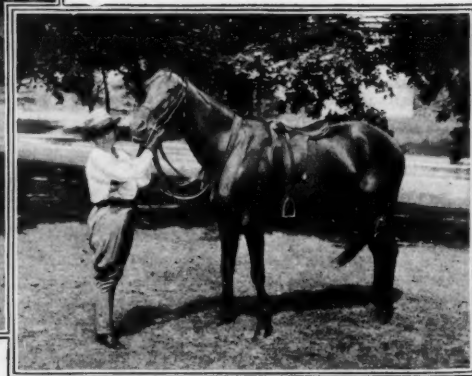


*Above
Lessons are postponed while Mrs. Robinson and her horse pose for a photo*

*Right
That Mrs. Robinson makes a pet of each horse accounts for her success*



A well-trained circus horse never forgets his tricks



Eat soup to get the full benefit of all your food!



If you think of soup only as a delicious and refreshing first dish of the meal, you are overlooking a fact of very great importance in the diet.

For good hot soup with its savor and its flavor, stimulates the digestive system, strengthens and renews the appetite, supplies valuable food, and prepares the way for the rest of the meal.

A meal that begins with soup is relished more all through. You eat more, enjoy it more, get more good from it.

Let Campbell's Tomato Soup, with its pure rich "fruit" juices and tomato "meat" blended with golden butter and delicate seasoning, refresh and stimulate you at dinner tonight! And at many meals to come!

How to prepare Cream of Tomato!

Heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a saucepan after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat SEPARATELY an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup INTO the hot milk or cream but do not boil. Serve immediately.



Oh, here they come and going some.
Let's greet them with a cheer.
The soup they ate will make them great
And fill their foes with fear!



21 kinds
12 cents a can

THE CIRCUS LADY

(Continued from page twenty-four)



Besides I was not at all sure I could do it. Just as a good swimmer finds it hard to drown himself, so a rider would be unable to fall off a horse without an instinctive struggle to right herself.

A hole had been dug in the ground and filled with sawdust at the place I was to fall. Now even sawdust is not the softest thing in the world to fall on, especially from a galloping horse.

The night for the big scene came. The tent was filled with at least seven hundred people. Arc lights blazed and hissed everywhere. A full band of music was playing just as if the scene were real. I sat there thinking how wonderfully they had seen to each minute detail.

The balloon held by a clown was supposed to trip me, and I was to fall, not making any attempt to catch my balance. I promised to try, and I did. As per instructions, I lay just where I had fallen till the scene was over. I listened to the commotion caused by my fall, and I was picked up and carried into my dressing room.

But the scene was all wrong. My fall had shown all too plainly a real rider trying to recover her balance. So we did it again. I flew around the ring, while the audience resented itself again, and fell again.

But again the fall was not the faint fall they desired. We rested and tried it a third time. We tried it a fourth and a fifth and a sixth and a seventh. We did that scene into the early hours of the morning, and still they were not satisfied. I had ridden that ring seven times, and had seven falls, and I was a bit weary myself. The real circus suddenly seemed a quiet easy place to ride in.

During one of our resting periods a super came up to me. "Excuse me for butting in, Miss De Mott. I just learned who you are. Please don't do that fall again. You've done plenty good enough for any fall. You're new at this game and they'll have you try anything they happen to think of regardless of the cost to you. Don't do it, again."

But I heard the megaphone calling, "Are you ready, rider?" So I just shook my head and smiled at my unknown friend. The call came. "Once the balloon. Once standing by it. Then the fall."

The band played. The clowns did their part. The arc lights buzzed and I was off.

Once around. Once passing standing. Now the fall. I took a sink, and just then something gave me a hard crack in the chest, and I collapsed. I heard the commotion that followed, that had followed for eight times now. I was carried out for the eighth time, and heard the usual "Are you hurt?" I had heard seven times before.

Then some one said, "Are you all right, Miss DeMott?" I opened my eyes and said yes. I was not really sure. I decided the part was taking hold of me all right.

The director patted me on the back.

"You did it just great that time, Miss DeMott. You're a wonder."

Something was different, but what? The super came over to me again and said, "Do you know what happened to you that time?"

I shook my head.

"Well, a balloon holder gave you a good stiff punch with the balloon as you sank down, and the result was a real unprotected fall." Well, it was, and when I saw it later, I decided it was a beauty. And I marvelled that I was still alive, after a tumble like that.

By this time the various directors had heard who I was and who I had been, and that I knew what I was talking about. They asked my help with circus detail. I especially remember a dressing room scene, with the riders in street clothes, busy about their trunks. I was amazed when I saw their clothes. They told me the wardrobe woman said these were the right thing and she had been in the show herself once. They were lacy, frilly, cheap clothes, that belonged to a low cabaret scene.

One of the directors saw my look. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Aren't these about right?"

I shook my head. "I never saw anyone in our dressing rooms in anything but a white shirtwaist and a dark skirt and a belt," I said. "I can't imagine anyone I ever knew wearing things like this."

So Jennie had to bring in waists, skirts, and belts, and she was not at all pleased about it.

When I saw the parade, the director who was standing beside me said, "How's that, Miss DeMott? All right?" I looked at it. It looked fine. Then I saw in a cage, all the

freaks. "Oh, you never have the freaks in a parade." "Don't you?" he asked, uncertainly. "How would they ever collect any dimes if they showed them free in the streets?" I asked. He saw the point and the freaks left the parade.

Some quiet days went by and I decided that my unpleasant experiences were in the past. Walking around one day I noticed a man wrapping burlap around a pole perhaps twenty feet long. I asked him what it was for.

"To give somebody a crack with," he said, grinning cheerfully, and I grinned back.

In less than a week the director called me out for another riding scene. The girl was to ride around in dense smoke with fire barring every exit when the horse tried to fight his way out. The tent was on fire, and the horse was supposed to jump and whirl and show his fright. I must keep the horse in a certain space, making him dash this way and that. The horse, by the way, was a new horse. The plot here said that Polly would not ride in this town, because it was her minister-sweetheart's town. She was ready, but refused at the last moment. The show manager taunted her with fear, and Polly, to show him, jumped on the horse of the woman

"The owner of this horse tells me the horse will not kick," he assured me, but I shook my head. So they brought the owner of the horse to me.

He rubbed his hands. "My Monte will not kick you," he said, "I promise you my Monte will not kick you."

I glared at him, knowing that all he was interested in was the big fee the movie people were paying him for his horse. How could anyone promise anybody that a horse wouldn't kick under such conditions?

However, the director had made up his mind, so I began to make friends with Monte, talking to him, so that he would know my voice and heed it in the fire scene.

So far I had been asked to do only things I knew about, but in all my circus experience I had never been struck with a tent pole, not even with all the tent blow downs I had been in.

But the megaphone was calling out to the red fire men and I had to hurry into my costume. The smoke was started. The arc lights were so bright that I could see nothing at all. The tent partition was set on fire and my horse led to the spot where I was to enter the space inside which the pole was to fall from its upright position.

The next thing I knew, someone gave my horse, on whom I was standing, a crack with a whip and with one lunge he was in the center of all the fury. It took every ounce of my strength to keep him from dashing straight into one of the arc lights. I was pulling this way and that, when something gave me a stunning blow in the face, and off I fell backwards and lay still.

With the release of the reins, Monte did exactly what I knew he would do. He went up with his heels, fortunately missing me, and flew off between the arc lights.

I just lay still in order not to do any harm to the picture by getting in it at the wrong time, when suddenly I heard an unusual commotion and a lot of orders at once. Someone suddenly jerked me to my feet hurriedly rushed me to one side. I heard indistinctly above the hub-bub something about some fool spoiling the scene. Then there was Monte before me again, wild-eyed, a couple of men holding him with difficulty. A man and a woman together threw me on his back, and again I was in the centre of all those lights. It was like one of those nightmares from which you can't escape into waking life.

By this time poor Monte was thoroughly frightened. I don't believe I could have held him for long, but scarcely had I reached the centre when crack, I got the pole again, this time across the back of my head, so off I went, forward, rolled on my back away from Monte and lay there.

This time they came to me and lifted me very gently and told me what a great fall it was. The first fall too had been very good, but someone ran directly in front of the space where only Monte and the rider were supposed to be. The canvas was nearly burned down, hence the rush to have it all acted over again before the whole tent was burned.

Well, it ended well, and Monte had not kicked me to pieces after all, but I decided that the life of one who doubles for a movie star gets all the excitement of a circus and a lot besides, that a circus never thought of. These movie directors could have given Mr. Barnum and Mr. Bailey a lot of new ideas.

My acquaintance with the pole was not yet over. Our still man asked me if I wouldn't get back in the position in which I had fallen so that he could get a still of it. So I crawled under the pole and lay there as if it had fallen on me.

The ground was damp from a previous day's rain, and I began to feel the old circus feeling stirring in me: the show had to go on.

Meantime, another scene was being enacted with a red fire and my camera man meant to use the glare of these to get his picture. Presently the click of the cameras and the call for more red fire told me the scene was on.

Suddenly I felt faint and choked. I felt as if my chest were being smashed, but no one heard my feeble calls. Presently the weight went off, and the camera man helped me up. Then I found out that three men had sat down on the pole to wave their red fire, naturally not knowing I was under one end of it. When the fire was burned they got up, and I got relief. I hoped fervently that I had seen the last of that tent pole.

The first showing of our picture was at [Turn to page 28]



Josie watched her father's handling of the frightened animals—Painted by George Giguere



who was to ride in her stead, and went on to do her act. He said that when I was struck by the falling centre pole, my fall must be forward if it struck me on the back of the head or body; should the pole strike me in the face or chest, I must topple off backwards.

Well, at all events, I now knew for whom the pole was intended. But it was the horse part of the act that bothered me. No matter which way I fell, a horse in that wild state would start right in kicking whatever of me was left undamaged by the pole. I explained to the director that a horse struck like that, with its rider falling off would naturally start kicking. But the director couldn't see it.



NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, a thousand eyes are fastened on her face. How does she keep her skin flawless—youthfully firm, irreproachably smooth and clear?

Of two hundred and fifty actresses playing this season in New York, an overwhelming majority—nearly three-fourths—use Woodbury's Facial Soap for their skin, because of its purity and its soothing, non-irritating effect.

One Hundred & Eighty Leading Actresses of the NEW YORK STAGE declare that this soap is best for their skin

SHE must never grow old.

Starry-eyed, laughing-lipped, with cheeks like a rose—she must create an illusion of never-dying youth and joy for the tired, work-a-day world.

An actress cannot neglect her appearance, even for a single day, any more than an athlete can neglect his training. Her success, not only as a woman, but as an artist, depends on a beautiful physical condition.

How does the successful actress of today take care of her skin? What soap does she use to keep it smooth and fine in spite of harsh make-up?

What they said when interviewed

We asked two hundred and fifty leading actresses of the New York stage, playing in 44 of this season's plays, what soap they used for the care of their skin.

One hundred and eighty—or nearly three-fourths of the entire number—said they were using Woodbury's Facial Soap.

"It is a wonderful soap for the skin"—
"It doesn't sting as other soaps do"—
"It is very soothing"—"It leaves a nice, smooth finish"—"It closes en-

larged pores"—"Oily skin was cured by using it"—
"It keeps the skin firm and fresh looking, preventing large pores and blackheads"—
"I have a perfect skin. I have used Woodbury's for years."

These were some of the comments made by the actresses when interviewed in their dressing-rooms. Every one of the Woodbury users was eager to speak some word of praise and appreciation for the wonderfully soothing, non-irritating quality of Woodbury's.

A skin specialist

IF YOU ARE TROUBLED with blackheads, blemishes, an oily skin, or any other skin defect, learn how to overcome it from the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

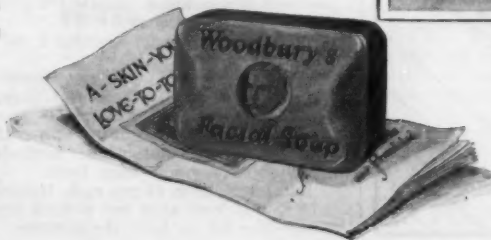
A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks.

Get a cake of Woodbury's to-day, at any drug store or toilet goods counter, and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

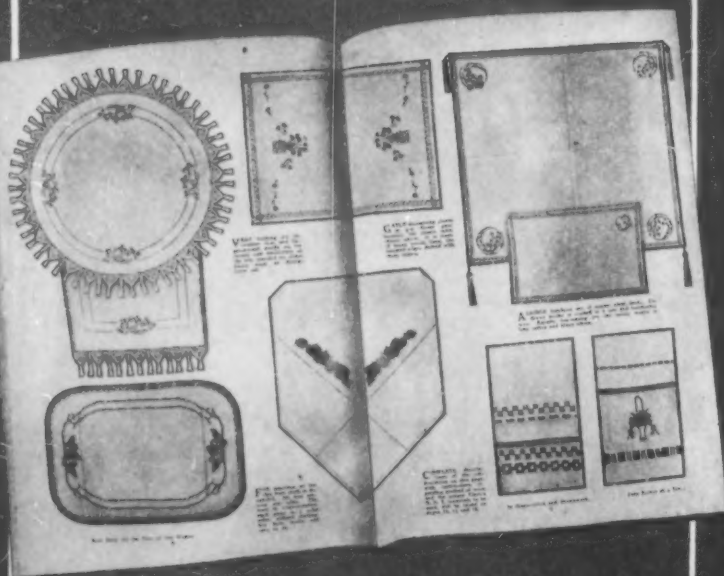
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The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet.
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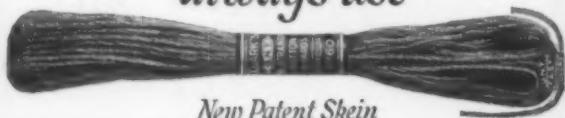
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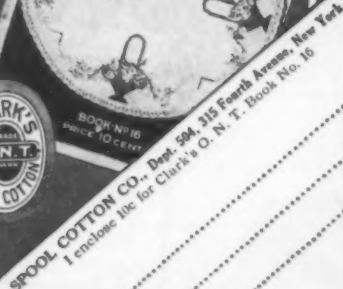
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The Circus Lady

[Continued from page 26]

the Strand. We all sat watching—the cast, and its friends, and the usual celebrities arrived to see a first run. The play opened with a riding master coming out in front of the curtain and telling in a loud voice of all the show things to come, in imitation of actual circus methods. He told how every performer was of the highest standing in the show world. The clowns were the highest paid, so were the freaks and the acrobats. And the rider who did this dangerous work in her day had been the highest priced and the most famous in the world.

"So now, he ended with a flourish I introduce to you Miss May Marsh." Marie Dressler, who was working at a picture of her own at the time, sat a few seats from me. She leaned over to me and said in her hearty voice, "Are you going to stand for that? You'd better tell them who the rider is."

But as a matter of fact—and quite in accordance with the ethics of doubling—I got no credit for my work, although the Billboard, which called the play mediocre and draggy, added that "the circus scenes are very well done, thanks to the clever work of Miss DeMott."

Before long I was in the midst of the suffrage excitement of those days. I was a valuable acquisition, for I had horses and could make them stand up straight in the air, while I waved a suffrage banner with a firm hand, and lead the parade.

One day our district leader at Hempstead ordered me to report for duty in front of the Press Tent at the Mincola Fair Grounds on horseback to meet a certain newspaper man from the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, who would tell me just what I was to do. So over I rode to the reporter. What was I to do?

He thought for a moment then pointed to the Flower Exhibit building.

"Couldn't you ride your horse up the steps and in the building yourself?"

"Certainly, if you want me to."

It was early and there were few people about. I spurred Nauty, and up and in we rode. I rode around looking at the flowers when an old man hobbled up to me and said, "Lady, lady, you'll have to take that horse out of here right away."

"All right," I said, and went out, jumping my horse off the porch. "What's the matter?" asked the reporter.

So I told him.

"Could you mount those steps again and jump off once more?" he asked, and I said of course it was easy.

So he called the picture men and had the jump snapped.

"Now what next?" I asked.

He was still laughing. "Oh, you may as well go home now," he said, "You have done a good day's work."

Going home that afternoon I heard a boy calling an extra. I bought one, and to my horror there on the front page of the Brooklyn Eagle was a huge picture of Nauty and me jumping off the fair ground steps. In the biggest kind of type were the words, "Josephine DeMott Robinson, suffrage leader, bodily thrown from exhibit building."

It was bad enough to read it, but telegrams and the next day letters came from my people in Philadelphia. Why would I mix up with these terrible women, and what did I mean by disgracing our name in that way with those brazen women?

Last of all, the district leader jumped on me, saying that I had really injured the cause by my conduct. And all I had done was what she had told me to do.

But I had pleasanter experiences. Once in New York I gave a lecture from a real platform, on how to keep fit in order to be of help to the cause of women. I was thrilled when I walked in the building to see myself announced outside. "Lecture by Mrs. J. D. Robinson."

When I was through speaking a voice came from the audience.

"Whose method do you recommend?"

I was stumped. There was grandmother's and my father's, and I suppose I had added a few ideas of my own as the years went on. But whose method—they probably meant what book.

But I told them of my early training, and it was long after my allotted time before they let me leave the platform.

Then war came, and suffrage was put by for the time. I was eager to help. First I sold my farm and bought government bonds. It took quite a while to get all my live stock in comfortable homes. Especially the goats. The pleasant stout officer in the traffic booth in Hempstead took one of them and has him still.

At the Fifty-ninth street Orthopedic Hospital I worked in the corrective ward, specializing in infantile paralysis. I had already taken a course under Dr. Lovett of Boston on infantile paralysis and received my diploma for it.

With us of the circus, health was expected and sickness was a great rarity. This work among poor unfortunates with twisted backs hurt me all through. There were some who only held their hands the tighter when they tried to unclothe them. There were many who would never walk again, and some whose limbs no amount of care could straighten.

After my term was over I was glad to see my stable and my horses again, glad to be back teaching children again. Horses and children, I often think, have a lot of the good sense there is in the world.

Children were usually willing listeners. By telling them essentials, and teaching them everything from the ground floor up about horses as well as riding, it was not long before I could turn the stable over to anyone of some twenty children ranging in ages from eleven to fourteen, feeling perfectly safe. I knew the horses would be correctly saddled, fed, watered, bedded down, and ridden. When I was out riding with someone, I knew the other horses were getting good care. I have taught them the care of horses as my father taught me long ago—taught them the importance of gentleness, of firmness, of learning to act instantly when once they learned the right way to do a thing. That lesson I had learned myself thoroughly from my father in the days when every trip with him was a lesson to be learned—and especially on that never-to-be-forgotten day when the horses ran away and little Josie sat watching her father's marvelous handling of the frightened animals.

They have learned more than horses, too, though they have learned them from the field to the saddle and back again. They have learned carefulness and gentleness and kindness towards animals, something that will benefit them all their lives.

Communion with children is always a pleasant thing. Sometimes it is even blessed. One of the most charming children who ever rode with me was a dear little girl of fourteen who died a few years ago. Her mother found among her papers, some which she sent to me. One was an essay, a school paper, the assigned subject being, "The Most Useful Citizen of My Acquaintance." And the child had written about me, had picked me out as the subject of her paper!

I felt very humble and very proud, as I read stray sentences in the unformed child hand. "I honestly believe that a lot of youngsters around here owe more to that little woman's plain horse sense than to all the expensive advice of the city specialists." "Any fool can put the worst into his mount with whip and spur and heavy hand. A good hand with horses is, ten to one, a good hand with men; they both need the same sort of handling—kindness, firmness, strength, patience—a steady hand, a quiet voice, a cool head, and a warm heart. Well, Mrs. Robinson is decidedly a good hand with horses and children. She gets results."

It is hard to believe, reading over the warm, bright phrases, that the child who wrote them so emphatically, so earnestly, is now actually dead.

Sometimes only a phrase will bring it all back again—the old magic, for it had a magic for us as well as for the gillies. Only to us it is the magic of love.

The tinsel robes shine and shimmer under the lights, and the audience sees the sheen and color. But we see more than that. We know the work that went into making that gleaming costume. The weary stitches set so patiently, so lovingly, one after the other.

The jargon of the circus is a vocabulary by itself. Certain phrases will bring a smile or a tear.

[Turn to page 93]

First—Last—Always!

MEN have been known to go for months without shelter, for weeks without food and for days without water, but no one can live for more than a few minutes without air.

Breathing is the first necessity of life—yet few of us know how to breathe to develop our bodies and to improve our health. If we could be always in fresh air taking plenty of exercise, our usual undirected, instinctive breathing would naturally develop to give us better health. Nature would take care of us. But the conditions in which we live, the stress of present-day life, cause us to accumulate an excess of poisonous waste products in our bodies. To help dispose of these we should go beyond instinctive breathing and at frequent times during the day mentally direct the breaths we take.

Count Your Breaths—

How many breaths a minute do you take? Stop now with your watch in hand and for 60 seconds count them. Fifteen to twenty short, top-of-your-lungs breaths? You are not breathing deeply. Occasionally you should take six or eight long, leisurely breaths a minute—so deep that the diaphragm is expanded and the ribs are barreled out. Several times a day stop what you are doing, stand straight with head up, shoulders back and *breathe*—always through the nose, of course.

Try it this way—inhale, one, two, three, four; hold, five; exhale, six, seven, eight, nine; relax, ten. This will give you six breaths a minute—quiet, unhurried breathing. After a time your unconscious breathing may become deeper and you will begin to feel a new and delightful sense of buoyant power.

Good Posture First—

You cannot breathe properly unless your lungs have room to expand. When you stand or sit with shoulders rounded



AIR!

Baby's first cry! However it may sound to grandmother's ears, it is music to the baby's mother. Under the spell of her eager imagination that thin little cry is a call for her. But what he really is crying for is *air*. In the Land of Unborn Babies he had no need to use his lungs. But here, in the great wide world, his first need is air and through every moment of his life he will demand air.

and chest contracted you squeeze your lungs and make deep breathing impossible. Lift your head, raise your chest, straighten your spine, elevate your ribs and you cannot help "breathing for health".

Deep breathing exercises should be taken night and morning. Empty the lungs as fully as possible with each breath. This is important because fresh air removes harmful waste matter in the blood.

That "Stitch in the side"—

Have you ever felt a stitch in the side when running? This is a warning—not always that your heart is weak, or that you have indigestion, as many persons suppose, but sometimes that your lungs are unaccustomed to being filled to their full capacity. Most of us rarely breathe to the bottom of our lungs. One-third of the lung cells of the average

person is unused. These cells tend to collapse and stick together. When the air is forced into them, it sometimes causes pain.

Your health demands that you should breathe properly; the condition of the blood is an important element in keeping well. The blood circulates all through the body distributing material to build and repair the tissues, picking up waste products and fighting disease germs. The turning-point of its journey is in the lungs where it deposits the waste and takes a fresh supply of oxygen from the air.

Without deep breathing of fresh air there cannot be an ample supply of oxygen. Without sufficient oxygen there cannot be adequate growth or repair of any part of the body, nor vigorous warfare against disease.

Begin today to breathe deeply—breathe for health.

About one out of six of the total number of deaths in the United States each year is caused by diseases which affect the lungs. Pulmonary tuberculosis and pneumonia claim more than 210,000 victims annually. Ten years ago the death-rate from tuberculosis was sixty per cent higher than it is today. Only a short time ago it was thought that fresh air must be kept away from patients suffering from lung troubles. Today it is known that fresh air is one of the main aids in getting well—and this knowledge has helped to produce the

marked decrease in tuberculosis death-rate.

Defects in the air passages should be corrected if one is to breathe most effectively. Wise parents should keep careful watch over their children's noses and throats to see that they are not afflicted with adenoids or diseased tonsils.

Deep breathing must be studied. There is more to it than the taking of a full breath. The diaphragm and abdominal muscles must be strengthened by exercise and the

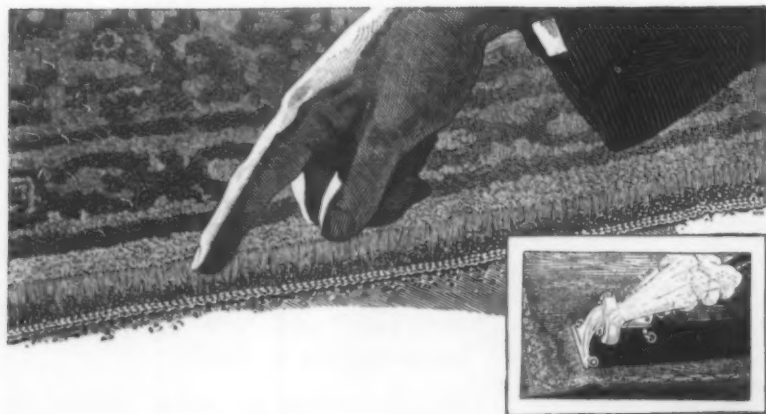
body must be trained to maintain correct posture.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet giving simple and interesting health rules, including scientific advice about fresh air and proper breathing. These rules, with the simple breathing exercise given above, can be followed by anybody who wishes better health. Send for a copy of "How to Live Long". It will be mailed free.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY - NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



... if every woman could see— the deeply embedded dirt this famous Eureka "High-Vacuum" test removes!

See the Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner, with dust bag removed, passed back and forth across one small section of a rug that has been regularly beaten and swept by ordinary methods. See for yourself the startling amount of germ-laden dust, dirt and grit that the Eureka discharges from the hidden depths of your floor coverings!

This Test Will Convince You

Let this famous Eureka "high-vacuum" test prove to you the vital importance of the deeper, more thorough cleaning that results from the use of the Grand Prize Eureka. Then—and then only—can you fully appreciate the superiority of the Eureka "high-vacuum" principle of cleaning that has resulted in the sale today of one Grand Prize Eureka for every two of the 69 competing "makes."

Enjoy the Amazing Helpfulness of Eureka Attachments

And remember that the same astonishing effectiveness can be obtained in the use of Eureka "high-vacuum" Attachments on mattresses, upholstered furniture, hangings, stair runners, etc.

Do not fail to have our dealer near you show you this convincing "high-vacuum" test. Then witness a complete demonstration of the Grand Prize Eureka and its attachments. Decide now to waste no further time and effort with old-fashioned or less efficient cleaning methods and devices! Get a Eureka today.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO., DETROIT, U.S.A.
Makers of Electric Vacuum Cleaners Since 1909
Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario
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Only
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The
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VACUUM CLEANER
"IT GETS THE DIRT"

FREE \$8.50 Set
of Eureka "High-Vacuum" Attachments
with every Grand Prize Eureka purchased!
[This offer may be withdrawn at any time.] Get
your Eureka NOW and re-
ceive these wonderful at-
tachments absolutely free.



Through Africa With the Prince of Wales

[Continued from page 7]

I have never seen anything so moving as this tribute to the personality of the Prince.

See a great sunlit square in a setting of trees of vivid green, with a background of silver grey mountain, and a canopy of turquoise sky. Let loose your imagination and pack that square with people of forty races, all religions, and every known colour; clothe them in every kind of garment from purple sarong and torn veldtschoen, to the latest Paris frock; and every cut of morning suit since the Victorian era. Picture a solid sea of faces of every type and character, from fair skinned Saxon to ebony hued Ethiopian. Put in each and every eye a gleam of tense expectancy such as might be seen in the eyes of small children about to witness the magic materialisation of a fairy tale. Fill the air with the crashing peals of bells from a tall grey tower facing the square, and attune your ears to a vast murmuring sound like the surge of a great ocean, that is coming nearer and nearer in growing crescendo, accompanied by vast and regular gusts that your intelligence tells you to be Hurrahs from the throats of legions. Then let fall a sudden silence, a breathless hush of a few seconds—and then a triumphant sigh and—"THERE HE IS." A car draws up in front of the flickering bayonets of a Guard of Honour, and from that car steps a slim figure in the blue and gold uniform of a British Naval Officer, a few war ribbons on his breast, and a grave look on his face. THE PRINCE! His hand goes up to the salute as the band plays the National Anthem; and then a mighty cheer leaps to life, shattering even the silence of the sentinel slopes of Table Mountain, two miles away. Every hat goes into the air, and a mighty thrill travels through that enormous motley crowd—the thrill of a lifetime, the ageless thrill of country, the throb of a nation's pride, the deeply moved spirit of a people looking upon its own personification.

I am not out to record in heroic vein the incidents of the Prince's tour in Africa, but I cannot help describing this scene as it struck me, and according to the impression it made upon me—an ordinary soldier-man who has had much experience of national emotion, and patriotic feeling. Used as I am to official shows of this sort, I had a most uncomfortable sort of lump in the throat, as I watched the Prince and observed his remarkable effect on the crowd. Knowing him, I knew that it was his own personality that was doing this thing, more than his position as heir to the British throne. He stood quietly, modestly at the front of the platform, very nearly behind a palm, adjusting his tie, and fidgeting with the notes of his speech.

And then, characteristically, when the moment came, he stepped forward from behind the palm, in realisation that every single soul in that assembly had come there to see him, as well as to greet him, and stood in full view of all. Steadily, and in the clear clipped accents of the British Officer he delivered his speech, no faltering, no hesitation, no dwindling of tone. There was a dead silence in that great square as he spoke, and everybody listened intently. Yet, the words he was uttering did not matter. It was the man who was speaking that mattered. And when the voice of the crowd again shattered the air, it was the Prince they were cheering, not the sentiments of his speech.

The band struck up again, and led by two choirs, the immense gathering lifted up its voice, right from the heart, and sang: *God Bless the Prince of Wales*. It could not repress a smile at this, for it is a tune which follows him everywhere, and one which he always tries to get wiped off the programme. And one, incidentally, of which he has a very fine parody of his own, that I have heard him sing sometimes on strictly private occasions.

But there was no smile on the Prince's face on this occasion.

To those who are inclined to regard these tours of the Prince of Wales as a formality, or a ceremonious concession to conventional tradition, I would say—can any elected President do a thing like this? Stir to the very heart, individually and collectively, a gathering of people so

politically and racially divided as this polyglot concourse on the parade ground at Cape Town? Has the man ever lived who could fuse into one bright flame of *esprit de empire*, opposing creeds, different religions, political animosities, melting obstacles, destroying feuds, breaking barriers, uniting enthusiasms, co-ordinating ideals; welding minds and hearts into one great backbone of Empire?

To give you an idea of what it is like to be Prince of Wales, from the inside work point of view, I can't do better than describe that first day in Cape Town. To begin with, the Prince had not turned into his sleeping cabin on the *Repulse* until after two a.m. He could not very well leave his shipmates, and ship's company, without having a sort of farewell jollification. Even if he could, he wouldn't. It began with a dinner party and ended with an impromptu concert, of which, as usual, the Prince was the life and soul as well as the principal performer, instrumental and vocal!

In point of fact, this story is told of the Prince's musical endeavors when he was an undergraduate at Oxford. One night he had been playing one of his comic musical instruments in his rooms, while several of his neighbors were trying to work. A closed door in these Magdalen College rooms, demands an open window as an alternative to suffocation; and through many open windows came the ear-piercing strains of the Prince's musical efforts. On this night to which I refer, half a dozen undergraduates, getting bored with the row, assembled beneath the Prince's window and commenced a protest in kind—on tin whistles, banjos, saucepans and other improvised instruments of aural torture. The Prince accepted the challenge, put aside his fiddle or whatever instrument he was playing at the time, and tuned up his bagpipes. In a few minutes he got the pipes going in full blast, filling the midnight air with unearthly shrieks and piercing screams until the fellows down below gave up the struggle and bolted back in disordered defeat to their rooms. The spontaneity and zip of this method of retaliation appealed very strongly to the Varsity sense of humour and sportsmanship. "Pragger Wag-ger" was one up on the "rag side" and a few more up as a jolly decent "cove." I was not present at the jollification on board the *Repulse*, but I was told about it next day, and I gather that it was what might be described as a "real grown-up" show. You can trust both the Prince and the British Navy for that. But don't run away with the idea that it was an anti-prohibition orgy or anything comic like that, for it was nothing of the kind. It was simply a mild sort of a binge, such as is usual among healthy young members of the male sex who are full of life and yet know the meaning of self discipline.

A few of the fellows were looking a shade pallid when I met them the next day, but that is neither here nor there. The point is that the Prince did not turn in until after two a.m., and that at 7.30 he was busy with his Secretary and Comptroller in going through the programme of the day. After breakfast, he "vetted" about twelve speeches which he expected to have to deliver, did some more correspondence, and then received the official call of the Governor-General. Shortly before eleven o'clock, he came on to the quarter-deck, and descended the accommodation ladder to the waiting launch to which you have already been introduced.

At eleven o'clock to the second, he landed at the pier head as described. This show over, followed an hour's procession through the packed streets to the Grand Parade where the Prince commenced the next item on his programme. At this he had to shake hands with several hundred people, most of whom expressed their appreciation of the occasion and their loyalty to the Prince, by giving him what is commonly known as a hearty handshake—which means gripping his hand as if he were one of those comic machines which return the penny if you squeeze hard enough! He then had to listen to some long speeches, look as though he were hearing something which

[Turn to page 32]



THEY lived in Cleveland. Just getting a start in life. By manipulating their finances they were able to purchase a little home in a new subdivision.

They had yet to pay for it — for most of it, at least. And it was considerable of a burden.

One evening, after they had been living in the new house for several months, he came home, worn out but happy. He grabbed her up in his arms eagerly.

"Well, I knocked another hunk off the old mortgage today. Guess we're getting along."

"That's nice," she replied. But her tone was lifeless. She noted the lack of enthusiasm.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't you feel any more cheerful than you sound?"

"I am glad," she said, with effort. "I just love our little home."

"Well, you certainly don't look like you loved anything. What's bothering you? Feet again?"

Tears came to her eyes. She realized she was failing him. "Yes," she admitted. "And I don't know what I'm going to do with them."

"But I've told you time and time again to go get a pair of shoes that will be comfortable, haven't I? I don't see anything to worry about."

"Yes, I know. But they would cost so much, and I'd have to bother with a chiropodist. We can't afford it."

Then he lost his temper. "I don't see any sense in allowing your darned old feet to spoil our happiness. Are your feet more important than our home? We've got to work hard to pay out on this property, and we need all the enthusiasm we can find. I wish you'd go get that pair of shoes."

"But I've got weak feet."

"Nonsense, I don't believe your feet are weak. You used to play tennis and dance whenever you wished, didn't you? Girls with weak feet don't do those things."

"Well —"

"Well —" he interrupted — "There's just one thing to do. Get shoes that keep your feet from aching and cramping so you can smile at me once in a while. Let's look through some of these magazines and see if there aren't shoes that will help you."

It might be recorded here that the young man was in the advertising business, and naturally he looked to the advertisements for the solution of most of his problems. For an hour they turned the pages, reading carefully about shoes.

Presently they came to the Arch Preserver Shoe advertisement. It said this: "I never dreamed there could be such a difference," quoting a New York literary woman who was visiting her niece in Norwood, Ohio.

"Are your Feet more important than our Home?"

Little chapters from the story of how the Arch Preserver Shoe changed the ideas of a Nation. No. 11

"There is the answer," he exclaimed. "That woman had the same foot troubles you have."

"Do you think those shoes could help me?"

"I'll read some more. You listen."

Then he read (from the advertisement): "It looks just like a regular shoe, but it is different. There is a bridge in the arch. That keeps the feet from sagging . . . Your feet were made to bear the weight of the body, but they also were planned to be supported. The dealer explained this by showing how the foot rests flat on the ground when you are barefooted. And he made me understand that the heel lifted the back of the foot and left the arch without any support at all. The bridge in these shoes gives this support."

He looked up at his wife. "That sounds like sense," he said.

He began again: "But the Arch Preserver Shoe has more than the bridge. The inner sole is flat. That lets your foot rest easily, without pinching the nerves and blood-vessels."

"And listen to this: 'When you buy this shoe they don't

merely put your foot into a size that is long enough and wide enough to cover it. They measure your foot from the heel to that bone just back of the big toe so that your instep fits over the bridge exactly right. This bridge must be right up against your foot, so there will be a firm walking base just as when you go barefooted.'"

The wife seemed convinced, but without enthusiasm. "Yes, those things may be true, but I'd look terrible in such shoes."

"All right," said her husband.

"We'll see." He read further in the advertisement, then suddenly his face brightened. "Here's the answer to that: 'The Shoe that has Changed the Ideas of the Nation — because it has provided comfort and style — because it has done what no other shoe ever did before.' I guess that will satisfy you that you ought to try a pair anyway."

The other day we heard from that young husband. "My wife's shoes," he wrote enthusiastically, "helped more to pay off our mortgage than anything else. Your advertising told us about them; and your shoes made good. I felt that you ought to know."

And so we invite you, too, to find out for yourself about Arch Preserver Shoes. The booklet, "Use Your Feet" sent promptly in return for the coupon from you, will give you more facts. Also, we'll be glad to tell you the name of your dealer if you don't know him.

THE SELBY SHOE CO.

339 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.

Makers of Women's Fine Shoes
for more than Forty Years

Don't wait until your feet become troublesome. Let this book tell you now how to keep them well while wearing the smartest styles.

The Selby Shoe Co., 339 7th St., Portsmouth, O.
Please send postpaid your booklet, No. 39, "Use Your Feet", and name of Dealer.

Name _____
Street and No. _____
P. O. _____ State _____



No. 78



No. 470

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE



Supports where support is needed —
bends where the foot bends



Look for trade-mark on the sole and lining of every genuine Arch Preserver Shoe. Sold by 2000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All widths, AAAA to E.



Made for women and misses by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio; for men by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.



No. 132



No. 128

Get every tooth clean with a brush that reaches every tooth

Is your brush
hitting on
all 32?

A GOOD brush cleans your teeth thoroughly. It reaches all your teeth. It sweeps off the film of germs and mucin from every tooth. It leaves no tooth endangered by the acids of decay.

Skilled men studied the contour of the jaw. They made a brush to fit. The bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic curve; the picture shows you how. Every tooth along the length of the brush is reached and cleaned.

They put a cone-shaped tuft on the end of the brush. This helps you reach your back teeth. They curved the handle. That alone makes it easier for millions of tooth brush users to reach and clean every tooth in their mouths.

Think of what help these features of the Pro-phy-lac-tic could be to you. No more trouble trying to make a flat brush clean a curved surface. No more awkward stretching of your mouth by brushes with the wrong shape of handle. No more fear that ALL your teeth may not be thoroughly clean.

Consider this tooth brush of yours. Is its bristle-surface concave? Does it fit the shape of your jaw? Does its handle follow the curve of your mouth? Is it easy to reach your back molars with it?

The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets in between teeth. The saw-tooth bristles pry into every crevice, break up and sweep away the mucin, and dislodge food particles which otherwise might hide away and cause trouble.

The big end tuft helps in this work and also performs another very important task. With it you can easily reach and clean the backs of teeth, even the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. It pries into all the depressions and crevices, no matter how deep.

There isn't a part of a tooth this brush can't clean, and its scientific



The index finger in the picture at the left shows you how your jaw is curved. Note how the Pro-phy-lac-tic, in the curve of the bristles and in the curve of the handle, conforms to this formation.

cally arranged bristles are of such resilience that the film of germs and mucin is quickly swept away.

SOLD by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.

free

Tooth brushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for our advertisements. The headline of this advertisement is "Get every tooth clean with a brush that reaches every tooth." After reading the text can you supply a new headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted each month four free Pro-phy-lac-tics every year for life. In case of a tie, the same prize will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by the George Batten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents. This offer expires April 30, 1926.

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Dept. T-CC3
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.
Gentlemen: I suggest the following as a new headline for the advertisement from which this coupon was clipped:.....
Name.....
(First name in full)
Address.....

Through Africa With the Prince of Wales

[Continued from page 30]

had never been said before, being jolly careful not to let escape that yawn from the night before, or sneeze out any of the morning's dust, that might be tickling his nostrils; deliver a longish speech himself; and then receive about fifty addresses from the mayors and town clerks of as many municipalities.

Followed a visit to a gathering of twenty thousand or more school children, a lot more handshaking, and a few expert chats on schools and scholastic matters, and then another speech. All the time, at his heels, in front of him, and all around him, a score or two of newspaper men, and camera men, buzzing around like wasps round a pot of honey!

Again, another street procession which finished at the City Hall where he was due at luncheon.

At this luncheon, there were several hundred guests, representing the important interests of Cape Town, most of them expecting a special word from H. R. H. and most of them getting it. Here, there was another orgy of handshaking—the Prince's arm by this time being nearly nerveless—several speeches to listen to, a speech to make, and a heavy meal to be eaten. This latter item, by the way, is no effortless one, for the Prince loathes large meals.

At this luncheon I looked across at the Prince and marvelled at his vitality, and his astonishing responsiveness. He was chatting away with as much vivacity as if he had just risen from a long and refreshing night's rest.

The end of the day's events was a State Ball at Government House. The guests began to assemble at nine-fifteen, and there were something like two thousand of them. At this Ball, as was incumbent upon him, the Prince shook hands with every guest. I believe that H. R. H. in that one hour and a half which was occupied in "receiving" the people who attended this State Ball, expended enough energy and nervous force, to run a man through a good hard day's work.

But so far as the Prince's duties at this State Ball were concerned, his job did not end with the shake of the last hand. In fact it did not end until two-thirty the following morning with the finish of the dancing. Being a State function and in honour of himself, he had to see it through to the end. I don't say that he would have "cut" a portion of it, even if a "cut" had been permissible, but as a matter of fact he danced nearly every dance, and was on the floor, full of beans, till the end.

The State Ball at Government House was a great show. The building itself is a largish, and rather rambling, white house of the attractive Dutch style. One side of it is flanked by a fountained square, and the others by gardens, and a fine avenue of trees. These trees, were illuminated by myriads of coloured lights, which turned the exterior of the building, and its leafy approaches into a bewitching fairy land. On the night of the Ball, of course, these approaches were packed stiff with people of every colour, from white to coal black, watching the stream of guests arrive, and standing for hours around the grounds to catch glimpses of the show through the distant windows. It was really a rather thrilling sight, this sea of silent-faces in the blue darkness, ringing Government House like a great watchful army, gathered together to render homage to a Prince it could not see.

Inside there was an awful squash. There were really twice as many people present as the place had room for. Dancing was in the Ball Room, and in the room we called the Throne Room when I was here three years ago on duty when Prince Arthur was Governor General. The women at the Ball seemed to outnumber the men in the proportion of about three to one, and as most of them go "Home" once a year, and the Prince's visit has been occupying their minds for the last six months, the frocks of most of them were distinctly "swish."

As the Prince wore ordinary evening kit, plus a few miniatures, so did the Governor General, and the rest of us.

As quite a lot of people are unfamiliar with the procedure at a show of this sort, it might be worth while describing what

happens. Every guest is provided with two cards, one of which is the big gilt invitation which serves as a ticket of admission, and the other a small thing about the size of a woman's visiting card. Upon this latter is written in large black letters the name of the holder, which has to be shown to the A. D. C. on duty at the entrance of the Reception Chamber, and retained until it is handed to the Equerry who has to announce the names of the guests as they file before the Presence.

On this occasion, the cards were "vetted" at the entrance to the long red carpeted corridor, at the top end of which stood the Prince, the Princess Alice, and the Earl of Athlone (Governor General). The Staffs were grouped in the immediate background, excepting the Equeries who were doing the announcing, and the A. D. C.'s who were shepherding the procession along the corridor, and tactfully hustling them along to the ball rooms after presentation. The latter job by the way is no sinecure, as it appears to be everybody's natural instinct, after being presented, to glue themselves to the floor in the immediate vicinity, and watch others pass through the ordeal. The marshalling job likewise was a busy one, for most of the guests were rather excited, and a lot of them were flurried, and as there were two refreshment marquees abutting on the centre of the corridor, certain individuals, either through nervousness or instinct, had to be kept from straying prematurely to the bar. Even a State Ball has its comic spots.

When a State Ball has its full dose of State, nobody commences dancing until the presentations are over, and Royalty takes the floor. But you will have gathered what the Prince thinks about Court etiquette, and therefore you will not be surprised to learn that on this occasion, the one thing he wanted everybody to do as soon as possible was to dance.

Consequently, the band very soon struck up a rag-time, and with a certain amount of difficulty, the Governor General's A. D. C.'s succeeded in getting people started. In the meantime H. R. H. went on shaking hands with the never ending procession of guests, and in his inimitable way, bringing the temperature to a more natural level by brief and frequent chats with the people he was receiving. I was at his elbow part of the time, and most of these conversations hinged on previous meetings, or on a decoration or medal that a man was wearing. Sometimes the Prince would say, "I've met you before somewhere. Where was it?" or, "We met at So-and-so." Nearly always he was right. But there was one instance where he was wrong, and that was with an ex-Naval Commander to whom he said "Hello, what are you doing here. Let's see—where was it we met last?" "Nowhere, Sir," answered the Commander with sailorly breeziness, "We've never met before in our lives."

H. R. H. laughed heartily "That's one against me" said he, "I could have sworn we'd met before somewhere."

The moment the presentations were over, the Prince went straight into the nearest ball room and commenced dancing with as much verve and freshness as if he had never shaken a hand or done a job of work during the whole day. From his point of view it was a distinctly good show, for there were no dowagers, and there was no formality during the dancing so that he was able to dance with whom he pleased. The floors were crowded to the limit of their capacity, so it was very close work, but as most of the dud performers were forming a frieze around the walls, and in the door-ways, and the dancers had manners in addition to ordinary skill, the Prince did not get mobbed.

There were an enormous number of pretty girls there, every one simply dying to dance with the Prince, but as he possesses only one pair of feet, most of them were disappointed. Africa is supposed to be a democratic country like the United States, but like the United States, it isn't. Those girls who did dance with the Prince, you could not see for dust during the next week. Anyway—to stop being funny for a second—what is democracy when it comes against a personality?



In this portrait of Mrs. Longworth, recently painted in the library of her home in Washington by the distinguished American artist, Wayman Adams, N.A., her vital beauty and the charm of her magnetic personality are strikingly revealed.

MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH on keeping one's appearance up to the mark

ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH, daughter of the late Theodore Roosevelt, and wife of the Speaker-elect of the United States House of Representatives, is her illustrious father's own child.

Vitality and magnetism, trenchant wit, infectious laughter—these she has straight from him. A gay unconscious toss of her head every now and then recalls that "Princess Alice" who, as the daughter of the President, captured the imagination of America. Brilliance of intellect and a keen grasp of public affairs have drawn about her the most personable of Washington's inner circle. No woman has the same influence in the shaping of political events.

BUT Mrs. Longworth has a personal, a womanly side. She revels in her baby daughter. Her clothes have individuality, a touch of herself.

And she believes in guarding her beauty—a whimsical beauty—because the dignity of her life demands that she keep her appearance up to the mark.

Knowing the true foundation of attractiveness to be a clear, healthy skin she is interested in effective ways of caring for

"IT'S IMPORTANT for the woman who is active in the many-sided life of today to keep her personal appearance up to the mark. Brains, ability and social gifts are none the worse for being supplemented by charm and loveliness. The foundation of both is a clear, healthy skin which, fortunately, any woman may possess. She need only give it the proper care by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Alice Roosevelt Longworth

her own. And like other beautiful women of distinguished position she believes in the cleansing and protection which Pond's Two Creams afford:—

Every day, before retiring and always after exposure to the weather, cleanse your face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream, patting it lavishly over your skin. Let it stay on long enough for its pure oils to seep down into the pores. It will float to the surface the accumulations of dust and powder which have

clogged them. Wipe off all the cream and dirt. Repeat the process and finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry leave the cream on all night.

OVER your well-cleansed skin, before you go out and before you powder, with delicate finger tips, brush just a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a velvety surface over which your powder adheres smoothly and long. And it protects your skin against chapping cold, drying winds and hurtful dust and soot. Try both these Creams which come in two sizes of jars and tubes, the Cold Cream in big generous jars also. They will give you that clear, healthy skin Mrs. Longworth believes every woman should—and may—possess. **THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY.**

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon for free tubes of these creams and instructions for using them.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. L
139 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

The Most Delicious Breakfast You Ever Tasted

FRENCH TOAST FRIED IN MAZOLA

—SPREAD WITH KARO

HERE is a breakfast dish as quickly and easily prepared as it is delicious.

To get that wonderful, golden brown crispness—tempting—free from grease—simply fry the dipped bread in hot MAZOLA. (See illustrations below.)

Then over the rich, piping hot toast, pour Karo, the great American Syrup. To-morrow morning, serve this delicious dish as a treat to the family.

The Pleasant Thought

about MAZOLA—for Frying, for Shortening or for Salads—is that this pure, clear, vegetable oil is always sweet and wholesome—as delicious and good to eat as the corn from which it comes.



A
Slice bread fairly thick and dip well in beaten eggs, or egg batter.

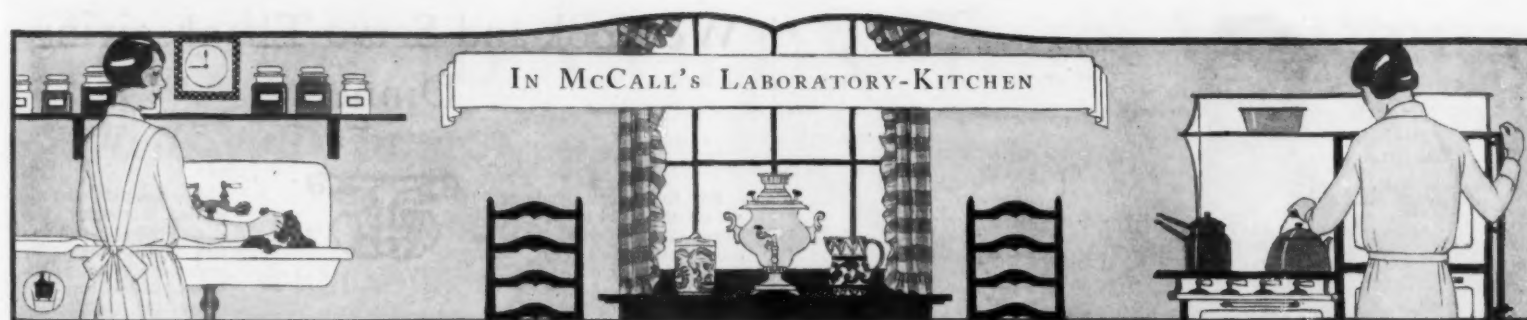


B
Fry in hot MAZOLA until a golden brown and serve with KARO syrup.



free

IN the new, beautifully illustrated Corn Products Cook Book, you will find more than one hundred helpful recipes for preparing the most delicious foods. Write to Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. 13, Argo, Ill.—and you will receive a copy absolutely FREE.



We Cook and Serve Thanksgiving Dinner

Recipes Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, DIRECTOR

WE KNOW that to most of you Thanksgiving Dinner means turkey! For weeks before this great all-American holiday he is a pampered and important bird. So, naturally, when we of the Laboratory-Kitchen began to plan for our Thanksgiving Dinner, the first thing we put on our menu was Turkey.

If you can't obtain turkey, there are many other meats which will taste just as good, of course. There is roast pork, for instance, which is quite as festive and as delicious as turkey if you buy a Crown Roast, stuff it with a seasoned dressing and put a square of salt pork on the tip of each rib-bone to baste it as it roasts. When it is done, serve it with garnishes of baked, spiced or fried apple, parsley, celery curls, rings of green pepper or radish roses.

Roast Duck, with a delectable stuffing of peanuts; roast goose, chicken or guinea fowl, stuffed, done to a turn and garnished attractively, is just as good as turkey. Roast beef, a tender, rolled, stuffed steak; baked ham or a mutton duck will be welcomed by the family in lieu of any of these if you cook it well and dress it up with garnishes.

So, if you want to substitute another meat for the turkey on our menu, we won't mind a bit because we know you will have just as good a Thanksgiving dinner as we did!

OUR THANKSGIVING DINNER MENU

Assorted Canapés		
Turkey with Chestnut Stuffing and Giblet Gravy	Baked Onions	
Baked Onions	Baked Squash	
Caramel Sweet Potatoes	Riced Potatoes	
Spiced Cranberries	Celery	Olives
	Orange-Delight Salad	
	Crisp Rolls	
Pumpkin Pie	Mince Pie	
Salted Nuts	Coffee	Raisins

WE PREPARED AS MUCH AS WE COULD THE DAY BEFORE

It has been a long time since the first American Thanksgiving and I haven't a doubt that in those early days the homemaker scarcely sat down to her own Thanksgiving spread, so busy was she in "waiting on" the men. But no one-hundred-per-cent American family is going to enjoy their dinner this Thanksgiving Day if their homemaker-hostess-mother spends half her time jumping up from the table to serve them. Or if she is all tired out with the arduous preparations for the dinner.

So the keynote of our Thanksgiving Dinner is simplicity in food, and in serving and our watchword is: "Prepare as much as you can the day before!"

Since we must plan our magazine so far ahead of the date

SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Talks About

GROWN-UP MINDS

SOME one once said of a great man that he turned to his advantage every hard knock he ever received. This is the true test of character, to find enlightenment in the lessons life forces on us.

Most of us start out in blank ignorance of what the world expects from us although we have perfectly clear ideas of what we expect from the world. If we begin by thinking that existence should be easy and pleasant, that happiness is our inalienable right, we suffer endless disappointments and waste a lot of time patching up the bruises. But if we advance on life courageously, saying, "I don't know much about you but I'm willing to keep an open mind and learn all I can from you though I shall often be hurt"—then we have set out upon the road of knowledge and growth.

No one can escape trouble. Sometimes we bring it upon ourselves, sometimes it is brought upon us by the persons with whom our life is bound up. But the strong are never crushed by it. With what patience and intelligence they have, they work out of it, to find—a long time afterwards, perhaps—that it was an invaluable part of their education.

One learns to be thankful for adversity as well as for happiness.

it reaches you, we chose a cool day in the autumn and pretended it was our Thanksgiving Day. Here are the things we did the day before and if you will plan your menu well ahead of time, you will find you can do the same things or just as many on Wednesday:

1. Cleaned, dressed and stuffed the turkey.
2. Cooked and molded the spiced cranberries.
3. Made the mayonnaise dressing.
4. Made the pastry for the mince and pumpkin pie, wrapped it in wax paper and put it in a cool place to chill.
5. Made the filling for the mince pie.
6. Cooked the pumpkin for the pumpkin-pie filling.
7. Pressed the table linen.
8. Rubbed up the silver.
9. Salted the nuts.
10. Peeled the onions and white potatoes and put them into cold water.
11. Boiled the sweet potatoes, removed them from water and put them in a cool place, leaving the skins on.
12. Washed and prepared celery and garnishes.
13. Cooked squash, drained, mashed and seasoned it, put it into greased, covered baking-dish and set in refrigerator to await oven-heating next day.

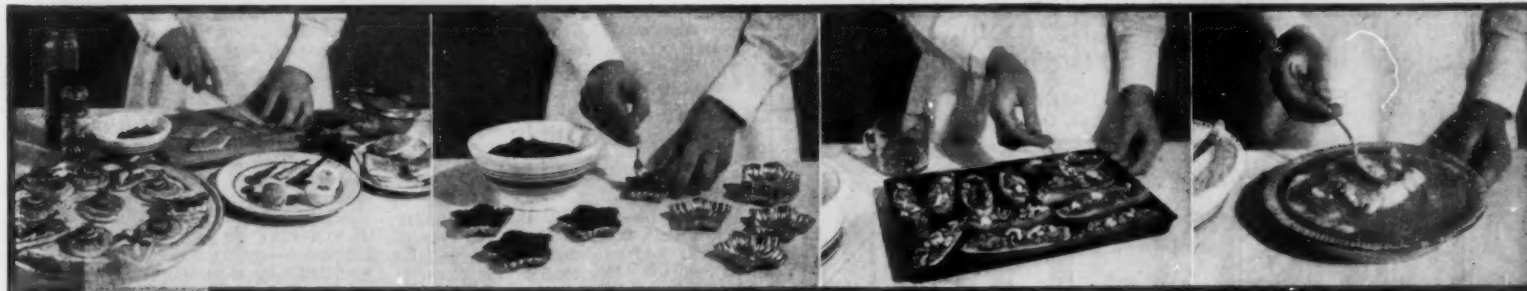
OUR THANKSGIVING CANAPÉS

Canapés are individual appetizers to serve at the beginning of dinner. Usually they take the place of a fruit cocktail or soup. We chose canapés instead of soup for our festival because they can be made several hours ahead, covered, and put away in a cool place. Just before dinner is announced they can be placed on the table.

Several kinds of canapés are served and one of each kind is placed on each guest's plate. A paper doily covers the center of the plate and a sprig of parsley is added for a garnish. Canapés should be eaten with a fork.

Canapés are made of bread, sliced thin and cut in any desired shape with a knife or fancy cutter and toasted on one side only, or sautéed in a frying pan. The untoasted side is then spread with butter and a savory, highly seasoned paste or mixture, such as anchovy, caviar, sardine paste, cheese, devilled ham or chicken, or perhaps chopped olives, chopped beet or hard-cooked egg. Next they are garnished with hard-cooked egg, anchovies, whole sardines, olives, pickles, capers, truffles, chopped green pepper or pimiento or any number of other colorful, tasty things.

We made three kinds for our Thanksgiving Dinner. One kind we made by cutting the slices of bread in rounds. These were toasted, buttered and spread with mayonnaise. We then covered them with yolk of hard-cooked egg pressed through a sieve and sprinkled them lightly with salt and paprika. In the center of each we put a curled anchovy with a tiny leaf of parsley stuck upright in the middle. [Turn to page 36]



We made three simple Canapés for our Thanksgiving Dinner and served them instead of Soup

We molded our Spiced Cranberries in individual fancy molds the day before Thanksgiving

We made Caramel Sweet Potatoes, spreading them thickly with brown sugar and sprinkling with chopped nuts

We folded the egg whites carefully into our Pumpkin Pie filling after it was put in the pastry shell



RADIO fans forget time completely as glowing warmth from the Perfection protects them from cold and damp. Every family should have one of these portable radiators. There is nothing to install, so Perfection can be easily carried to any part of the house, wherever you want heat most. At less than two cents an hour it radiates warmth to every corner of the room. Your dealer will gladly show you the new models.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7609 Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada, the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont.

The Perfection is a radiant heater

PERFECTION

Oil Heaters

We Cook and Serve Thanksgiving Dinner

[Continued from page 35]



For the second kind we cut the bread in diamond shapes with a cookie-cutter, toasted them and buttered them. These we spread with deviled ham mixed with a little mayonnaise dressing. Then they were garnished with four points cut from the hard-cooked egg white and a slice of stuffed olive in the center.

For the third kind we cut the bread in strips about an inch-and-a-half by three inches, toasted, buttered and spread with a snappy cheese mixed with mayonnaise. Then a whole, small sardine was laid diagonally across the piece. Slices of stuffed olive at two corners and two or three capers on each side of the sardine completed the canapé.

CARAMEL SWEET POTATOES

These are different from the usual candied sweet potatoes and are just as easy to prepare. We made them this way: Scrub medium-sized sweet potatoes and boil until tender but not too soft. (This can be done the day before, as we did.) When cool, peel and cut in halves lengthwise. Put into a shallow pan, cut-side up and cover very thickly with light brown sugar. Dot with butter and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 20 to 25 minutes.

SPICED CRANBERRIES

1 quart cranberries 1 cup water
2 cups sugar ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon clove

Wash cranberries and put into a saucepan with water, sugar, cinnamon and clove. Cover and cook slowly until all the cranberries burst open. Press through a sieve. Put into individual molds which have been dipped in cold water. Chill. Turn out onto small individual plates and garnish with a bit of parsley.

WE CHOSE A LIGHT SALAD

It is always best to serve a very light, green salad with a hearty dinner; but in the winter when there is a scarcity of salad greens, it isn't always easy to make such a salad. We originated a novel fruit salad to serve with our dinner and I am sure you will like it. Here is our recipe:

ORANGE-DELIGHT SALAD

Peel oranges and remove all the white membrane. Separate into sections, removing skin and keeping sections whole. Peel bananas and cut in quarters lengthwise, then cut quarters in same length pieces as orange sections. Put the orange and banana into French Dressing and let stand ½ hour. Drain and arrange three sections of orange and three alternating pieces of banana to form a flower on crisp lettuce leaves. In the center put a generous tablespoonful of Pineapple Cream Dressing made by mixing 1 cup mayonnaise dressing with ½ cup whipped cream and 2/3 cup grated pineapple, well drained.

PUMPKIN PIE

We think our Pumpkin Pie is the world's best and we don't know of anyone else who makes it quite by the same method. Try it and we guarantee you will like it better than any other! Here are our directions:

Plain pastry 2 teaspoons cinnamon
2 cups cooked and ¼ teaspoon cloves
strained pumpkin ¼ teaspoon ginger
1 cup milk ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
3 egg yolks ¼ teaspoon salt
1/3 cup sugar 3 egg whites

Line a pie pan with the plain pastry and make a fancy edge with the tines of a fork. Add milk and beaten egg yolks to pumpkin. Mix together sugar, cinnamon, clove, ginger, nutmeg and salt and

add to pumpkin mixture, stirring thoroughly. Put mixture into pie-pan and fold into it the stiffly beaten egg whites with a spoon, taking care not to tear the pastry. Bake in a quick oven (450° F.) 10 minutes, then reduce the heat to 375° F. and bake 20 minutes longer or until filling is firm and pastry brown on edges.

THE THINGS WE DID ON THANKSGIVING MORNING

The first thing we did after the breakfast things were cleared away, was to make the pies and get them out of the way. While the guests are eating dinner, the mince pie can be reheated if you want it hot. When the pies were out of the oven, we put the turkey in to roast. Then we made the canapés, peeled and sliced the sweet potatoes and put them into the pan with the sugar and nuts, put the onions into a baking-dish and seasoned them, ready to be put into the oven.

Next we set the dinner-table and put on it the salted nuts and raisins, arranged the celery and olives on their dish and set them in the refrigerator. Then before it was time to put the vegetables in the oven we prepared the fruit for salad and put it in French Dressing to marinate. The Baked Onions were put into the oven about an hour before the turkey was done, then half an hour later the Buttered Squash and the Caramel Sweet Potatoes were put in and the white potatoes put on to cook. As soon as done, they were drained, put through a ricer and dotted with butter. If your oven isn't large enough to hold everything, you will have to wait until your turkey is out of the oven before cooking the other things. The rolls can be heated in the warming oven or slipped into the oven at the last minute for a quick heating.

If you serve coffee with the dessert it can be making while you are eating the first courses of your dinner.

If your table is large enough we suggest that you place the cranberries at each place before the guests are seated. Place the salads at each place when you put the meat on the table. Then you won't have to get up again to place them.

If you own a tea-wagon, by all means put it beside your place with supplies of fresh plates and silver if you are going to need them, the pitcher of water, coffee cups and so forth. Then stack the soiled dinner plates on the shelf underneath and wheel them into the kitchen before the dessert course and so save yourself more trips to the kitchen.

IS YOUR "STANDARD" MEASURING CUP STANDARD?

What kind of measuring-cup do you use? Not so long ago the American Home Economics Association requested the United States Bureau of Standards and the Bureau of Home Economics in Washington to test all the "standard" measuring-cups manufactured. They tested 46 different cups to see how nearly correct they were—the exact standard for a cup being ½ a liquid pint or sixteen level tablespoons. They tested them too, to see if they were correctly divided into quarters, thirds, halves and they found that many cups were not of the right sizes nor were they divided rightly! One cup was found to be twice as large as another!

Now we want you to test your own measuring-cup. See if it holds sixteen level tablespoonfuls of liquid. The best tablespoon to measure with is the one which you buy in a bunch of measuring-spoons. If you can't get one, use a regulation tablespoon—not a dessert-spoon. Then if you find your measuring cup isn't standard, we hope you will get one that is.

Use standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level.

TO AVOID COLDS THIS WINTER

Do as your Doctor says—

Keep your body warm. No matter what outer clothing you wear, it is essential that you wear warm, well fitting underwear—underwear that will not only absorb perspiration, but will keep your body from being chilled.

It is no longer necessary to shiver through the long winter months in order to be stylishly dressed.

Styles have changed in underwear as well as in outer wear, and today, underwear is made to conform to the styles of the outer garments.



Forest Mills UNDERWEAR

FOREST MILLS UNDERWEAR is made to meet every requirement in a wide variety of styles and weights. The popular sleeveless style with the built-up shoulders or the bodice top with the narrow tape shoulders, insures a neat tailored appearance and yet gives warmth and comfort. For those who desire additional warmth there is the long or short sleeves, with the knee or ankle length.

It is beautifully made from the finest of yarns and the greatest care is exercised in every phase of its manufacture.

Every garment fits snugly without a wrinkle, yet is so pliable that it will give readily with every movement of the body.

Every member of the family can keep warm this winter in a comfortable suit of Forest Mills Underwear.

BROWN DURRELL COMPANY

Gordon Hosiery - Forest Mills Underwear

New York

Gordon Underwear

Boston





WE AMERICANS are gaining a new appreciation of the value of health, and a new knowledge of the way toward health.

We are learning the bitter penalties of being "the most nervous nation in the world." We are realizing the foolishness of wasting our energies in a few years of concentrated, feverish effort—followed by longer years spent in self-denial.

We are giving more time to exercise, more thought to the choosing of our food and drink. We know, now, that most of the common ailments originate in "trifling" bad habits—bad habits which have been considered unimportant because they have been so general.

You, too, make this test!

One reliable measure of this new swing toward healthful living is the enormously growing interest in Postum. It is known through their letters that 150,000 people made the thirty-day test described below last year, and many times this number undoubtedly made the test without requesting the week's supply of Postum. The remarkable success of this test in turning an ever-increasing army of men and women from the use of caffeine is a good omen for the nation's future health.

In addition to the enthusiasm for Postum prepared in the regular way, there is widespread interest in the new way of preparing Instant Postum with hot milk for children. Thousands of

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

mothers and teachers who have tried it believe that here, at last, is the ideal children's drink.

Just remember this: Caffein has no food value, but is an artificial stimulant which deadens the normal sense of fatigue, and withdraws energy from the body's vital reserve. Postum, on the other hand, contains no trace of any stimulant. It is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted to bring out the full, rich flavor. Compare these two in your own mind first.

Then make the comparison where you can really see results—on your dinner table! Try Postum for thirty days. Learn how delicious it is. Experience for thirty days the relief from drug stimulation. Then judge for yourself!

Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, makes this offer to you!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I will give you, free, one week's supply, and my personal directions for preparing it.

"Or, if you wish to begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. You will be glad to know that Postum costs much less—only one-half cent a cup.

"For the one week's free supply, please send me your name and address, and indicate whether you want Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot milk), or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

McC. 11-25
POSTUM CEREAL Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
 I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
 INSTANT POSTUM ☐ Check
 POSTUM CEREAL ☐ which you prefer
 Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____
 In Canada, address
CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL Co., Ltd.
 45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

If You Want To Increase Your Weight

By E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS
 School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

YOU SHOULD EAT

FAT MEATS, AS:	Cream
Roast Pork	Whole Milk
Pork Chops	Rich Gravies
Bacon	Starch-rich Vegetables,
Mutton	as: Rice, Potatoes,
Beef (liberally streaked	Sweet Potatoes
with fat)	
Duck	Cream Soups
Goose	Cream Gravies
	Creamed Vegetables
FAT FISH, AS:	Bread
Salmon	Cheese
Herring	Nuts
Butterfish	Ice-Creams
Shad	Custards
Mackerel	Whipped Cream
Salads with rich oil or	Bananas
cream dressings	Dates
Butter	Figs
	Raisins

AND PLENTY OF

Cabbage	All Leafy Vegetables
Spinach	Apples
Cauliflower	Oranges
Brussels Sprouts	Grapefruit
Other Fruits in Season (They aid elimination)	

YOU MUST AVOID

An Incomplete Diet	Fatigue (mental and physical)
Waste of Energy	Worry

THE first thing to consider when you are under-weight is whether you are too much under-weight. Thin people, if they are well, are apt to feel better than those who are over-weight.

If you are considerably below the ordinary standard in weight, it is important to be examined by a good physician to find out whether or no there is any abnormal or diseased condition which is the cause of your thinness. If any such condition is found, it should be treated by the physician.

Thin persons whose physicians can find nothing wrong with them may be so because of their bad habits of living. Perhaps they work all day, go to bed late, sleep until the last minute, eat a hurried breakfast and do not take sufficient time for lunch. They frequently form the habit of fasting a little food between meals to allay hunger and so spoil their appetite for their regular meals. Though they actually consume little food during the day, their digestive apparatus is kept at work all the time and so becomes jaded. It should be allowed to rest between meals.

Other persons are under-weight merely because of their working habits. One seldom sees a fat farmer unless he is prosperous enough to employ others to do his work. The working farmer requires about twice as much food as the professional man, yet he can eat scarcely enough to keep him from being raw-boned.

Thin people of the nervous type are frequently so active that they use, in waste movement, all the extra food they eat. Their problem is to learn how to rest. Even though they are taking the right kinds of food to gain weight, they must rest in order to store away extra energy.

Many persons regard the time spent in bed as time lost but this is not true. No one can expect to maintain health, strength

and efficiency unless he is willing to adopt rules for sane living.

Some eat large quantities of food yet remain thin. The trouble is that their appetites call for the wrong kinds of food. Others are thin because they eat too little food.

Putting on weight involves only a simple mathematical equation—eat and assimilate more than the daily requirements for energy. The rest will be stored away by the body as fat, and the weight will increase accordingly. You must do two things to gain: one is to rest more, thus reducing your expenditure of energy; the other is to eat easily digested foods which will furnish energy or calories in concentrated form. To calculate how many calories you are eating, get a good book giving caloric values of foods.

A good breakfast for increasing weight would be made up of fruit of any kind, buckwheat or other cakes, sirup, plenty of butter and a pint of milk. Another might consist of fruit, bread of any kind, butter, cereal with cream and a glass of milk. A third could be fruit, bacon and eggs, cereal and cream, bread and butter. Coffee can be included if the habit for it is established but if you are highly nervous, break off the habit or take it weak and with much cream.

For luncheon, select creamed soups, salads with oil or rich whipped cream dressings and include a bottle of milk.

Dinners should consist of servings of one of the fat-rich meats given in the list on this page, liberal amounts of starch-rich vegetables, with rich gravy, bread, butter, cheese, nuts, cream and milk. But since such foods do not aid elimination, they should be combined with generous amounts of the leafy vegetables. Ice-cream, custards and other dishes using whipped cream are good fattening desserts.



**Listerine, the safe antiseptic,
is never sold in bulk**

*Remember this fact: You can
avoid fraudulent imitations by
insisting upon obtaining Lister-
ine in the original package—
14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and
1 1/4 ounce.*

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS, U.S.A.
TORONTO LONDON MELBOURNE PARIS MADRID MEXICO CITY

How to Cook a Thanksgiving Dinner —and Attend the "Game"

IT'S THANKSGIVING DAY! You want to attend the football game, yet you know the family will be disappointed if you don't serve the biggest, best meal of the year.

"How," you ask, "can any woman cook a delicious meal and enjoy herself at the same time?" Yet, it's simple, really—if you own a gas range equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator! The pictures at the left explain the ease and efficiency of the Lorain Whole Meal Method.

1. At nine-thirty in the morning you put the turkey, potatoes, squash, scalloped corn, cranberries and pumpkin pie into the Lorain Self-regulating Oven.
2. At nine-thirty-two you set the Lorain Red Wheel at 250 degrees.
3. Then you dress and depart for the game.
4. After the game, at one-thirty you arrive home, remove the deliciously cooked foods from the oven and serve as fine a Turkey dinner as any family ever ate—and without your having spent one minute in the kitchen during the cooking process.

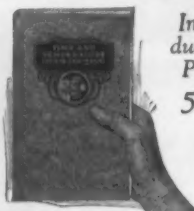
Never a failure with anything you cook in the oven of a Lorain-equipped Gas Range, whether you bake one cake or a hundred, roast a ham, or "oven-can" fruits and tomatoes right in the glass jars.

The Lorain Oven Heat Regulator automatically maintains any heat that you select by a turn of the Red Wheel. Lorain saves time and labor. Prevents wastage of food and gas.

You can always "tell" these famous stoves by their Red Wheel. Gas Companies and Dealers, everywhere, sell Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges.

One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of any measured and controlled oven heat for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Unless the Regulator has a Red Wheel it is NOT a LORAIN.



Introductory Price 50C

The Lorain Time and Temperature Cook Book contains 128 pages of recipes for oven-cooked foods including Whole Meats and Oven Canning, also Time and Temperature Chart. Bound in cloth, attractively illustrated. Issued by the Research Kitchens of American Stove Co. Price fifty cents, postpaid, stamps accepted. Mark, sign and mail the coupon.

Note—The illustration below was made from a photograph of a Thanksgiving Dinner prepared in the oven of a Lorain-equipped Gas Range at one time and without any attention on the part of the housewife. This, her first attempt, was made after reading the Lorain Thanksgiving Menu Recipes prepared in our Research Kitchens. Fill in and mail the coupon for Menu and Recipes.



LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

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McC.—11-25



Baby's living-quarters must have sanitary furnishings

His Majesty's Realm

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

Author of *Short Talks with Young Mothers*



THOUSANDS of infants cannot have the luxury of a nursery all their own; on the other hand, there are thousands who can. To those parents who cannot follow closely the suggestions given here for the ideal nursery, perhaps this article will suggest possible improvements in the baby's present environment.

The nursery should be a large room with good ventilation. In a city-house select, on one of the upper floors, a room with southern exposure. For a nursery in an apartment, choose a room that will be quiet and that will have sunlight and free ventilation.

For the sake of quiet, the nursery should not communicate with the sleeping-rooms of older children. At least one thousand cubic feet of air-space should be allowed each child in sleeping-rooms or in a nursery. Two windows are desirable. The floor of the nursery should not be carpeted. A hardwood floor is best; or, cover the floor with a heavy oilcloth or a flooring with a cork foundation. Any composition-flooring is sanitary. Such floors can be cleaned with a damp cloth every day. Brooms should never be used.

Paint or a covering with a sanitary finish is best on the walls. If paper is used, the attractive new method of shellacking gives a finish which can be cleansed easily. An open fireplace is desirable. It is advisable that the nursery connect with a bathroom, to be used not only for bathing the child but as a changing room. Avoid, if possible, changing the child's diapers in his living-room. A pail containing a disinfecting solution should be kept in the bathroom or in a room adjoining the nursery. The diapers are to be placed, as soon as they are soiled, in this pail. Never let diapers be dried in a nursery.

Steam heat as ordinarily used today is the least desirable means of heating. In many city apartments the fires are banked at ten at night. Landlords are sparing of coal and consequently it is very uncertain whether the heat will be properly regulated. The temperature of the room when the child is put to bed is about 70 to 75 degrees Fahrenheit.

In the early morning throughout the winter months it is perhaps 20 or more degrees lower. Because of a child's tendency to kick off the bed-clothing, such a change in the temperature explains many cases of illness. It is therefore advisable when the patient lives in an apartment to have a supplementary means of heating—an open grate fire or an electric heating-device. Gas should never be employed as a means of heating the child's sleeping-room because of the rapid exhaustion of the oxygen which results from its use and also because of the danger of escaping gas.

Plain furniture is advisable in the nursery. Hardwood chairs and table, and enameled or brass cribs or bedsteads should be used. There should be no article of furniture or furnishings in a nursery that cannot be washed.

At each nursery-window there should be

two shades, a light and a dark one; then it will be possible to darken the room during the

sleeping-time as well as to exclude the early-morning light which often causes the baby to waken too early. Babies should be taught to sleep until at least six o'clock in the morning. This is far better for the child and also for the mother if she occupies the same room. Keeping the room dark will prevent the unnecessary habit of an early awakening at four or five o'clock, usual with many babies. The child should sleep alone and in a crib, and never with an adult or an older child.

The nursery should have a suitable means for ventilation. For this purpose I have found the use of a window-board to be serviceable. It can be made any width; usually I advise that it be made about six inches wide. It is sawed so as to fit tightly under the lower sash. This leaves an open space corresponding to the width of the board between the upper and lower sash and allows the entrance of a current of air directly upwards. At least twice a day during the cold months the room should be given about one hour's airing with windows open. There should be a thermometer in every child's room or nursery. It should register about 70 degrees Fahrenheit by day and somewhere around 60 degrees Fahrenheit at night.

IN MANY homes the young child is cared for by the mother, either alone or with the assistance of a maid-of-all-work, together with other members of the family circle. In some homes, however, a special helper is employed to take charge of the baby or to assist in its care. The selection of such a person is of vital importance.

A demand for trained nursery-maids has led, in many of our large cities, to the establishment of schools to train young girls as nurse-maids. These schools are connected with children's hospitals. The course ranges from six months to a year; during this time the pupil is instructed by competent trained nurses and physicians in the theory and practice of infant-care. Although such trained help is greatly to be desired and is in great demand, the supply is comparatively limited. It is possible, however, to train many women in homes to become very satisfactory nurse-maids. In a few weeks any industrious, sensible young woman of quiet tastes who is fond of children can be developed into a useful helper.

The nursery-maid training-school requires every applicant to pass certain tests; the nose, throat and lungs must be free from disease, decayed teeth must receive proper attention. This principle should be followed in employing anyone who comes in contact with the child. I have known pulmonary tuberculosis to be transmitted from mother's helper to child.

The ideal mother's helper should be mentally adapted to her job as well, for children must be entertained and pleasantly employed. If a woman finds it a task to play with and amuse the child she is paid to care for, she should seek other employment than as a nurse.

Invisible Cords

(Continued from page 9)

can and a note that read, "I didn't touch the story but it nearly killed me not to. May I read it sometime? I'd be so thrilled to tell my grandchildren that I had read your story in the manuscript—that is if I ever have any."

Funny girl, this Felicia. There were times when her whole body seemed to ripple and pulse, to quiver and dance with joy. There were times when her gayety dropped to poignancy, as on the night when she said to him, "You are like daddy! Sort of shy—sort of dumpy—sort of fat! And at times with that awful dignity that says, 'Come no further—don't intrude.' He'd be glad you'd been so good to me." Breathless, cheeks flaming she had added, "Malcolm'd be glad too."

Sometimes in the deep of the night he sat on his porch, Felicia's cabin a still, dark outline in front of him and thought of Malcolm's and Felicia's future. Was the life that they had begun to build together to be wrecked?

At these times he saw Edith—that girl wife of his as he had not seen her when she was twenty-one and he was twenty-three. He had not been blameless. They had been boy and girl and as irresponsible in their mating as the birds. He was busy trying to get a foothold in his profession of writing. But his wife had a town full of friends. They had been born and brought up in the place. He had been called out of town on business. At the station, just as the train moved out, a man friend had said to him, "Come back tonight. Come unannounced and see who this girl friend is who stays with your wife." The sinister words pulling like devils, had brought him back.

He had startled her as one startles the stranger whose door he opens by mistake. It had shamed him to find his butterfly wife with her gorgeous wings bedraggled. It had humiliated him that she humbled herself to him. He had given her a divorce, and had put distance between himself and his past.

He had neglected Edith. Felicia had taught him that women could not take love for granted. That they must be assured over and over.

Pondering on these things, Wallace did not know that those springs of life—man's love for woman—had bubbled in his soul once more.

A blanket of heat descended on the mountain land. Felicia was restless. One day in a burst of irritability she was rude to Wallace. Light as a butterfly's wings, her lips brushed his cheek. All sweetness, all contrition she cried out:

"Don't hate me! If you should hate me! I have no one but you!"

"If I should hate you!"

Wallace left, and went to his own cabin.

He had drifted through these days of dallying with this sweet intimacy—not once had he asked himself whither it was carrying him. Now at the light touch of the girl's lips it was a thing alive in him. Demanding—demanding in its insatiable greed.

He had been thinking that Felicia was another's, and she was his. She had come to him through the storm as surely as a bird drops to its nest—and he would take what came to him.

He laughed out loud. There wasn't so much joy in the world that a man should generously thrust it from his very doorway. If that jealous young fool hadn't the wits to keep what he had won—let him suffer. Stupidity was the big immorality. It was not, as the preachers would have one believe, the failure to travel ancient paths of custom. Better the vice of taking what one wanted than the luke warm virtue of relinquishment with unending regret. A prayer rose within him. Humbled, reverential, dazzled with the thought of what they two could make of life, and in utter forgetfulness that he had planned so many times her return to Malcolm, he went down the mountain and spent the afternoon sitting on his little porch in a happy trance.

Felicia was away. Her cabin door was closed. There was nothing to justify it—she often went down to see aunt Ziry—but his heart leaped at the thought that she had gone because she had become conscious of the kiss she had given him and was dallying with their next meeting.

The sun set. Its glow faded. A big star pricked the sky. Troubled that she was so late, Wallace walked down the road.

He could not have told why his feet suddenly broke into running. He heard her voice, wild, piercing, ragged with terror: "Malcolm! Malcolm!"

Wallace sent back a reassuring shout. Down a level strip of road over a rise, and he had reached her.

She stood in the road as still and as white as the dead. By the fading light he saw that the sleeve of her light summer gown had been torn.

"Felicia! Felicia!"

She spoke mechanically. "I went to the village with aunt Ziry. We got there late. I started home. I saw the man down in the field. He acted queer. When I heard footsteps behind me I ran. When he caught my arm I screamed. When you answered he ran away."

Hours later Wallace said to Felicia, "I'm going over to my cabin to get some tobacco. Go to sleep. Don't worry. I'll bring my blanket back with me and curl up right here on your porch. I'll be here till morning."

When he returned, the door that led into her room was open. After a time he heard her light breathing and knew that she slept. Suddenly on the breathless stillness of the night that ragged cry of Felicia's came back and rang in his ears. "Malcolm! MALCOLM!"

He had forgotten that cry in the stress of the girl's need. He moved restlessly. Had Felicia forgotten Malcolm? In her deadly peril she had cried out his name.

Again, as on the mountain top, he felt his heart swing from depression to exultation. She had cried Malcolm's name in peril, but peril was past. Well he knew her pride would hold her from Malcolm.

The night wore on. He slept and dreamed he came toward Felicia standing irresolute. She would not look at him. When he called her name she turned away. He called again. It was Edith, not Felicia who came to him. Edith with love in her blue eyes.

They sat down on a sofa. "I thought you were dead," Wallace said.

And Edith answered. "The dead never die. They live on in the lives of those who once loved them."

She opened a book and spread it on her lap. They bent over it and read:

"Little sleeper, the spring is here;

Tulip and rose have come again,

Only you in the earth remain,

Sleeping, dear.

Little flower, the spring is here.

What if my tears were not in vain:

What if they drew you up again,

Little flower."

Wallace came out of his dream slowly. Dawn lifted the rim of night. Stiff and cold from his long vigil he got to his feet.

Edith was in danger. He came back to reality. Felicia had been in danger. To reassure himself, for the thought tensed his nerves, he entered the cabin. The girl was a dim outline in the light.

"Little flower, the spring is here."

He turned sharply. For a moment he thought some one had entered the room and spoken the words—they were hauntingly familiar to him and so was the voice that seemed to have said them.

He stooped and kissed Felicia's rumpled head. Suddenly he straightened up. He felt the presence of some invisible foe, some intangible presence that was bearing Felicia away from him. The phantom was taking his brain power from him. He couldn't think. The strangest words rang on and on in his mind.

"Tulip and rose have come again. Only you in the earth remain. What if my tears were not in vain. What if they drew you up again."

He bent above her again. This time his lips found hers. And it seemed that all the tides of life flowed from under him as his joy died.

A joy can die quietly but not painlessly. As he made his way to the door he groped and stumbled.

Felicia was Malcolm's. Malcolm was Felicia's. Magic links—invisible cords—linked them. Angers, swift and sharp as spring rains—tendernesses deep as deep wells—laughter—tears—so many things.



The duty of one woman to another . . . is to tell her

REFRESHING is the wholesome frankness among refined women of today on subjects of personal daintiness and hygiene. Not so long ago there were comparatively few who even discussed these vital questions, all-important as they are in their direct bearing upon womanly health and happiness.

Secrecy and ignorance do untold harm

But wrong advice is often worse than no advice at all. That is why it is the duty of the well-informed woman to guide those of her circle who are less fortunate. It is an absolute fact that thousands of women today are running untold risks just because there is no one to give them proper information concerning feminine hygiene.

The newer knowledge of germ-life

For years woman's only resource has been the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics, because during those years there was nothing to take their place. Compounds of carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury are powerful germicides, but they are destructive also of human tissue. Even when greatly diluted—and they must be diluted in order to use them at all for this purpose—even then they leave the delicate membranes hardened and scarred, as physicians and nurses will testify.

But the newer knowledge of bacteriology and antiseptics has led to the discovery of another kind of germicide. It is called Zonite, and it combines remarkable germ-killing power with complete safety in use. Though absolutely non-poisonous, Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body, and more than forty times as powerful as peroxide of hydrogen. Zonite is harmless to human membranes and tissues but fatal to germ-life.

Pass this booklet along to others

Zonite is absolutely safe in the hands of anyone, even a child. There is no longer any excuse for poisonous antiseptics in

the medicine chest. Authorities are strong in condemning the use of caustic, burning compounds in contact with delicate organs of the body.

No wonder, then, that Zonite has been warmly welcomed by the women of refined and enlightened families. For it has encouraged the wholesome, scientific practice of personal hygiene, which means so much to woman's comfort, beauty and health-assurance.

The Women's Division has prepared a dainty booklet about feminine hygiene and other affairs of the toilette—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc. It is beautifully printed and illustrated. Every woman should be familiar with the information it contains, which is exact and authentic. Every woman with a sense of responsibility will want to pass it on to others who need it. Don't keep this important message to yourself. Share it with others. Use the coupon below. Ask for several booklets if you want them. Mailed in a safe "social correspondence" envelope. Zonite Products Co., Postum Bldg., 250 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.



No excuse for poisons, says Science

The following statement on the subject is made by the head of a New York laboratory with an international reputation.

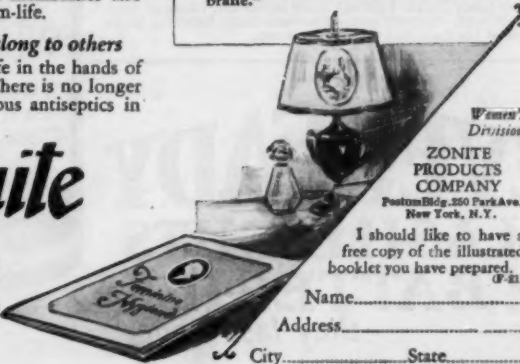
"Bichloride of mercury and compounds of carbolic acid, when used in sufficient strength to possess any value as germicides, are exceedingly destructive to tissue. Bichloride burns the mucous membrane, and if used repeatedly will deaden and toughen the tissues with which it comes in contact. There is always the danger of mercurial poisoning through its use. Most compounds of carbolic acid are saponified in an effort to reduce the burning and irritation of these poisons. In spite of this they are corrosive and caustic in their action and the soap ingredients wash away necessary gland secretions. Their continued use frequently results in an area of scar-tissue and dullness and hardening of the membrane."



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Everything From Soup To Nuts!



IF Thanksgiving turkeys are scarce in your locality, why not have a feast anyway with a festively garnished platter of tender, juicy Ham with Currant Sauce for your main dish? In our new edition of Time-Saving Cookery is the recipe for it. There are recipes, too, for Oyster Soup for your first course, for Corn Pudding, Drop Biscuit, Tomato Jelly Salad with Mayonnaise, Fruit Compote and Lightning Cake. To complete your menu serve Pickles, Buttered Spinach, Coffee, Nuts and Raisins and you will have a dinner a queen would envy!



THERE is so much to do when you prepare for Thanksgiving Dinner, that you like to leave the bread until the last minute. You can do so if you have a copy of our new Master Recipes with ten delicious kinds of Baking-Powder Biscuits made from one recipe. Here are Raisin Wheels—just the thing to serve with a dinner of Cream-of-Corn Soup, Turkey, Cranberry Sauce, Vegetable Soufflé, Turnips, Cabbage and Apple Salad with Piquante Dressing, Mince Pie and Coffee. In this same little wonder-booklet are recipes for the soup, soufflé and salad dressing.



SOME folk think Thanksgiving Dinner isn't complete without pie or pudding. We don't agree with them! Here is a new Pudding de Luxe which is just the right ending for a perfect dinner. The recipe for it can be found only in the new edition of our booklet, What To Serve at Parties. For the rest of the perfect dinner we suggest Roast Duck or Chicken with Nut Stuffing, Cranberry Jelly Unique, Glazed Onions, Riced Potatoes and Southern Spoon Bread, Fruit Salad with Pineapple Dressing, Coffee and Spiced Raisins. Recipes for everything except the potatoes and coffee are in the booklet, too.

YOU have missed a lot if you haven't seen the new editions of our three booklets, Time-Saving Cookery, Master-Recipes and What to Serve at Parties. Why not solve your Thanksgiving Dinner problem—and many other problems too—by sending, in postage, ten cents for each booklet? Address the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

THAT FRESH FROM THE GARDEN TASTE



The fruits and vegetables used in the 57 Varieties grow in all parts of the world—wherever sun and soil combine to produce the best.

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Firm, sun-ripened tomatoes find themselves transformed into delicious Ketchup while their vine freshness is upon them. Rosy apples are pressed for cider

vinegar while in their full tree-vigor and flavor. Pickles are salted while tender and garden-crisp.

And so with the rest of the 57—garden freshness and flavor distinguishing all.

Planted by Heinz, from seed developed by Heinz—grown under Heinz supervision—and then prepared in kitchens that are the pride of the whole world—is it any wonder that all of the 57 Varieties are so truly and uniformly good?

83% of these New York State Doctors say—"Cream of Tartar baking powder is most healthful"



930 REPRESENTATIVE New York State doctors recently expressed their opinions on the healthfulness of different types of baking powder.

772 of them—or 83%—said:

"Cream of Tartar baking powder is best from a healthful point of view."

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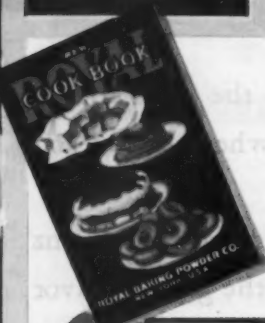
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SPONGE cake made with Royal has the tender foamy texture and delicately rich flavor that blends so deliciously with fresh fruits or with ice cream. Whip the eggs with a wire whip in a long, light, over-motion to insure the finest texture.





Nearly every Parisian restaurant has specialties—or claims to!

Parisian Dining-Adventures

BY ROBERT FORREST WILSON

IN PARIS there are two ways of dining. The easier way and necessarily the commoner with the hurried tourist, is to sit down amid familiar surroundings in one's own hotel dining-room, or in some central, conspicuous and much-patronized restaurant wherein you hear more English spoken than French. In such places you are apt to dine well—but without excitement.

Then there is the other way. You can make dining an adventure.

It sometimes seems as if one might spend a lifetime in Paris eating every day in a different place and never twice entering the same establishment. Few there are who can remain long in Paris and not succumb to the universal passion for searching out for oneself new and unknown places to eat.

All but the highest-priced restaurants of Paris post their daily menus outside for public inspection, and these give you your most obvious clues to the quality of the fare inside. There is a fascination about these posted schedules. They will show you the prices and the general attractiveness of the spread within. Once you enter, your first concern is to discover the house's specialties. Nearly every Parisian restaurant has them—or claims to! It is typically French for an eating-place to present a few dishes upon which its chef exerts himself.

It is well not to rely entirely on the menu to find what the specialty is, but also to inquire and having inquired, to believe—difficult instruction for the skeptical American, who is liable to suspect the waiter's answer of being prejudiced by prices! Should you disregard his advice and follow your own judgment, you have only yourself to blame if you fare indifferently in a place ready to serve you with something exceptional. You may even be missing a triumph of cookery. If on top of the waiter's counsel you see others partaking of his recommendation, hesitate no longer. In a restaurant with a real specialty, three out of every four diners order it.

At the Cochon d'Or—The Golden Pig—there is served, I am convinced, the best beefsteak to be found anywhere on earth! It is a small restaurant in a wretched neighborhood. Its little terrace is partly concealed behind boxed shrubbery. The front of the establishment is simply a narrow barroom with a file of tables down one side and a rear door that might lead to dining-rooms farther on; and, though



POMMES DE TERRE SOUFFLÉES

PEEL medium-sized potatoes and slice in one-eighth-inch slices. Soak in cold water one-half hour. Drain thoroughly and dry on cloth. Put in a frying basket and immerse in kettle of warm but not hot fat. When potatoes are hot and partially cooked, lift out basket and plunge into a second kettle of very hot fat. Each piece of potato will puff up like a ball from the air inside. When delicately brown, remove from fat, drain on unglazed paper and sprinkle with salt.

the dinner-hour was well advanced when I discovered the place, only two or three customers were to be seen at the tables.

René Ayrat, the proprietor, assured me that we could be served with dinner, if we would follow the waitress through the rear door. There proved to be only one dining-room behind, and that so small that an automobile-party half filled it.

There was no need to inquire what the attraction was. The automobile-crowd was eating thick steak. René, who had followed the waitress to make sure that a good dinner was "commanded," confirmed what was already a certainty. Steaks were his specialty—steaks and mutton chops. It took some time to prepare one—half an hour perhaps. Monsieur might like to sit on the terrace. He would be called in plenty of time for the hors d'oeuvres.

A good restaurant is good all the way through. It will proclaim itself in its hors d'oeuvres, which, in Paris will include—as those of the Cochon d'Or did—in their bounteous array both Norwegian anchovies and butter. But all the auguries failed utterly to prepare one for the excellence of the steak that eventually arrived.

René himself, white-aproned, flushed from standing long over the grill, brought in the superb thing and displayed it with the half-deprecatory confidence of an artist unveiling a masterpiece. To say that it was three inches thick is to understate the truth. It was nearer four—a veritable paving-block of meat! Outside it was brown but not charred; within, an even pink clear through but not raw. So tender was it that the steel knife would almost sever it of its own weight.

With the steaks and chops grilled in such restaurants as these, go, of course, *Pommes de Terre Soufflées*. If you must have potatoes fried, that is the best way to fry them. It is a mystery that the French chef, whose taste is so excellent in so many ways, seems never to have discovered the baked potato. Nor for that matter, creamed potatoes either, nor yet mashed potatoes. In fact, when he comes to this commonest of vegetables, he is lamentably weak—except when he fries it.

And he is at his best when he fries it soufflé. *Pommes Soufflées*, are cross-section slices of potato that puff up into balloons. Not every chef can do them well. Only a few are able to produce the Zeppelin-like proportions of René's vaunted *Pommes de Terre Soufflées*.



Banished! Those "teen age" morning blues! —with a good hot breakfast to renew the energy supply

Every age has its problems, but any mother will say the most difficult of all is the "teen age". No longer children; not yet grown-up; a "between" stage hard to handle.

The first hour of the day often seems particularly trying. Young bodies are tired out with rapid growing and strenuous study and play.

Yet they must be up and off to school on time. No wonder spirits are at low ebb or tempers at high pitch!

The first need of growing children
Physicians say the first thing children need in the morning is a breakfast of hot, nourishing food; that children of any age should never be allowed to go to school without a proper breakfast.

The main thing breakfast should supply is the one thing high school girls and boys use in greatest amount—energy!

An energy breakfast, delicious enough to tempt capricious appetites, leisurely

eaten! Mothers can supply this quickly and easily in one famous food—Cream of Wheat.

Cream of Wheat is a wonderfully rich energy food. Made of the best hard wheat, it is high in carbohydrate content or energy substance.

But it has another advantage equally valuable. It is in a very simple, easily digested form. It asks no extra work of digestion, robbing the energy supply which the body needs so badly.

Rich energy to last the morning through—easily, quickly available for use! This is what a Cream of Wheat breakfast gives to all the family.

Send for free sample box of Cream of Wheat—enough for four generous cereal servings. We will also send our recipe book which gives 50 tempting dishes made with Cream of Wheat. We have an authoritative book on babies' and children's diet, approved by nutrition authorities, which we will send free.

Send for Free Sample and
Book of 50 Recipes



Cream of Wheat Company
Dept. 611, Minneapolis, Minnesota
☐ Please send me, free, your booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children."
☐ Please send me, free, your recipe booklet, "50 Ways of Serving Cream of Wheat."
☐ Please send me free trial box of Cream of Wheat.

Name
Address





WILLIAM
RANDALL
BUTTERBAUGH
Son of Mr. and Mrs.
Wm. Butterbaugh
Narka, Kansas

How they solved this difficult feeding case

"WILLIAM RANDALL BUTTERBAUGH was the largest baby ever born at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Lincoln, Nebraska," writes Mrs. William Butterbaugh, mother of this sturdy-looking boy.

"On arrival he weighed 13 pounds. The feeding problem proved very difficult, therefore. After trying several formulas without success we used your Eagle Brand with such splendid results. Our laddie has never been ill and thrives wonderfully on it. He has thus far been a specimen of health and vigor."

If for any reason you can not nurse your baby and have a difficult feeding problem to face, Eagle Brand can probably solve it for you, too.

Babies with weak digestions; delicate, underweight babies; babies who require more than the usual amount

of nourishment—all of them find in Eagle Brand the qualities they most need—easy digestibility, high nutritive value (the all-essential vitamins, too), absolute safety and uniformity. Made simply of pure country milk combined with sugar, Eagle Brand is more nearly like mother's milk than any other prepared baby food. That is why it has become the standard food wherever bottle feeding is necessary.

Thousands of mothers endorse it enthusiastically. Read some of their experiences in our new booklet, *What Other Mothers Say*.

And for general advice on the care of your baby, there's the other well-known Borden booklet, *Baby's Welfare*. The coupon below will bring you a free copy of each. The Borden Company, 499 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.



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These dinners will tempt the appetites of your family and at the same time satisfy your desire for variety and economy

A Dozen Unusual Dinners

BY MILDRED WEIGLEY WOOD

Chairman of the Homemakers' Section of the American Home
Economics Association

I WONDER what you give your family for dinner?

Are they content to live week in and week out on the conventional plan of a roast, or fried or broiled meat, potatoes, a vegetable, salad and a dessert? Or are you, like the majority of homemakers, searching for easy-to-prepare home-dinners which will be tempting because they differ from this done-to-death pattern?

Every homemaker knows what a problem it is to plan dinners which give variety without over-taxing the pocketbook. In recent years, fewer business men take their mid-day meal at home, and for many people breakfast consists mainly of fruit, cereal, toast and coffee, with milk for the children. So the left-overs which frequently constituted the noon meal must now be used in dinner-dishes; and the sausage, bacon and eggs which used to be served at breakfast must be included in some dinner menu if we ever are to have a taste of them!

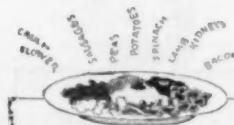
Dinners from left-overs are often—as many women admit—some of the best dinners they have. But almost in the same breath they say, "I hate to plan left-over dinners! Give me the easy dinners of meat and potatoes!" How well we all know that feeling! And how often we fail to have the variety we might because we have not registered in our "menu brain" unusual dinner-dishes with appropriate combinations to accompany them.

We plan and eat the ordinary type of dinner so often that we cease to consider the principles back of good combination—if we ever knew them. Here are some of those principles which I have found I must use in planning the unusual dinner. You will find them easy to remember. Read them over once, and if they don't stick in your mind, put them where you can refer to them whenever you are planning the day's principal meal:

Flavor: Choose combinations in which all the foods are not bland or mild in flavor. For example, don't serve creamed peas and boiled potatoes together.

Avoid serving foods which repeat distinctive flavors at the same meal, as tomato soup and tomato salad.

Avoid serving together foods with distinctive flavors which conflict, as for example: escalloped salmon and orange marmalade. Such foods should have other very bland foods served with them. Salmon loaf and peas are a much better combination than salmon loaf and cauliflower because the latter has a flavor just as distinctive as salmon and both are competing for first place.



WHY IS IT?

Dinners from left-overs are often—as women admit—some of the best dinners they have. But almost in the same breath they say, "I hate to plan left-over dinners!"

Avoid excessive acidity such as you would get in a meal where escalloped tomatoes, fruit salad and orange cake were served together.

Texture: The texture of foods is far more important than it appears at first thought. There should be a mixture of the dry and the liquid, the crisp and the soft. Croquettes and creamed potatoes are a much more pleasing texture combination than the same croquettes and Saratoga chips would be! Or than creamed meat and creamed potatoes!

Color: Color has a remarkable effect upon the appetizing quality of a meal. When a dinner is colorless, (as it might be even with such a well-flavored combination as roast lamb, mashed potatoes and cauliflower), it needs a bit of parsley and a spoonful of bright red jelly to make it look as good as it really is.

Avoid startling color effects for they are equally unappetizing. For instance, never make a vegetable salad of beets and tomatoes.

The following twelve dinners were planned with all these principles in mind. They were planned around some one central dish which might be either left-over meat, a more rarely served meat, or a meat substitute. Some of the dinners may at first glance seem to be almost too light. But if you examine them more carefully you will see that this is because many of the main dishes carry both a meat or other protein food and potato or a vegetable.

Unless the menu includes some form of hot bread it is assumed that bread and butter is served. The beverage to be served is not given except when one particular beverage seems to fit into the meal better than any other would.

With these dinners you will tempt the appetites of your family and at the same time satisfy your desire for variety and economy.

- (1)
Cream-of-Tomato Soup Crackers
Sausage Waffles with Sirup
 Coffee
- (2)
Corned-Beef Hash Tartar Sauce or Catsup
 Buttered Carrots
Snow Pudding, Custard Sauce Sugar Cookies
- (3)
Cheese Soufflé
Escalloped Potatoes
String Beans
Pickled Peaches or Pears
Chocolate Pie

[Turn to page 48]

LET MUNSINGWEAR COVER YOU WITH SATISFACTION

MUNSING
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HOSIERY

for MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN, INFANTS

Silk Vests and Bloomers for Women

Combination All-in-One Silk Vests and Step-Ins for Women

Form-Fitting Knitted Union Suits for Men, Women, Children

Loose-Fitting Woven Union Suits for Men, Women, Children

Infants' Vests, Tab Bands and Binders and Double Breasted Wrappers.

*Sold only through
Retail Merchants*



Correct Undergarments and Hosiery for Every Member of the Family

Munsingwear is now obtainable in hosiery as well as in union suits. The hosiery line comprises an exceptionally large assortment of numbers in the wanted colors and materials in styles for men, women, children, infants, and is already recognized by the trade as one of the great hosiery lines of the country. Thousands of Munsingwear dealers have already put Munsingwear hosiery in stock and are selling the hosiery with the same confidence they have always had in selling Munsingwear union suits.

When buying your Munsingwear union suits, ask your dealer to show you samples of Munsingwear hosiery. You will find the same fine quality and workmanship in the hosiery that for so many years have characterized all under garments bearing the Munsingwear trade mark symbol.

Munsingwear Quality and Workmanship Assure Comfort and Service

THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Make This Famous "SELF SELLING" TEST



PROVE BEE-VAC'S Matchless Advantages

WOMEN are learning of a new and better way to buy electric cleaners.

More than 12,000 stores are featuring it. National magazines reaching eight million housewives are giving the details. Its greater simplicity and economy win instant approval.

You "Sell Yourself"

Dealers who sell Bee-Vacs have a more convincing, a more courteous way of proving its advantages. They make no exaggerated claims. They enter into no lengthy arguments. They use no forced selling methods. They let the cleaner "sell itself" in your own home—on your own floors.

The Bee-Vac will sell itself to you—all by itself—without strenuous sales effort.

Make This Comparison

According to the Bee-Vac "Self Selling" plan, you select three or four other cleaners and have them sent to your home—along with the Bee-Vac.

BIRTMAN ELECTRIC COMPANY, Dept. M-150, Chicago, U.S.A.

BEE-VAC

Electric Cleaner

RAPID • THOROUGH • SAFE

You compare these cleaners with the Bee-Vac—for beauty—for ability to remove all embedded dirt, all dust, all surface litter—for fast and safe cleaning—for lightness and ease of handling. You compare the Bee-Vac two-year guarantee.

Bee-Vac dealers are so sure of its superiority that they openly invite this comparison. They know women seldom take long to decide to keep the Bee-Vac.

Post Card Brings Details

More than 400,000 women are already acquainted with Bee-Vac's fine performance. Its remarkable success has back of it more than sixteen years of quality electric cleaner building.

A post card brings the name of a Bee-Vac dealer who will gladly let you make this test—and booklet entitled, "Sell Yourself a Bee-Vac and Save \$10." Also details concerning the Bee-Vac electric iron at \$5.75.

A Dozen Unusual Dinners

[Continued from page 46]

(4)
Meat Croquettes
Creamed Potatoes
Buttered Lima Beans
Cottage Cheese Salad,
French Dressing
Jelly
Chocolate Sponge

(5)
Creamed Salt Pork
Baked Potatoes Stewed Corn
Lettuce with Seasoned Dressing
Blackberry Bread Sponge

(6)
Baked Heart
Riced Potatoes Creamed Onions
Apple Pudding with Hard Sauce

(7)
Stuffed Peppers
Creamed Celery Cheese
Baking-Powder Biscuits
Lemon Milk Sherbet Chocolate Cookies

(8)
Poached Eggs on Toast with Tomato Sauce
Baked Squash
Strawberry Shortcake

(9)
Cream-of-Spinach Soup
Bacon Rice Muffins, Maple Sirup
Coffee

(10)
Cream-of-Celery Soup
Spare Ribs Fried Apples
Boston Brown Bread

(11)
Ham Omelet
Escalloped Cabbage with Cheese
Baking-Powder Biscuits
Orange Gelatin Custard
Sugar Cookies

(12)
Salmon Loaf with White Sauce
Riced Potatoes Peas
Green Tomato Pickles
Lemon Jelly with Cream Cake

RECIPES USED IN MEALS (Make about 6 servings)

CORNERED BEEF HASH

Cook cornered beef and remove gristle, skin and most of the fat. Chop or put through meat grinder. Make hash by either of following methods:

- (1) To 3 cups chopped meat add an equal quantity of diced cold boiled potatoes. Moisten with a little milk. Season with salt and pepper. Put into a hot skillet in which has been placed a small amount of fat. Cook slowly until well browned on bottom and thoroughly heated. Turn one half over the other as for an omelet and turn onto platter. Garnish with parsley.
- (2) Prepare as in (1) but substitute raw chopped potato for the cooked, using 4 cups raw potato to 3 cups cornered beef. Cover during cooking and cook until the potatoes are tender and the hash browned on the bottom.

TARTAR SAUCE

1/4 cup mayonnaise 1 tablespoon chopped dressing
1 tablespoon chopped olives 1 tablespoon chopped sweet pickle
parsley

Mix olive and pickle and parsley with mayonnaise and serve with hash.

SNOW PUDDING

2 teaspoons gelatin 3 tablespoons lemon juice
3 tablespoons cold water 2/3 cup boiling water
2/3 cup sugar 2 egg whites
Soak gelatin in cold water, add sugar and lemon juice, then boiling water. Stir until dissolved. Set in cool place. Stir mixture occasionally and when it begins to thicken add stiffly beaten egg whites and continue beating until stiff enough to hold

its shape. Put into small cups or large dish to mold. Serve cold with soft custard.

SUGAR COOKIES

1 cup sugar 1/2 cup shortening
1 egg 2 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 cup milk 1/4 teaspoon salt
2 cups flour 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream together shortening and sugar, add beaten egg and milk. Sift together dry ingredients and add to first mixture. Add vanilla and chill. Roll out, cut with a cookie-cutter, sprinkle with granulated sugar and bake in a quick oven (425° F.) 5 to 8 minutes or until a light brown.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

2 tablespoons shortening 1 cup milk
2/3 cup cheese, grated
5 tablespoons flour or cut in fine pieces
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper 3 eggs

Melt shortening, stir in flour, salt and pepper. Add milk slowly and bring to the boiling point, stirring until smooth. Remove from fire and add the cheese and stir until melted. Pour the sauce over the beaten egg yolks. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into sauce mixture. Pour into a buttered baking-dish and sprinkle with paprika. Set baking-dish into a pan of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) 45 to 50 minutes.

CHOCOLATE PIE CRUST

1 cup flour 1/3 cup shortening
1/4 teaspoon salt Cold water

Mix and sift flour and salt (mix in shortening thoroughly) with tips of fingers. Add water, a little at a time, until flour mixture will stick together. Roll out on slightly floured board and bake on an inverted pie-tin in a quick oven (425° F.) 10 to 15 minutes.

FILLING

6 tablespoons flour 2 squares chocolate or
1 cup sugar 1/2 cup cocoa
1/4 teaspoon salt 3 egg yolks
2 cups milk 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Mix the flour, sugar, salt and the cocoa if it is to be used instead of chocolate. Add to scalded milk and bring to boiling point. Cook over hot water for 15 minutes. The chocolate, if used, should be added after the milk is added. Remove from fire, add to egg yolks. Return to double-boiler and cook a few moments, stirring constantly. Add vanilla and cool. Pour into baked shell. If pie is made a few hours before serving, it will be of the right consistency to cut. If it is to be served as soon as cold, an extra tablespoon of flour must be used in filling.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE

1 tablespoon gelatin 3 cups milk
2 tablespoons cold water 1/4 teaspoon salt
1 square chocolate cut 1/2 cup sugar
in small pieces 3 egg yolks
1/2 teaspoon vanilla 3 egg whites

Soak gelatin in cold water 10 minutes. Heat chocolate and milk together and stir until chocolate is melted. Add salt and sugar and mix well. Pour over the beaten egg yolks. Return to the double boiler and cook until it thickens, stirring constantly. Add the gelatin and mix well. Cool. Add the vanilla. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into individual or large molds which have first been dipped in cold water. Chill. Serve with cream.

CREAMED SALT PORK

Salt Pork 2 cups milk
4 tablespoons flour Salt and pepper

Cut salt pork into slices about one inch thick. Soak for one hour in cold water. Drain and wipe dry with clean cloth. Dip in flour and place in hot frying pan. Enough fat will come through flour to brown slices. Fry until pork is crisp. Remove from pan and pour off all but 2 tablespoons of fat. [Turn to page 88]

Use standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level

Beautiful Waxed Floors *this new easy way*

IT is no longer necessary to get down on your knees to wax your floors and linoleum. Try the Johnson Liquid Wax treatment on them. It eliminates all stooping—there's no mess—no rags or pails—no soiled hands—and it's as easy as running a carpet sweeper!

Just pour a little Johnson's Liquid Wax on a Lamb's-Wool Mop and apply a thin, even coat to the floor. Allow five or ten minutes for the Wax to harden—then a few easy strokes of the Weighted Brush will quickly bring up a beautiful, durable lustre.



This Johnson Liquid Wax treatment takes but a few minutes—it cleans and polishes your floors in one operation—and afterwards they will require only half the care. Ordinary dry dusting will keep them immaculate. And "traffic spots" in doorways can easily be re-waxed as they show wear without going over the entire floor.

The Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit is all you need to put and keep your floors and linoleum in beautiful condition. It includes Johnson's Liquid Wax—a Lamb's-Wool Mop for applying the Wax and a Weighted Brush for polishing.

The New Electric Way

For those who prefer to "do it electrically" we have perfected the Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher. This marvelous little machine instantly, and without labor, brings floors and linoleum to a perfect gloss.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON • "The Wood Finishing Authorities" • RACINE, WISCONSIN



BEAUTIFIES YOUR FLOORS AND LINOLEUM

Simple! Compact! Light in weight. Easy to operate. Nothing to get out of order. Runs from any light socket for less than 2c an hour. It polishes under buffets, davenport, beds, etc., without moving the furniture. Sturdily built to last a lifetime and guaranteed absolutely.



For Sale at leading stores. Or you can rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher by the day for a nominal sum from any store maintaining a Johnson Service Department. Identify them by this sign.

\$6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit for \$5.00

This Outfit consists of:

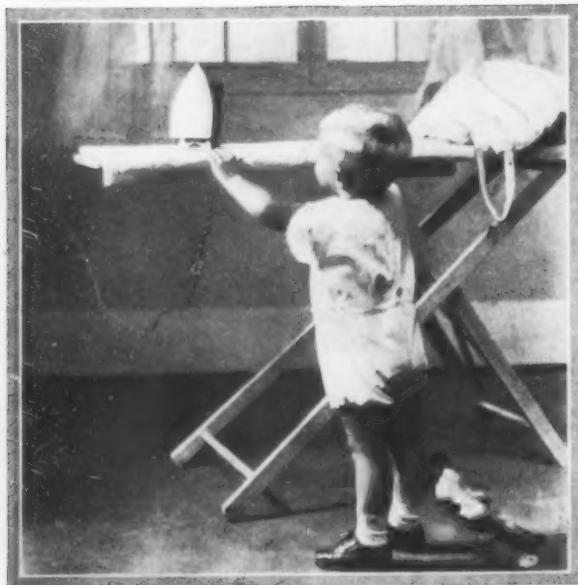
1 Qt. of Johnson's Liquid Wax	\$1.40
1 Johnson Lamb's-wool Wax Mop	1.50
1 Johnson Weighted Floor Polishing Brush	3.50
1 Johnson Book on Home Beautifying	.25
	<u>\$6.65</u>

A Saving of \$1.65!

This offer is good at department, drug, furniture, grocery, hardware and paint stores. It sells in Canada for the same price, \$5.00.



JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX



"... BILLY reached for the hot iron. It burned the whole inside of his hand so that all the skin came off. But the doctor used Unguentine and the pain was relieved immediately. And although it was a bad, deep burn, it healed up without a scar!"
J. Watson, New York City.

Stop their pain - prevent disfigurement and infection with the surgical dressing hospitals use for burns

WHITE, drawn faces . . . clenched teeth . . . children's terrified sobbing—

You can prevent most of the suffering from burns if you have Unguentine ready to use the instant an accident happens. Relief is instant—wonderful.

Unguentine is not merely a salve. It is the surgical dressing that 80% of the hospitals use for all burns.

Physicians everywhere depend on

Unguentine to give thorough antiseptic treatment to burns, to bring the quickest possible healing and to prevent scarring wherever this is possible.

Keep Unguentine always in your medicine chest. Just spread it on any burn, and bandage lightly if necessary. Send today for a free trial tube. Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto. At all druggists for 50 cents.



"In the . . . Oil Fields, I frequently have cases of burns of all classes. I just apply Unguentine good and thick and my patient goes away in ease."—From a Physician.

"My wife burned her hand and Unguentine stopped the burning at once. I must say that your Unguentine is the best thing for burns I have ever seen."

F. W. Logan, Syracuse, N. Y.



FREE — a generous tube

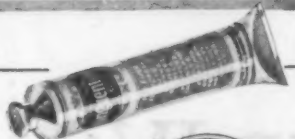
The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. M-11
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Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

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Norwich

a trusted name on
pharmaceutical
preparations

There's a Land That Is Fairer Than Day

[Continued from page 13]

word in the Gospel about the country that lies around the city of gold and jasper in Heaven."

"Country?" I repeated, being puzzled, "why Aunt Caroline, what an idea!"

"There must be country," she said, "because the angel took John on a mountain to show him the city, and there is a river flowing through the city, so it must flow into the country. I reckon John was so busy writing about the wonders he saw in the city he didn't have time to tell of the country."

"I never thought of it, Aunt Caroline," I said weakly.

"Well, there must be country," she said decisively. "John don't say so, but he went onto a mountain, and Dan'l and I talked it over many times before he went and we decided there must be."

"What put the idea in your head?" I asked.

"Why," she said, as if surprised, "God knows neither Dan'l or I ever would be quite happy in a city. John says the gates are open all the time, so we could live outside and still be the same as in Heaven. No sir," she added decisively, "the good Lord knows Dan'l and I wouldn't be quite happy if we had to live in a city, and He wants us to be happy. We never would feel quite at home with all the grand folk that will live there in the houses of gold and jewels. Just think, there will be Moses and John the Baptist, and the Apostles, and George Washington, and Abe Lincoln, and Napoleon Bonaparte, and maybe Jeff Davis, only I ain't so sure of that, and thousands of fine folks, and me and Dan'l would feel as if we didn't quite fit in. Dan'l and I talked about it when we knew he was going and Dan'l agreed that when he got there he'd just bow and say:

"Oh Lord, you know Carline and me never was meant to live in a city and we know You want us to be happy in Eternity. I don't want to bother you none, Lord, with so many more deserving ones around, but if You don't mind we'd like to have a little place out of town somewhere, where we can see the city and its glory, and hear the church bells. I'd like to have some lumber so I can build a little house and have it all ready when Carline comes and there ain't much time to waste, Lord, for she'll be here before long."

"Of course there is beautiful country," I assured her, "but don't you think the Lord would arrange all that, and have a place far better than we can conceive, waiting?"

"He could," she said wistfully, "but I reckon He'd know I'd like it better if Dan'l built it for me himself. He hasn't got much time, and Dan'l was slow, potterin' round his work."

"Nonsense, Aunt Caroline," I said. "You're going to live to be a hundred."

"No, child," she said gently, "I calculate it'll take Dan'l a little over a year to build that place and start the garden and have the flowers growing. Then, when he's ready, I'll go to him."

Her calmness and her quaint conception of the Heaven to which she was going affected me strongly. For some time I hesitated to talk with her about it until I discovered she enjoyed having someone with whom she could discuss the little problems that worried her. "Aunt Caroline," I said one day, as she sat knitting, "you speak as if we will be the same in Heaven as we are here. Don't you think we will be changed and different and that we will not need or want the things up There we need here?"

"Lawdy, child, don't the Bible say we will?" she replied, as if shocked. "The Gospel says, plain as day, we will not be the same. It don't say just what we will be like but I reckon we'll like the same things there we like here, and dislike the same things, only the things we don't like won't be there. I reckon each one of us that is counted worthy will be just the way we like to be; only more so, and we must look something like we do here, else we wouldn't know each other; and then it wouldn't be Heaven."

"I keep wondering," she said after a time, "what sort of a site Dan'l picked out for our house. Reckon I should have been there to help him decide. Seems like Dan'l never was a hand at decidin'

without me. We talked it over and I told him how I like it. I'm hopin' there will be a little crick right close to the place, maybe just down the lane. Dan'l said if the good Lord gave us a place in the country, he'd pick out one near a crick; one like Elm Crick used to be before the dye works was built, and then we could have a boat and maybe go rowing."

"Why the creek?" I inquired, with curiosity aroused.

"Child," she said gently, dropping her knitting and clasping her old hands together, "Dan'l and I was rowing on Elm Crick the evening he told me first that he loved me. Dan'l was going away to the war the next week. He was wearing his uniform, and I had on a white dress I had made myself. I was considered a tolerable pretty girl in those days," she added naively.

The vivid reality of it all in her mind, her little bewilderments as she strove to "figger" it out, amused and touched us all. One day I discovered her sitting on the side porch, gazing away across the valley through which Elm Creek wound its way. She appeared worried. At first I imagined she had not heard me, so sat down quietly and waited until, presently, she turned and smiled. "I reckon I'm a foolish old woman," she said, sighing, "but I can't help being a mite worried."

"Why should you worry?"

"I reckon this is my worrying day," she said, sighing resignedly. "I've been worrying all day about whether there are any chickens in Heaven."

She said it so seriously I laughed aloud. "There MUST be chickens," she decided, nodding decisively. "Pears to me Dan'l wouldn't be entirely happy without fried chicken once in a while."

"I never heard it mentioned," I remarked, smiling at her earnestness. "But it follows that, if everything is perfect, he can have fried chicken as often as he pleases."

"Probably," she said, as if the matter were settled. "But if they do have chickens I hope they'll be Rhode Island Reds and not Brown Leghorns. Them Rhode Island Reds want to set all the time and keep a person busy chasing them off the eggs, but deliver me from Brown Leghorns. I don't want to spend all eternity chasing fly-aways like them."

"Maybe only good chickens go to Heaven," I suggested, laughing.

"Then goodness knows there won't be any Brown Leghorns," she concluded. "It's a comfort to know Dan'l will have fried chicken as often as he likes. Gracious knows he never got enough down here."

The surprising manner in which all such problems solved themselves in her mind and her faith which scorned all doubt, always left me with a feeling of awe. "It certainly is a comfort to know we will have such good neighbors," she continued complacently after permitting her imagination to roam over the subject. "We've always been lucky with neighbors down here although we did worry several times for fear the wrong ones would rent the house next door. But up there all the neighbors will be perfect. Maybe the Ellises will live next door to us. They liked living in the country, too, and came here to be outside the town. I'd like it powerful well if they did. Then Dan'l and Mr. Ellis could sit on the porch and talk politics."

"Politics in Heaven, Aunt Caroline?" I asked.

"Maybe not just politics, but Dan'l and Mr. Ellis liked powerful well to argify—and maybe they'd be happier if they had something just to talk about that way." She always spoke of Heaven and the future as if speaking of our village and its people, and it was all as real to her as if she saw it. She spoke of the Saints as if they were neighbors and friends.

Late in October the weather turned chill suddenly. I drove out to the old white house through a cold, driving rain and found her, wrapped in her shawl, sitting before a blazing fire of hickory wood. She seemed glad to see me and brightened as I drew my chair to the fireside. "I reckon Dan'l has the house all under roof and plastered by this time," she announced. "I've been figgering it out. Dan'l was restless and I reckon maybe he got some of the [Turn to page 69]

THE SEAL OF APPROVAL

53 YEARS OF SERVICE

ONE MILLION NEW CUSTOMERS LAST YEAR

Satisfactory Service For 24 Years

"Gentlemen: I have been dealing with Montgomery Ward & Co. for 24 years. I have been sending orders from the several different cities in which I have lived. I don't know yet where I can get better service or better value. Your goods are always reliable and give the best satisfaction."

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"My first order to Montgomery Ward & Co. was in 1874; from that date my orders have been sent with absolute confidence that goods were exactly as represented, and that I would be treated fairly and honestly. My confidence has never been betrayed. You have my very best wishes."

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"We have purchased farm fence, groceries, radio supplies, dry goods, wall paper, suits, hardware, auto tires and accessories and have received perfect satisfaction with everything we bought. We have purchased from nearly a dozen mail order houses but like Montgomery Ward & Co. merchandise always the best."

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"I am writing this to thank you for your promptness and kindness. I have been buying from your house since 1882, and have always received good treatment and found your goods reliable and serviceable. I never fail to say a good word for you and I feel that I am doing others a favor in recommending Ward's."

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The Word of Satisfied Customers Is the Final Seal of Approval

Who Gets the Savings that May Just as Well Be Yours?

Do you always stop to think that when you buy from Ward's you are sharing in the savings made possible by \$50,000,000 in cash—used to secure these low prices?

You may just as well have your share of the savings secured by this large cash buying for our 8,000,000 other customers. Here is cooperative buying on the biggest scale.

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The old Capen house, in Massachusetts, with its small-paned windows, ornamental "overhangs" and "drops" has a quaint, romantic comeliness that is altogether charming.

The Early American Home

BY MARCIA MEAD

McCall's Consulting Architect

Collaborating with Daniel P. Higgins, Associate in The Office of John Russell Pope



AT THE time the Dutch settlers were establishing their fur-trading posts along the Hudson River Valley with such notable success, the English Colonists in New England and Virginia were putting up a brave fight for life itself. The breaking of ground for farming was slow work, and the settlements had to be supported partially by the home country. Little do we know of the hardships of those days of exposure and starvation, all endured for the sake of an ideal.

They had no money to buy brick, which was used extensively in England for building, but they had forests of timber which had to be cut to clear the land and these forests they could hew with their hands; moreover, in contrast with the Dutch settlers, many of the English Colonists were trained craftsmen, having a goodly knowledge of the art of building.

In no country is the history and character of the people so clearly expressed in its architecture as it is in England. From Mediaeval times the Gothic style had waned and finally had merged, under the influence of the study of Italian work, into what is known as the Tudor, Elizabethan and Jacobean periods, in which horizontal lines more and more predominated while at the same time many Gothic details were retained.

Naturally the spirit of building of the times was transplanted to America by the English Colonists, so that in these early houses it is not surprising to find diamond-paned windows, off-centred gables and decorative structural members, which are essentially Gothic. At the same time there is expressed a sense of balance and repose prophetic of the later so-called "Colonial" styles.

Out of their tribulations they produced: first, a simple house of two stories, having one room on each floor, with a fireplace at one end; then another room was added on each floor, with the new fireplaces formed against the old chimney; and finally, to accommodate the growing family, a lean-to was added, until a form of house was evolved which became typical of those early days, a style which has been overlooked and almost forgotten but whose quaintness and picturesque qualities constitute a worthy precedent for a small house of any time.

For the modern house-builders, who insist on having second-story rooms of full height throughout, this style should be a boon as it shows them a way to make a tall house pleasing in its proportions. One of the earliest of

these houses is the Hathaway house in Salem, and the home of Paul Revere in Boston, with its diamond-paned windows, its ornamental drops, its sturdy structural members and decorative paneled interiors, is one of our best examples of this early work.

From the beginning, one of the characteristics of the type was an overhanging second story, usually in the front. It is said that the overhang was originally for the purpose of protection but if so, the Indian marauders must have been of a rare and sportsmanlike variety, attacking only the front of the house! Despite this legend, it is evident that the overhang, with its ornamental features, was invented for purely decorative purposes.

The basis of the structural form of the houses lay in the builders' knowledge of English half-timber construction. The logs were squared, fitted, braced and joined in such manner that the framework supported itself in a truly Gothic sense but instead of filling in between with brick, as they had been accustomed to do in England, the framework of the walls was covered with horizontal matched boards, or siding, and the roofs were covered with long hand-split shingles, laid with wide exposure.

DORMERS were not thought of. If more light were needed in the roof-story, a secondary gable was introduced, often producing many-gabled roofs. This we see in great variety in the House of Seven Gables, made so familiar by Hawthorne's famous tale. These gables have their advantages as they give more height and spaciousness in the roof story than dormers allow.

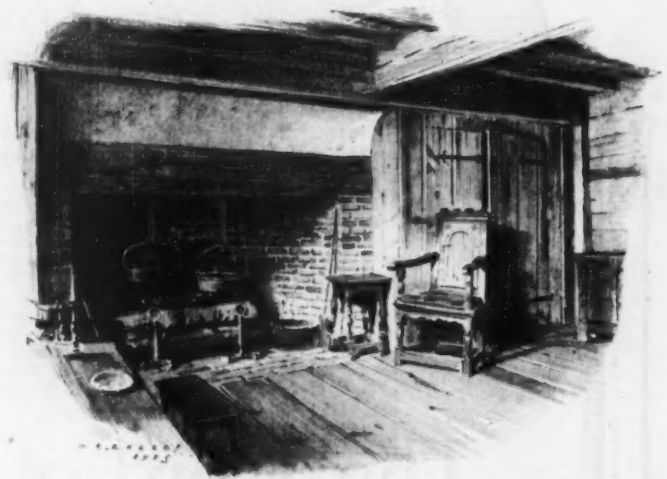
The projecting surfaces and ends of the timbers were chamfered, molded or carved in the most charming fashion. The drops at the extreme corners of the overhangs, which were the projecting ends of the framing timbers, were carved in receding moldings, kept square in plan. Between these drops a few ornamental carved brackets were introduced.

Often a drop was placed on each side of the entrance and served the double purpose of giving support to the overhang and adding dignity and importance to the doorway.

The interiors were extremely quaint, with a certain "romantic comeliness" altogether charming. The fireplaces were cavernous, with hewn oak lintels. Walls were wainscotted with boards set vertically, oftentimes extending from floor to ceiling. The joints were sometimes beveled but

SECOND IN THE SERIES OF HOUSES THAT HAVE CHARACTER

LONG before the "typical Colonial house" was ever thought of, the first truly livable houses were built in this country. After the hardships of the days of the crude huts in which they had previously lived, our forefathers were grateful for the comforts of their new homes. The simple dignity and rugged beauty of these houses, described in the article on this page, are the historical bases for the delightful, modern, six-room house designed especially for McCall's and shown elsewhere in this issue. The illustrations for the article on this page are by Otto R. Eggers, Associate in The Office of John Russell Pope.



In the "big room" of the Capen house is the cavernous fireplace, hewn oak lintels, wainscotted walls and sturdy furniture characteristic of the early American Houses.

more often were marked with raised moldings at the joinings in the Jacobean manner.

The ceiling beams were chamfered or molded. The angles of the heavy girders were cut into moldings terminating in the familiar lamb's-tongue motif. The stairs were usually of open character, with a closed string formed by the wainscot. The balusters, which were few and widely spaced, usually aligned with the joints of the wainscot, were turned with deeply cut moldings. Posts and exposed framing, braces and supporting brackets often were carved elaborately.

THE big room, which was the most important room in the house, used as it was intensively and continually, was beloved and purposely beautified. In the long, merry evenings it was lighted with candles in wrought metal sconces, polished and glinting in the firelight. The blaze of logs on the spacious hearth

"Made the rude, bare, raftered room

Burst flower-like into rosy bloom."

The doors were plain or of wainscot boards with battens molded or chamfered. Decorative wrought nails were used and set to form a pattern or design. The Dutch door was known and used frequently. This was a convenient and amiable door and in those unsafe days served to prevent the little children from wandering away from the house.

The furniture was sturdy, strong and squarely built and was modeled, naturally, after the furniture with which the makers were familiar. The old manor-house in England had been set up with Elizabethan tables and chairs and bedsteads with elaborately carved, heavy, bulbous framework. Wainscots were paneled with series of arches and stiles outlined with intricate patterns. Fortunately these heavier types gave way to a certain extent to the less cumbersome Jacobean models.

Compared with all this, the life of our Colonists was simple indeed; but from these antecedents came the wainscot-back chair with carved arms, with straight, strong legs and posts strengthened with heavy floor-stretchers; and the long tables; carved chests, and sideboards with paneled doors.

Out of this also came another type of furniture the framework of which was turned very simply, resembling strings of wooden beads. The general lines were the same, straight and square. The chair back was

[Turn to page 53]

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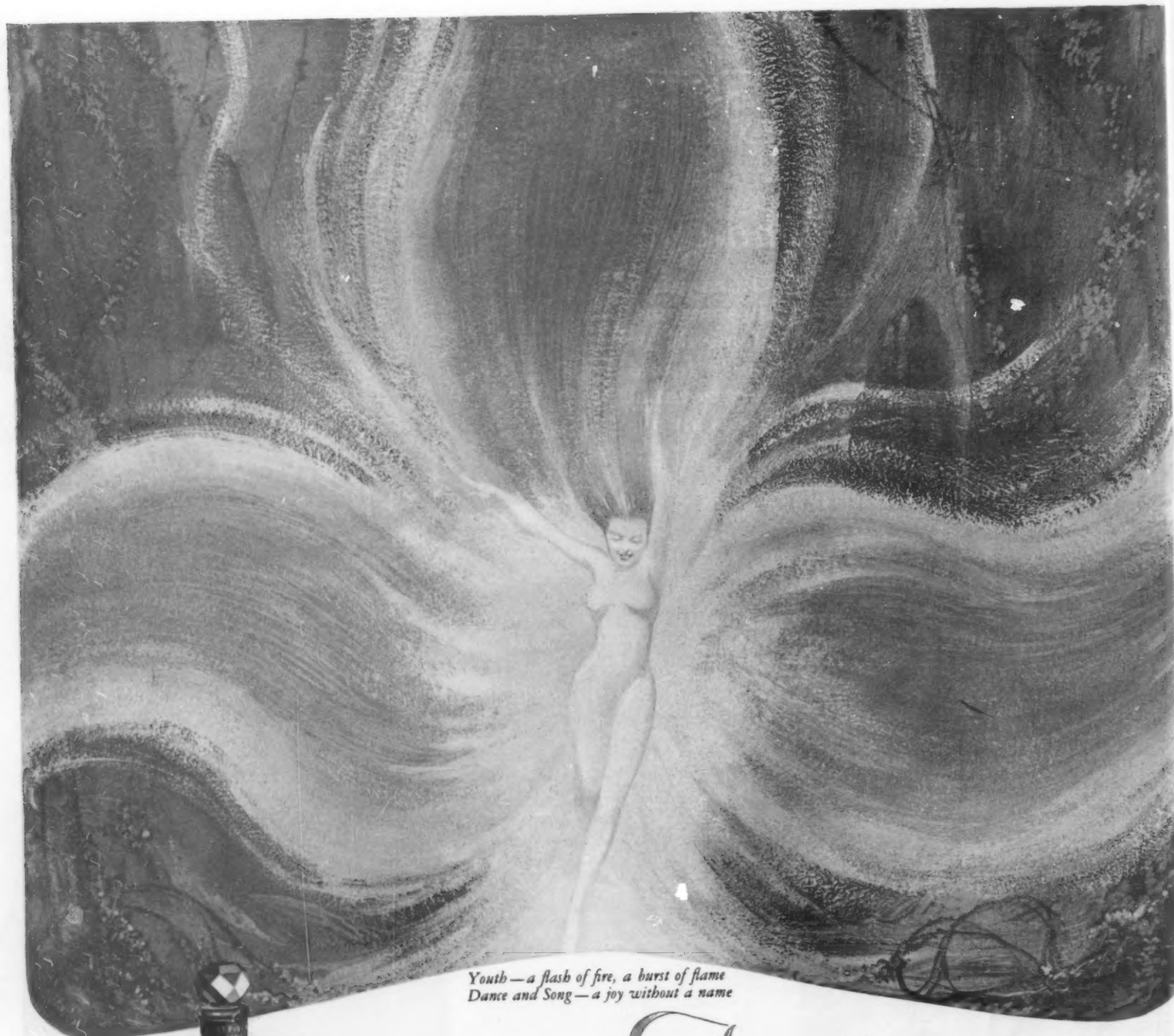
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The Paul Revere House, still standing in Boston, is one of the best examples of its era.

The Early American Home

[Continued from page 52]

sometimes paneled but more often padded with leather, as was also the seat. This type of furniture is very dignified and very beautiful against plastered walls. The side-chairs are particularly attractive.

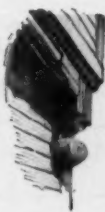
This bead-like turning is the basis of still another type of furniture of the period. It resembles beads of various lengths, the cuts regulated by the necessities of framing. This is evident in the mushroom chair and in a variety of rush-bottom chairs with slat-backs and spindle-backs. The lines remained upright and square but the pieces were lighter and fitted for more common use.

Due to the influence of the cabinet-makers who went to England from Holland during the reign of William and Mary, some furniture of a different character was introduced. The Dutch cabinet-makers were famous and their work represents the best of that time.

The Dutchman will always be squat, smiling and comfortable; we cannot imagine him in lofty halls of dignified presence; but the work which he does with his hands is done well. So the furniture of the Dutch influence was broad and low but it was of great refinement of workmanship. The turned, bell-shaped legs of the lowboys and highboys were gracefully molded, the drawers perfectly fitted; the metal mountings and pulls seem almost as if they had been made by the jeweler's art.

Then there are the smug, graceful chairs with banded posts merging into the tops of the solid splat backs—these were pictured in last month's issue with the little old Dutch House—and the cabriole furniture so characteristic of later Dutch work.

You will recognize the stool of the chimney corner, with its spreading, neatly turned legs, the similar tables and the round-about chair with its shaped seat—it is truly a "round-about" chair which supports the back and rests the arms. Are they not the fore-runners of the comfortable Windsor chairs, which will never lose their popularity? A



Top—the decorative drop; left—ornamental framework of the interior; right—door of wainscotted boards.



Dutchman is bound to make things comfortable for himself and for others round him. We thank him for this gentle touch!

Because of the limited space in the early homes and the one-room mode of living, a space-saving type of furniture was evolved, which has again come into its own. There were beds which folded up into frames against the wall and a great variety of tables, which were always folded and put away religiously after they were used. There were the hutch tables, the drop-leaf tables with gate-leg or wing-leg supports, the butterfly-table and the console card-table. Almost any of these may be bought in good reproductions in any of the shops today.

Although the better furniture was produced after these English models, the designing and making of furniture in the Colonial days became an art. For quaintness, charm and grace, American furniture previous to the mahogany period is unsurpassed.

The ironwork was almost as important as the furniture. What is a Colonial home without an old knocker! True, the knocker has degenerated into a purely ornamental affair in these days of elaborate electric-bell systems but there is much of the old work that is practical as well.

There are the long shutter hinges, the prim "H" hinge and the lifting-latch for doors requiring no locks; there are the graceful "S" shutter-holders, the long hook with the twisted stem; and in the country-places, the foot-scraper, which is by no means out of date; charming iron balconies, inviting balustrades flanking entrances, various wall-irons, weather-vanes and andirons.

Our architects have struck the right chord in their quaint design for an Early American Home, which you will find in other columns of this issue. As they have instilled into its architecture the best features of the old work, let us select for its furnishing, tables, chairs and chests which are in harmony.



The Jacobean stair with graceful, turned balusters is part of the beauty of this period.



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This is real information obtained from leading skin specialists, men renowned in their field. To these men Daggett & Ramsdell appealed personally for the facts that make up this invaluable book.

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Hands

THEY PAY TRIBUTE TO

THE world has long paid homage to beautiful hands. Poets have sung of their pink-tipped loveliness, their cool aristocratic shapeliness.

Today the world pays this tribute also to capable everyday hands that engage themselves with a thousand things, yet keep their enchanting loveliness of jewel-like nails.

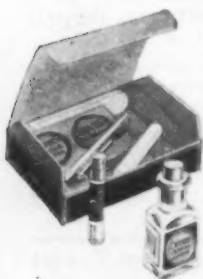
Everywhere women have learned to give their own hands the exquisite care that keeps them beautiful. Not only in America, but in the aristocratic capitals of Europe, they depend upon the Cutex method and Cutex manicure preparations are more widely used than any other kind.

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Now, spread a drop of Cutex Liquid Polish smoothly over each nail. You will be proud to show your hands!

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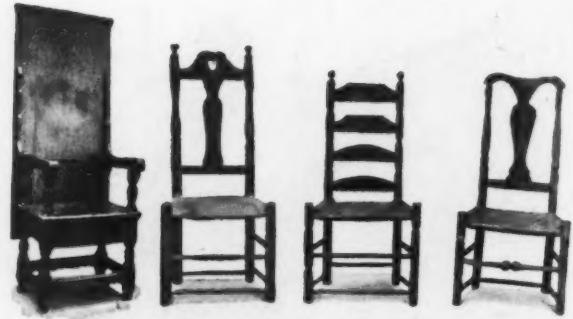
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I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for Introductory Set containing Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polish, Cuticle Cream, orange stick, emery board and booklet on care of nails.



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A space-saver—the early folding chair-table, Jacobean influence. Splint bottom, ladder-back and vase-back chairs. The back of chair at the right shows the beginning of the use of the cyma curve, a Dutch influence.

The Early American Home

[Continued from page 55]

The furniture here shown is selected from the best examples of American-made furniture, all which may be seen in the New American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

The furniture manufacturers of the country are realizing the beauty and simplicity of the old work and you will be surprised how many similar pieces you will find in the furniture stores within your reach.

If you do not find what you want, demand it, and it will eventually be forthcoming, for it is being reproduced very generally throughout the country.



Early chair with regularly turned spindles growing more refined but retaining the squareness of the early English furniture.



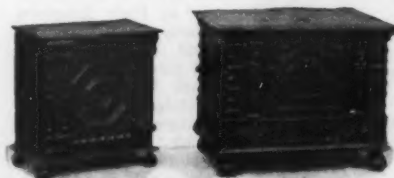
One of the earliest drop-leaf tables, showing the first spindles with regular turnings, which grew out of the heavy English forms. It is the forerunner of the stretcher-table.



This table and desk show the variety and skill developed in the turning of the wood. The turned work constantly grew lighter and more delicate, finally culminating in the graceful spindles of the Windsor chair, which we shall show in a later issue.



Another space-saver—the butterfly table, a variation of the gate-leg table. It is so called because the pivoted bracket-leaf support resembles a butterfly's wing. It is sometimes called the wing-table.



Chests showing early elaborate paneling. Turned wood cut in half and applied to plain surfaces was a favorite feature. The heavy, bulbous, curved or turned leg was also characteristic of the Jacobean influence.

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It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad. And thus assures a true protection.

It is as easily disposed of as a piece of tissue . . . and thus banishes the embarrassing difficulty of disposal . . . and laundry.

It deodorizes . . . and thus supplies a feeling of security that old ways denied.

AND . . . it is obtainable everywhere, at

every drug store, every department store—virtually at every corner—to meet emergencies.

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60% of many ills, common to women, according to many leading medical authorities are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

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③ Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

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Make this unique test. Give your teeth high polish, and fresh new color simply by removing the dingy film that coats them and invites decay and gum troubles.

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It will bring out qualities in your teeth you do not realize they have. In a short time you can work a transformation in their color and their luster.

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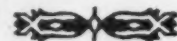
Six-room house, to be built for about \$6,000

In The Early American Manner

Designed by The Architect's Small House Bureau
(Controlled by the American Institute of Architects)

Collaborating with

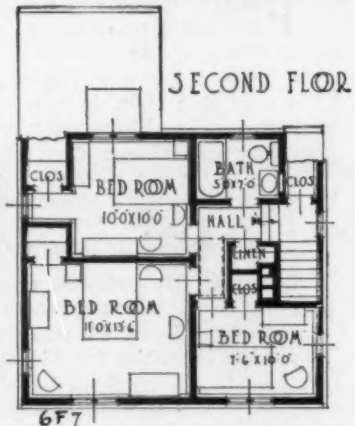
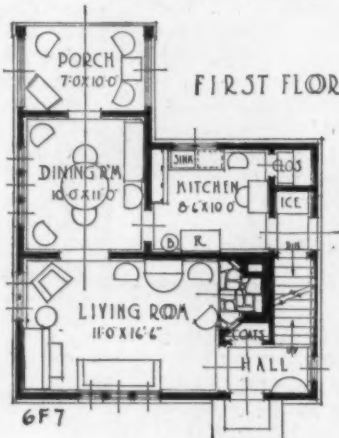
MARCIA MEAD, McCall's Consulting Architect



THIS early American small house adheres to the characteristics of houses built in New England about the end of the 16th century, like the Capen house and the home of Paul Revere, shown elsewhere in this issue—houses inspired by those built in England during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I and referred to as Elizabethan and Jacobean.

Quaintness is effected by the off-centredness of the windows with their diamond-shaped panes and leaded muntin bars. The long, low slope of the roof gives the effect of a lean-to at the rear; the single

gable, devoid of breaks, gives length to the front. The rakes and corner-boards are plain with beaded edges; the cornice consists of only two members. Hanging gutters are the only modern addition. The broad wall-surfaces are composed of drop-siding with small exposure to the weather. The slight vertical breaks in the chimney add interest to the brick surface; the cap is formed by corbelling the top course. The old-fashioned overhang is convenient to get extra space, necessary today, on the second floor. The old-fashioned lean-to has been utilized for the modern porch.



Two complete sets of detailed plans and specifications for this Early American house will be sold for \$30. (No fewer than 2 sets will be sold for any house of this series.) Extra sets of plans, on paper, \$3; on cloth, \$5; extra specifications, \$2.

Or, if you desire to see other house plans and designs, send for McCall's Service booklet, *The Small House* (price ten cents), showing four- to seven-room houses costing from \$8,000 to \$16,500, and designed by America's foremost architects. Plans and specifications for any house in the booklet, \$15 a set. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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Here is a new principle of complexion care which is easy, quick, sure.... try it FREE

All too many women have lost hope of any real help for their complexions. They never seem to find the way that really brings loveliness.

Even Science could not tell how to keep the skin of the face soft, smooth, young for as long a time as the skin of their body. Women wondered why their body skin remained young and lovely long after the first wrinkly, withered, old look had come to the skin of their faces.

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How Can The Bureau Serve You?

BY ARTHUR C. HOLDEN

Acting Director, Atlantic Division of The
Architects' Small House Service Bureau

GOOD intentions alone on the part of a group of architects such as are gathered together in the Architects' Small House Service Bureau do not go very far. One of the hardest problems that the Bureau has had to solve has been how to make it possible for the man of slender means to get, from the architect, the advice that he both desires and needs.

Two things must be remembered. First the architect has only one thing to give and that is advice; second, this advice, like that of any other professional man, is not going to be of much use unless the architect gives that advice with an understanding of his "case." Probably nine out of every ten persons do not look at it in this light. They want the architect to sell them something to use. They are thinking of the house they want and they would much rather get the house direct and do without the advice.

Almost everyone knows what he wants—or thinks he knows what he wants—when it comes to a house. This is all very well if the house is already built or it would be all right if one could say "presto" and have the house spring into being. But if the house is not already built one has to get someone to build it.

Now there are thousands of varieties of houses and each house is a complicated thing. It takes much explaining to make even a very good builder understand what the house you wanted is to be like, to explain that it is not this nor that, nor larger nor smaller—in short just what is wanted and just what it is to cost.

That is the reason one goes to an architect for advice. The first thing the architect has to do, is to find out what is wanted. This must be done without wasting time. The owner's time is as precious as that of the architect.

For this reason Information Sheet No. 2 has been prepared. It will pay the

owner to read it carefully before he fills it out. It will enable the Bureau architect at a glance to give him his first piece of advice. It will enable him to suggest a few plans that have been prepared, already, and from which the owner can select the plan nearest to his wants.

A summary of this sheet is given below. The reader can readily see how necessary it is to give the required information as a guide to the Bureau advisor so that real help can be given in selecting one plan from among several hundred available. On another page of this issue is shown one of a series of house-plans which the Bureau is designing especially for McCall's. In succeeding issues the work of the Architects' Small House Service Bureau will be further explained.

The plan at first selected may not meet the pocketbook of the owner, so the first part of the advice which the architect will be called upon to give will be financial.

The houses which are to be shown in the pages of McCall's can be built for an average of \$6,000 each. But—two houses similar in appearance but vastly different in quality and cost may be built from the same set of plans, simply by varying the specifications. In some localities the cost runs higher than in others. Transportation of materials and the wages paid to labor make a difference. An experienced or clever builder can build for less money than can an inexperienced man.

Sometimes in order to save money, plans and specifications are not followed. This is a foolish policy because the plans and the specifications when once agreed to, form a contract and if they are not followed the contract is broken. Charges should be agreed to beforehand. The specifications are as important as the drawings—and sometimes more so. Time spent upon them is seldom wasted. They are the means of controlling cost.

TO BE FILLED OUT BY PROSPECTIVE OWNER—The purpose of this blank is to save the owner's time and money. Answer clearly and fully. NO CHARGE for filing this blank unless question No. 12 below is answered "Yes" and fee of \$1.00 is enclosed.

- Have you purchased your lot?.....
- Where located?.....
- Character of ground level.....? gentle slope.....? steep.....? rocky.....? sandy.....? wooded.....?
- Give expected limit cost of house without land.....
- Give cost of land.....
- Check below, the features that you want with a V; those that you insist upon check with an X. Leave blanks where you are undecided.
.....Kitchen.....Open Porch
.....Living Room.....Enclosed Porch
.....Dining Room.....Bathroom
.....Double Owner's Room.....Extra W. C. Compartment
.....Number Extra Double Bedrooms.....Extra Bathroom
.....Number Extra Single Bedrooms.....
.....Dining-Alcove.....Indicate in space above any special features desired
.....State members of family.....
- Check types of exterior design that please you
.....New England farmhouse.....Single floor bungalow
.....Dutch roof.....Steep roof with long lines
.....English cottage.....Slender Colonial proportions
- Check types of Exterior Materials that please you
.....Shingles, stained.....Clapboards
....." weathered.....Brick
....." white.....Stucco
- Check types of Mechanical Equipment required
Cooking by gas.....? coal.....? kerosene.....? electricity.....?
Heating by steam.....? hot water.....? hot air.....?
- If you wish to have sketch plans that meet the above requirements selected for you and held for your approval at the office, enclose fee of \$1.00 with this blank and write yes in space to right.
If you wish several sketch plans mailed to your address "Yes" in this space also.
This preliminary fee will be credited to you when you purchase a set of plans.

REQUEST FOR INFORMATION

Please send Information-Sheet Number 2.....

Name..... Address.....

Town..... State.....

Remarks.....

Address the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Castaway Stuff

(Continued from page 15)

said, stiffly. "We'll need some kind of shelter in case they don't come for us tonight, so I've cleared out a space under the canvas they spread over the properties. There's room enough for both of us and it'll be dry, anyway."

Rena rose and started to run with uncertain steps, then stopped and looked up at him helplessly. Sidney also stopped but refused to meet her eye. She timidly reached out and placed her hand in the nearest one of his. "Forgive me for being so familiar," she said, meekly, "but I'm an awfully poor runner and I don't think I could possibly get there by myself."

So they started to run together, Serviss holding his head with a rigid forward gaze. Rena glanced up at his set expression and suppressed a giggle.

After gaining shelter, Rena sank on a soft pile in the dark and cried out ecstatically. "O-oh, blankets! Now we can keep warm."

"They were used in one of the scenes on the boat," he explained. "I found them in moving this stuff around."

Half an hour had passed before she felt tempted to utter another word. Then the inevitable—"If we could only eat!"

He replied grimly: "I'm sorry I can't provide food for you. Doubtless if I were big and strong and resourceful I could find some way to catch fish out in the sea and then build a fire in this rain to cook them. Not being that kind of man I am unable to do so."

The girl reached over and touched his sleeve. "I'm sorry for what I said. In fact I think you're a wonder to arrange such a snug little hotel for us."

But he went sternly along. "If I were resourceful, I would probably be able to weave a hammock for you out of seaweed or take an axe and cut a bed of boughs. But, of course, as it is, you might just as well be alone—"

Rena's temper needed no further prodding. "Oh, dry up!" she snapped. And that was the last remark made that night.

THE next morning the air was chilly, and Rena shivered as she emerged from their shelter. Her costume was not adapted for anything but the balmy of breezes and was picturesquely abbreviated.

Sidney was arrayed to match but what he lacked in actual clothing was made up for somewhat by the heavy stubble covering his chin. To acquire a sufficiently unkempt appearance he had gone unshaven for two weeks. He began the day with a series of vigorous setting-up exercises calculated to restore the circulation, but Rena hastily dived back into sleeping quarters and emerged with her blanket wrapped snugly about her.

"I did a lot of thinking last night," Rena announced. "I feel very strongly that I'll be justified in suing the Perfectart for a heavy sum."

Sidney suspended operations in the midst of a complicated movement of arms and hips to remark: "Say, that's funny. I was thinking of suing them myself."

"One of the items my lawyers will list," she went on, "will be the mental—well, the mental anguish of being left with a person as antagonistic and disagreeable to me personally as you. That would represent ten thousand dollars by itself. And then I thought of another thing," pursued the girl. "The story will make a newspaper sensation, of course. It's—"

"Hold on!" cried Sidney, suspending everything in the extremity of his alarm. "The papers won't get hold of this. Every member of the company will have to be sworn to secrecy."

"Don't be ridiculous. Can't you see what it means? Why, every person in America will want to see the picture after they've read about this adventure of ours. Do you suppose the publicity department would consent to suppress a story worth hundreds of thousands of dollars in free advertising?"

"Guess you're right," assented Sidney.

"In fact, I've a notion to bo—my claim for damages another twenty-five thousand on the head of it," declared Rena, emphatically. "Here I am suffering, starving, to provide a press story worth a fortune to the company. But there's another thing to be faced. The public will expect—well, they'll expect us to get

married as a result of this."

"The public, then, will be sadly fooled!" laughed Sidney.

"Of course!" said Rena, tartly. "You needn't think for one minute I would tie myself up for life to a Greek god profile and a pair of eyelashes! If I ever do get married I'm going to pick a man with a broken nose and two cauliflower ears. But," more coolly, "we have our public to consider. It would be bad business to disappoint them. So I've thought of a plan."

"Shoot."

"Well, we must draw a deep line in the sand, running right from the water's edge. Then we'll give it out that you never crossed to my side of the line."

"Say, you've got a headpiece," said Sidney, grudgingly. Then he straightened up and unconsciously struck an attitude very familiar to the movie public. "You understand, as a man of honor, I have intended anyway to—offer marriage. I know, of course, you wouldn't think of accepting but it will be—er, incumbent on me to give you the chance."

"Cheer up. A polite but emphatic no will be the answer."

"But why couldn't there be a follow up story in my proposal? And say, we might arrange to have a photographer just happen around and get a couple of good stills of me on the point of entering your studio, say, to offer my hand."

Rena pondered this idea. "No, I don't think I care to have it carried that far."

Sidney was disgusted. "Of course not! In the first place, it's my idea, in the second place, you wouldn't be in the picture."

But the girl's mind had jumped to a much more pressing matter. She suddenly tossed her blanket aside and sprang up excitedly. "Here we are starving and I'm sure there's food to be had. There must have been lots left from lunch yesterday, and in their rush to get away they wouldn't have bothered to take the scraps."

Without a word Sidney dashed at the pile of properties and in a few minutes had located a large zinc container into which he distinctly remembered tossing a half-finished ham sandwich the day before. Going down on his knees, he began a hurried search, and emerged with a shout of triumph. "All here!" he cried. "Ham and cheese sandwiches untouched! Six! Grand crusts of bread! Glorious bits of sausages! Lots of divine stale cake!"

"Get it all out first," advised Rena. "Then we'll take stock and see how much we can have for each meal. This food will probably have to do us until Tuesday."

"Two reasonably slim meals a day," announced Sidney, after a survey. "Our first banquet will consist of one fresh sandwich apiece and a few scraps of dry bread. For what we are about to receive Lord make us truly thankful. Go!"

They fell to, and had devoured the first ration in a very few minutes. Sidney then drew a case containing several cigarettes from his pocket and, after some searching, found three matches.

"Suppose I can afford to waste one of these precious matches on a smoke," he mumbled, cigarette in mouth. "You don't smoke, do you? That's one thing I've always liked about you."

"Well, that's nice—to think there is something about me you can approve." Then, after a pause: "There's something about you I've always wanted to know. Is Sidney Serviss your real name?"

"Partly, the Serviss part of it is my own but I wasn't christened Sidney."

"What is your Christian name then, if I may ask?"

He grinned broadly. "Bill," he said. Rena cried out approvingly. "Oh, I like that. You know, a man as good-looking as you needs a real plain name as an offset. Now Sidney—"

"Is too easily corrupted into nicknames like Sissy," he supplied. "Don't blame me. The press agent wished Sidney on me."

"Was he also responsible for the stories of your early life? You see, I've read the stories printed about you."

"I'm flattered. Especially as there's nothing to any of them. My father's a judge back in Indiana. Mother's dead. I went to college and did a little acting there and then took it up as a career."

"Now tell me honestly," said Rena, "what does your [Turn to page 63]



Be on your guard for signs of Pyorrhea

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Just as the stability of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so healthy teeth depend upon healthy gums.

Bleeding gums are the first sign of Pyorrhea's approach. Then they begin to recede and the healthy pink color gives place to a pale, whitish tint. Soon the teeth are loosened, pus pockets form and drain their poisons through the system, often causing indigestion, rheumatism, neuritis and many of the other diseases of mid-life.

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Forhan's For the Gums is a most effective agent in the fight against this insidious disease. It contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent (as used by the dental profession) to neutralize oral poisons, and keep the gums in a firm, strong, healthy condition. Also, it cleans and whitens the teeth and keeps the mouth sweet, clean and wholesome. Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start using Forhan's once a day.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

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FOR THE GUMS

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Just as the stability of a building is dependent upon a firm foundation, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums



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KNOX Sparkling Gelatine with its many table and other important uses, is also invaluable in giving appetite attraction to otherwise tire-some diets.

Not only does it make the plainest foods delicious but it actually aids their digestion, as your physician will tell you.

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In Diabetes, Nephritis, high blood pressure, gastritis and other stomach disorders, for fevers and wasting diseases, for convalescents and undernourished children, Knox Sparkling Gelatine has been found most important and unusually beneficial.

It was discovered (through our scientific tests at the Mellon Institute, Pittsburgh), that one level table-spoonful of pure, unflavored, unsweetened gelatine dissolved and added to a quart of milk, increases the available nourishment by about 23%. This is benefitting thousands of babies, undernourished children and adults every day. Ask your physician about this.

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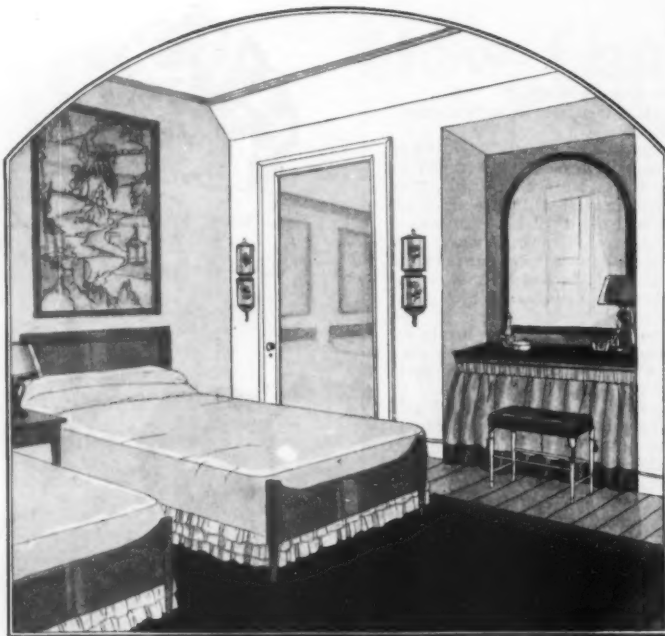
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Write for the book "The Health Value of Gelatine" which has important information on the health of infants, children and grown-ups. Sent Free with other interesting books for your grocer's name.

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108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring.



The Little Room Under The Eaves

BY LURELLE GUILD

TUCKED away under the eaves there can be a charming bedroom.

Where the roof drops low, you can have a most modern clothes-closet. Use drawers from a discarded bureau for hats and small wearing apparel; a rod above for coat-hangers makes a chifforobe, compact enough for the most fastidious house-keeper; on the inside of the door put two triangular-shaped racks for shoes—this keeps them off the floor and away from dust and dirt.

The bed in the room pictured above, has had its headboard cut down in an attractive design to act as the footboard; the bed was painted a soft apple-green and covered with a spread of dotted swiss finished smartly with three tiers of ruffles.

Two pieces of wallpaper or chintz are attached to the wall above the beds by narrow strips of molding painted green. The same material is used for the lampshade on the small table between the beds.

A discarded mirror has been set into the molding of the door. A smaller mirror hangs in the alcove above the dressing-table which has been made by placing a flounce of cretonne around a medium-sized table. The idea of black oilcloth under a sheet of glass for the top comes



from an exclusive shop. A bench-seat before the dressing-table may be painted or upholstered, just as you desire.

Small boxes, enameled or appliquéd with chintz are serviceable for pins and knickknacks. An old oil-lamp that has been wired, may be enameled to suit the color scheme of your room.

The top of a small table may be cut through the center and hinged on either end to make a dressing-table. The inside can be lined or painted with a soft, harmonious color.

A small mirror appears larger and fills an empty wall space if hung on a piece of chintz or brocade as a background. The material may be tacked flat or in pleats against the wall.

A small figuring, wired, makes an unusual lamp. Nicely shaped bottles, enameled, are attractive on a dressing-table.

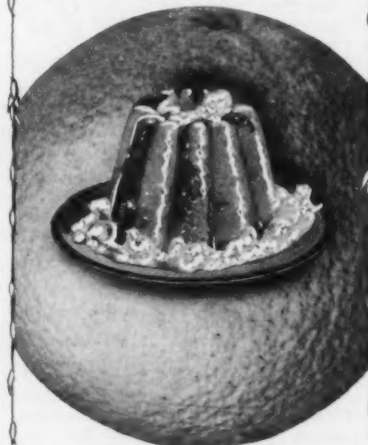
Two old chairs form the basis of a charming window-seat. The front of the seats are placed together so that the backs form the arms. A thin piece of board is nailed across the seats and a cushion fitted to it. This may be used as a day-bed.

The vogue for upper and lower curtains that work independently of each other adds a note of real distinction.



Giving Variety to the Orange

NO FRUIT offers more in health and enjoyment than the orange. But even the healthful qualities of this and all other fruits (fresh or canned) are increased when combined in a variety of ways with Knox Sparkling Gelatine, a pure product without fruit extracts or artificial coloring.



Orange Charlotte (6 Servings)

A surprising recipe from the land of the Orange Groves.

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine Salt
1/2 cup cold water 2 tablespoons lemon juice
1/2 cup boiling water Whites of three eggs
1 cup orange juice and pulp 1 cup sugar
Lady fingers or stale cake

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly and add orange juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat, using a wire whisk, until light; then add salt, whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold lined with lady fingers. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

Write for the Knox recipe books which are a real education in the preparation of dainty original dishes. Beginners find them invaluable. Experienced housewives find many new suggestions. Free for your grocer's name.

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Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring.





Improves any meal

A cup of this savory bouillon... pleases the most fastidious palate

By Mrs. Jane Starr Grant

DINNER, luncheon, or an afternoon snack after bridge—these are all opportunities to introduce tempting variety into your menu by serving appetizing STEERO bouillon.

STEERO bouillon, made from the handy little STEERO bouillon cube, has a wonderful piquant flavor that appeals to every palate. It is delicate, dainty, delicious. Just the thing to precede a generous dinner. Just the thing to serve with salads or sandwiches.

There are hundreds of thousands of families where STEERO bouillon is one of the favorite items on the menu. Send in the coupon. Let me send you a free trial package of two of these exquisitely flavored cubes, made from choice beef, fresh vegetables and spices, according to the formula of expert chefs.

You will find STEERO bouillon cubes a great time- and money-saver. Just drop a cube into a cup, add boiling water, and delicious, stimulating bouillon is ready to serve. No cooking. No soiled utensils. The cost is but a fraction of what you pay to prepare ordinary soup or bouillon.

free—STEERO bouillon cubes. I want you to try STEERO bouillon cubes. I want you to taste the delicious bouillon they make. I want to send you a sample package of two cubes. Mail me the coupon and I will see that you get the free sample.



Mrs. Jane Starr Grant
American Kitchen Products Co.
Dept. 6-BA, 281 Water St., New York City

☐ Send me the free sample package of two STEERO bouillon cubes.

☐ Sixty-four-page Cook Book (enclosed 10c).

Name.....

Address.....

Castaway Stuff

(Continued from page 61)

father think of me?"

Sidney grinned. "The old idiot! He thinks you're the cutest thing that ever lived."

"But, of course, he doesn't know the truth about me."

"Yes, by heck, he does! I've written him about you."

The girl glanced up quickly. Then she dropped her eyes again. "What have you told him?"

"Well, if you must know the awful truth, I've told him you're stuck up, and hard to handle, and mean as poison on the lot, and that you always try to hog the best scenes. But the governor's kind of a romantic old cuss and he thinks I ought—"

"You ought—" prompted Rena.

"Oh, shucks, I might as well give it all away. He's always had the idea we were bound to be married some day. Wired congratulations the last time the story got into the papers that we were engaged. I sent back a prompt denial, of course."

"I'd really like to know what you said."

"Probably just what you were saying to everyone at the time. I wired the old boy, 'Do you think I'm crazy?'"

"I remember quite distinctly," said Rena, ruminating, "that in denying the rumor to the reporters you said—I admire Miss Romany as an artist but there is nothing between us."

"And you said, 'There can never be anything between us.' But, to spare your blushes, let's switch to something else, your real name, for instance."

"The Rena part of it is mine but not the last name. The press agent picked out Romany for me."

"What name did you start with, then?"

Rena replied with some hesitation: "My real name is Rena Murphy."

Can you stand anything more? My mother is a widow, living in a town near Cleveland and she supported us by cooking in a restaurant. There were a number of us little Murphys but now I've only one brother left. He's got a face like the map of Ireland. And," with sudden vehemence, "I love him! I love every freckle on his funny little nose! And I love mother too and I'm proud of her. And next year they're going to move out here and live with me. Is there anything else you would like to know about us?"

"Why, yes," he said. "I'd like to know what your mother thinks of me."

"She hates you! I've written her all about you. How you dislike me and try to get all the fat in the pictures and how conceited you are. And she says she prefers little Mickey's face to yours."

Sidney chuckled. "I say, that's the right spirit. It's much more natural than the softness of my governor over you."

An hour later they were busily at work. Sidney showed no regard for the sacredness of company property in following out his architectural plans. He seized a marlinspike and drove it through two canvas screens, painted to represent log barricades. Tilted top to top and securely skewered together, they formed the basis for a tent-like structure. The sides were reinforced with boards. Sidney had found an axe and with this he calmly proceeded to smash up everything that offered material of the right proportions. A supporting wall of kegs was then assembled at the back and canvas sheets were draped over the whole.

"Not pretentious exactly but watertight," he announced, as he stood back to view it with pride.

His own hut was soon finished, a retreat of modest dimensions conjured out of a packing case, barrels, odds and ends. "There!" he exclaimed, surveying the result with satisfaction. "We're not doing so badly. You will observe that I have arranged the fire exactly on the dividing line, a measure of defense on my part. If I built it on my side people would say I hogged it. If it was on your side, they'd think I'd made you tend it."

Rena looked at him quizzically. "About this business of the dividing line," she said. "Would you prefer if we actually did keep to our own sides?"

"Not as far as I'm concerned. You aren't hankering for solitude, are you? I may be poisonous company but I'm better than none."

"About the only thing the publicity de-

partment claimed for you so far is a sense of humor and here I find you're just full of it," she said.

"The trouble with Bud Fuller is, that he hasn't any of his own," elucidated Sidney. "He can't have or he wouldn't send out some of those fool stories."

"As for instance?" she asked.

"Oh, well," he said, in an off-hand way, "there was that ridiculous rumor he got into the papers after your return from England that the Prince of Wales was in love with you. I suppose the prince talked a minute or two with you."

"Thirty-seven minutes," corrected Rena, with rising color. "However, I concede your point. There was also that article he got into *Silversheet* with your name signed to it, giving your ideas as to how each emotion should be expressed on the screen. All Hollywood laughed at it."

Sidney flushed a deep scarlet. "I wrote that article myself," he declared. "And it gave my ideas exactly on the registering of emotion. A lot of very careful study of the—the histrionics of expression went into it, and all my own experience on the screen as well. It's been used as a text book by at least one correspondence college of screen acting, the Make-Yourself-A-World-Idol Co. of Bibbsville, Iowa."

"Heavens!" cried Rena. "Now we'll be having a plague of graduates coming out here to do something bigger and better *a la* Sidney Serviss!"

"And what's more," said Sidney, hotly, "I believe you knew I wrote that article myself when you said that!"

"Yes," acknowledged Rena. "I did. You hadn't any business to slam me about that prince story even if there wasn't much—truth in it. And the prince *did* talk to me for thirty-seven minutes."

Sidney, in silence, sat down on his side of the line and for half an hour gazed sulkily out to sea. Several times he glanced cautiously at Rena. He detected her watching him with a curiously intent look which was not suggestive either of amusement or unfriendliness.

Then Rena went into her hut and did not emerge until the time came for the second, and last, meal of the day. He arranged it carefully on the sand, and exactly on the boundary line.

"Dinner is served, Miladi," he called. Rena glanced at the share he had placed for her and voiced an immediate protest. "You've given me some of your own," she said. "I have—let me see—half a sausage and at least three crusts of bread more than you have."

"But look here—" Sidney began.

"No, an even share."

He flushed and kept his gaze averted from her. "That's just like a girl. Unreasonable in everything!"

"Unreasonable!" cried Rena in surprise. "What do you mean?"

Sidney squared around and looked at her. She saw much to her astonishment that he was really angry. "Well, first you say I'm not the kind of man that can look after a girl on an island like this," he declared, gulping. "Then when I want to do a little thing to sort of make it easier for you, you refuse. It's unfair and unreasonable—and unfair—"

Rena did not say anything further but quietly helped herself to the food. When they were eaten she leaned across the boundary and touched him on the arm. "Thanks, Bill," she said.

LONG after she had gone, Sidney sat by the smouldering fire. The last of his cigarettes burnt his fingers and still he sat. He got up to replenish the fire. He heard a stir in Rena's quarters, a sharp exclamation of fear, the sound of hurried movement. The girl appeared in the entrance and, seeing him standing near the fire, gave another cry of alarm. Turning sharply, she ran across the sand to his shelter and plunged hurriedly within. Following closely, he found her huddled in the far corner.

"It's me—Bill," he said. "What's the matter? Have a nightmare?"

With a little cry of relief, she threw herself into his arms. "Oh, Bill," she gasped at last. "I'm—I'm scared!"

Sidney's senses were in a whirl. The transition in their relationship from enmity to accord had

[Turn to page 65]

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To two cups cranberry sauce add yolks of two eggs, one level teaspoonful flour thoroughly mixed. Simmer together three minutes. Stir in one level tablespoonful butter, half teaspoonful vanilla. Cool, turn into piecrust shell previously baked. Cover with meringue, place in medium oven to set and brown meringue.

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THIRD IN A SERIES ON THE ETIQUETTE OF BEAUTY



The first requisite of smartness is beautiful neatness—"grooming," really



FINE clothes do not make fine people! Beautiful clothes are always an adornment but the most beautiful clothes ever made, if inappropriate to occasion or combined with the wrong accessories or worn flauntingly, awkwardly, or worst of all dirtily, become objects of actual abhorrence. A country coat, a sweater suit, or any plain garment made for service, can look well—even smart—when it is so old that it is going threadbare; but an elaborate evening or afternoon dress that is not freshly new looking and accompanied by appurtenances equally immaculate, is unsightly; and if it is soiled or stained it is revolting.

The first requisite of smartness is beautiful neatness—"grooming" really, much the same sort of grooming as that which changes a rough-coated colt into the satin sleek animal that carries off the blue ribbons in horse shows. But "grooming" does not consist in a brilliant head, red-glass nails and a shower of pungent perfume! Perfect grooming begins early in the morning—every morning—is continued periodically throughout the day and ends when one goes to bed at night.

Item the first: Five minutes minimum to about twenty minutes maximum of setting-up exercises near an open window. (No one can carry clothes "smartly" on flabby muscles.)

Item two: A thorough scrubbing with soap and water, much soap and plenty of water. Beauty lotions can not possibly be potent unless applied to a thoroughly clean skin.

Item three: Every beautifully "smart" woman covers her beautifully clean skin with clean underthings; they may be of cotton or linen or silk—or rubber if she likes! The material is of no matter. But that every thing she puts on shall be freshly sweet and odorless is the essential requirement. Clean stockings every time she dresses and well-treed and well-brushed shoes. Hair beautifully brushed. Next, a spotlessly tidy dress, carefully put on.

Item four, five, six and so on would include; healthful food, outdoor exercise, washing and brushing and dressing, washing and brushing, more exercises and bed. The result is bound to be trigness. And trigness is smartness.

One couldn't look tubbed and neat and smoothly groomed and well set-up, and evade looking smart—unless one had really horrible taste and no sense of fitness.

Horrible taste declares itself in exaggeration and inappropriateness. For instance, still-heeled sandals, an ankle bracelet, huge imitation jewels, complete sleevelessness and skirts to the knee, would be

To Be Fastidiously Correct You Must Be Exquisitely Dainty

BY EMILY POST

Author of Etiquette, The Blue Book of Social Usage



the height of bad taste on young "business women" during office hours.

If a young girl has a fancy for ankle bracelets, there is no reason why she should not wear them or any other outlandish adornments, in the privacy of her own home—but not in public and very certainly not in an office.

I want to emphasize what I said about the word "clean" by calling it a "delicious" skin. I don't mean a perfumed skin. I mean a skin that is

so fresh-petal clean and sweet that the faintest touch of orris or soap clings to it for hours. Such a skin, once upon a time, was not attainable for everyone no matter how much soap and water was used. But modern physicians and chemists offer the priceless boon of a delicious skin to every one who is willing to take the trouble to have it. The unfortunate side of this subject is that those who really need deodorant remedies most, are usually the very ones most unconscious of their need.

It is a frightfully difficult thing to tell any woman that she is unpleasant—especially as such unpleasantness is believed by most people to be an evidence of dirt. This is of course often the case; but not always by any

means. There are certain body-odors that belong to the glandular peculiarities of certain people, just as a "doggy" smell belongs to a dog. A newly-washed dog becomes clean-smelling for just a little while and then he is "doggy" again. Personally, like Gulliver, I don't mind dogginess or horsiness—but that "motor exhaust" odor that emanates from occasional women (to their own amazing noselessness) is if anything more nauseating than that produced by their only rival, the little brown animal with white stripes.

In writing this I cannot in any event be personal or know to [Turn to page 66]



In these modern days it takes more than Spartan courage not to luxuriate in bathing all day!



The result is bound to be trigness—and trigness is smartness

Everything you put on, should be sweetly fresh and clean.

Castaway Stuff

[Continued from page 63]

been so sudden and so recent that he had barely had time to grasp it or to determine just how far it had gone. Now, with her head buried in his shoulder and the softness and fragrance of her as she lay trembling in his arms, he became aware that the change in his own feelings toward her had not stopped at mere liking.

"There's nothing to be frightened of," he said, tenderly. "But say—don't move until you feel entirely all right again."

Rena straightened up at once in an attitude of strained attention. "There was someone behind my hut," she whispered. "I dreamed that the picture was true and that the pirates were real and were trying to kill us. I awakened up and heard footsteps—heavy footsteps. Then I ran out."

He took possession of her hands and laughed reassuringly. "All imagination," he declared. "There couldn't be anyone on the island but us. Just to show there's no reason to be alarmed, I'm going to have a look around."

Rena seized his arm with nervous fingers. "No, no!" she pleaded. "They're sure to be armed. You might be killed."

"But if there's someone there, it's better for us to get out in the open," reasoned Sidney. "We're trapped in here. Besides I've got to lay this ghost or you won't have any peace of mind all night."

"Then I'll go with you," she affirmed, in a determined whisper. The sky was clearing and there was occasional moonlight. The place seemed deserted.

"What did I tell you?" said Sidney, speaking aloud for the first time. "We've got the whole island all to ourselves."

Suddenly, however, he laughed and drawing his companion closer to him, pointed into the shade.

"There!" he exclaimed. "There's your pirate! A loose piece of canvas striking against one of the barrels when the wind raises it. Now you can go back to dream-land." He paused and gave her a quizzical look. "Are you still frightened?"

"No. Oh, no," replied Rena, firmly. She took a few steps toward her own shelter and then stopped. "Yes, I am. I suppose it's childish but I'm frightened still. I—I can't stay there alone."

"I don't suppose it would do any good for us to swap hits?"

"N-no. Let's sit by the fire and talk."

So he replenished the blaze and they squatted down before it again. Neither of them has since been able to explain just how it was that it happened. But suddenly his arms were about her and her head was lying on his shoulder and a perfect understanding had been established between them that all the words in the dictionary could not have accomplished. It was Sidney who first broke the silence and, although under most circumstances he was rather glib, all that he could say now was, "Rena—Rena—Rena!" And the girl was quite content to reply in one word, "Bill!" She sighed contentedly.

The chronicler is rather seriously handicapped in recounting what followed, for the moon had gone completely into retirement and they sat so closely together that the dancing flames of the fire cast only one shadow behind them. It is not possible, therefore, to tell the story with the wealth of detail that is generally deemed essential to a love scene. This is unfortunate. They were both justly celebrated for their emotional intensity in the final fade-out and there is every reason to suppose, therefore, that their love making was quite perfect. All that can be recorded is the conversation which ran as follows:

"First of all, Bill, I haven't always hated you as much as I made out. I knew down in my heart that I liked you—well, quite a good deal. I thought if we ever had a chance to know each other away from the lot, we might find we were intended to be pretty good friends. So, when I saw them getting ready to leave, and I knew you weren't on hand, it occurred to me that here was the chance to try it out—"

"You mean that you knew the boat was going and stayed behind on purpose? You're the greatest actress in the world, Rena. I've always known that but I've never acknowledged it before."

"When I was hateful, it was because I knew that you despised me—Bill."

"But I didn't. I liked you right from the very start. Only you seemed so up-stage and you got so that you hated the very ground I walked on—or at least it looked that way."

"Wait, Bill, till you hear the rest of my confession. I'm afraid you'll think I'm pretty brazen but I want you to know everything. I knew it was the canvas making that noise! We'd gotten on so well and just reached the point where you were willing to be friendly and we have such a little while longer on the island and I thought perhaps a—a kind of a crisis might—bring results."

"Rena, you little fraud! And I was enjoying acting as protector to you. I've got a confession to make myself! You didn't need to invent your pirate after all. What do you suppose I was doing all the time I sat here alone tonight? Thinking out a way to propose to you."

"And you're sure you don't mind marrying the daughter of the widow Murphy? But what I wanted to say was that mother didn't dislike you until she saw by my letters—how things were."

"I'm afraid it's going to be difficult for me to get the broken nose and cauliflower ears that you demand."

"I didn't mean that. Oh, I didn't! I'll be broken-hearted if anything ever happens to that wonderful profile of yours!"

TUESDAY morning broke clear and bright and by nine o'clock all members of the "Robinson and Mrs. Crusoe" company were assembled at the dock—all, that is, but the two most important.

"Miss Romany's late again," Harkaway snapped irritably. "Has anyone seen her?" No one had. Then he missed Sidney Serviss. No one had seen him either.

"Get them both on the 'phone, Simmons," ordered Harkaway. "Give them fifteen, no, ten minutes to get here!" The telephoning elicited rather disturbing information. No one knew where Rena had spent the week-end and her friends were getting worried. The same situation developed with reference to Sidney Serviss. Then Harkaway began to think back.

"Say, did anyone see them getting off the boat Saturday?" he demanded, excitedly. "For that matter, did anyone see them getting on?"

A realization of the truth dawned. Harkaway paced up and down the dock and rumbled his hair frantically.

"Gosh, what a misfortune!" he groaned. "Here I have the greatest picture in the history of the screen art under way—my masterpiece—and this has to happen."

Conover, the company's treasurer, spoke up sharply. "There's only one thing worth consideration now. And that's the welfare of this young couple. Why, they may be in quite serious condition as a result of this. Do you realize that they haven't had food or shelter for three days? We must take a doctor and trained nurses along."

Then a new voice broke in, Bud Fuller, the publicity man of Perfectart elbowed his way to the front. "Dry those tears, Mr. Harkaway," he said. "You can thank your lucky stars the ever watchful press agent happens to be on the job this morning. I'll have at least two columns on this story in every newspaper in America! Just give me five minutes to send a flash out on the wires that two of the greatest stars of the film have been missing since Saturday and that it's believed they were left alone on an island in the Pacific. Then twenty minutes to get reporters down here. They've got to be on hand for the rescue scene, of course. Then we can leave the rest to them. Man, this is going to be a regular ring-tailed wonder, the best publicity stunt of the ages!"

"Nonsense!" said Conover. "We'll not hold this boat one second longer than is necessary." But if anyone heard him, they paid no attention. Harkaway, Simmons and Fuller had all dashed to telephones to invoke the mighty power of the press. It was Conover himself who procured a doctor and trained nurse and who provided stretchers and medical supplies.

No one who went on that much advertised cruise will ever forget the excitement that prevailed nor the exultation that swept over the boat when they drew within

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Illustrated by F. Rogers

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Sylvia Surprises Herself!

By MARION BRYANT

No **LETTER** today, either. Sylvia tried to stifle tears. She dreaded what this silence meant about her and Dick. The city pulling him from her . . . girls making him forget even to compare them with her. When he came back—saw her—felt sorry for her—she couldn't stand that!

She locked herself in her room to face things. "Clothes aren't everything, but they'd help!" Would they? That georgette she had ruined, trying to make it do another season. She thought of the shops, but prices there lifted the few choice dresses way out of reach. "If only I could make things myself—make them right—" She remembered a magazine article. Wondered. Wondered on a paper.

Things began happening to Sylvia Lane. Letters! Books! Packages! It seemed the mail carrier always had something for Sylvia. She fairly haunted the stores—looking long at some new dress of dreams in a window, then finding at the counters inside—often among the remnants—a lovely length of this, a bit of that for trimming, a dainty ornament. A few dollars and she had a treasure load she carried gaily home. Out of her own closets, too, she tumbled dresses of other days and fashioned them into newness with a bit of orange or blue or rose.

If you could have peeped in on Sylvia those days you would have found her working magic with her fingers; singing as she worked. Underthings soon fitting about her as lightly and silkily as a breath. Sleek in-between things. A negligee lazy and luxurious . . . all this intimate perfection before the first sign of a frock. Then the frocks!

The way materials took shape and shook themselves into a soft-funnel affair with only its stripes for trimming . . . or a trim street repsephen with tiny jade buttons marching right up the hip . . . or a fluttery chiffon that retained every whiff of its fairy-like beauty . . . or any other frock Sylvia thought she might like, and did like amazingly—the way all this happened was something to marvel at.

It seemed most magical still to Sylvia, for she was just the usual sort of girl. Without much money for clothes. With no particular talent for making them. Just wanting nice things and not knowing how to get them until she saw that magazine article.

When Dick came—well, you can guess the meeting. Sylvia was in her city-most frock to startle him, and her piquant charm quite took his breath. She didn't tell him where she had learned how just those lines give the sylphan slimmness, and just those color-tones make heaven of her eyes.

Yet when she appeared in a different frock for almost every occasion; each one, somehow, exactly Sylvia's frock—right for her slenderness, her coloring, the curve of her throat—he asked "how," quite carelessly, then with more and more concern. A city salary, he started thinking, to a girl of bewildering clothes—

She guessed his thoughts—"It didn't take

a lot of money," she explained. "It's just that I've learned how to make a little money do so much. You see I used to save and save for just one really nice dress. And now for the cost of that one I can have three pretty frocks and even other things besides if I choose and buy carefully. And it's such fun, Dick, when you know how to plan and make the things you want. The Woman's Institute taught me everything, right here at home."

"You know I never could sew but a little. I thought it was hard. Now I know it was just because I never got started right—never learned the right way, and that means the easiest way to go at it. But the Institute makes sewing as delightful as reading a joyous book. They taught me how to make everything from the simplest garment to the loveliest. Wait until you see the gorgeous dress I'm making for the club dance and . . ."

"Sylvia," Dick broke in, "you're too lovely to leave. I'd never rest a minute. You're going back with me!"

Thousands of women and girls have learned the secret that meant so much to Sylvia. It is fun to make your own clothes when you can wish for a dress, and almost before you know it—have it. When you can need something for some occasion, and without any problem at all—wear it.

The Woman's Institute helps you study yourself, your type, your temperament . . . then helps you make frocks appropriate to the mode and to yourself, in surprisingly little time, with surprisingly great ease, at just about a third the usual cost. You can earn considerable money, too, if you want to have a shop or just make things at home.

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The Woman's Institute is located in Scranton, Penna., but it has students in every section of the United States and throughout the world. There are 13,700 students in California alone, 7700 in Texas, 14,200 in Ohio, 25,000 in the New England states, and 17,800 in Canada. Right in your own community there are women and girls who have solved their clothes problem and found more happiness than they ever dreamed possible through the help of the Woman's Institute.

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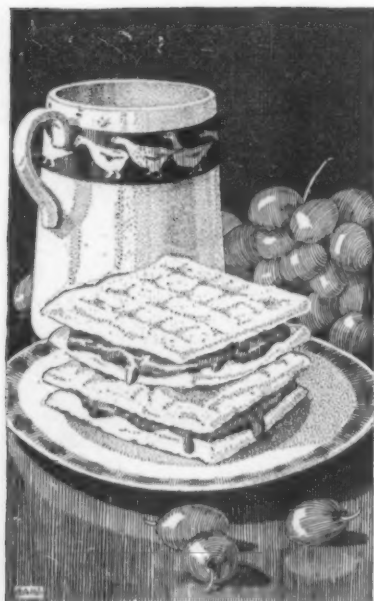
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To Be Fastidiously Correct, You Must Be Exquisitely Dainty

(Continued from page 64)

whom I may be speaking; therefore, dear friend, whoever you may be—if some one who loves you tells you that you are in need of any one of the deodorants—don't just in hurt feelings and anger thrust your well-meaning friend aside but take her advice and overcome the failing. Fortunately the remedies are infallible—especially when thorough bathing is persisted in. Hot water with a pinch of soda in it and plenty of soap. And remember that the soap must be thoroughly rinsed off. Hair should be shampooed every ten days. A foot-sponge should be taken, by those who perspire, twice a day. Thorough tooth-brushing finished with a good mouth wash is essential for everyone after getting up and before going to bed. For extreme cases the patient should seek the advice of a physician.

Of course, in discussing this question of cleanliness, it must be remembered that fifty years ago the old tin tub in a damp cold room made bathing a matter of Spartan courage. But today with inviting pale green waters in a deep porcelain tub in a white-enamelled summer-warm bathroom, with a row of enticingly delectable bottles and boxes and jars with every variety of aromatic deliciousness, and with brushes and sponges and wash clothes, bath-soaps and face-soaps and a dozen sweet smelling unguents and extracts—it takes more than Spartan courage not to turn Roman and luxuriate in bathing all day!

Bath-salts, soaps and such delicate sachets and perfumes as are composed chiefly of orris, are not only delicious but suggest the essence of cleanliness because such faint and evanescent odors are perceptible only on a flower-fresh skin. The odors avoided by all people of sensitive refinement are the heavy Eastern sandalwoods and musks which suggest smell-eradicators and are actually allied to the deodorant pastiles burnt in sick rooms!

It is these stifling smell-disguising odors which are responsible for the mid-Victorian ban against the use of scent by persons of refinement. But no one ever associated the odor of orris, fresh violets, tea roses or heliotrope with anything that is not summer-garden fresh. Lilies, tuberose, gardenias, lilacs are distasteful—even sickening to certain persons, and those who like these extracts should anoint themselves sparingly in public.

The Eastern scents—endless in variety—might be classified as good or bad according to their evanescence. Any perfume which penetrates and persistently clings to everything it touches, not only suggests bad odor camouflaged but has, also, an inevitable staleness from successive unevaporated applications, that is mustily repugnant to keen nostrils. There are, however, all sorts of exotic perfumes which melt out entirely after a short while, and can therefore be classed as

clean perfume—and delicious if you like their odor. To exude a

blast of scent that leaves a trail wherever one goes is the height of vulgarity. The charm of perfume is dependent on the elusiveness of its fragrance.

Staleness, by the way, is something that those who live in small quarters—especially those who are much in an atmosphere permeated with tobacco-smoke or cooking, must be at special pains to overcome. If there is any possibility that a dress has absorbed an odor of any sort, it should be thoroughly aired in front of an open window. Clothes that have been exercised in should be aired for hours—and if necessary, sponged off on the inside. As a matter of fact, exercise should be taken only in tub garments. A dress that has any likelihood of an odor clinging to it should never be shut into a closet. Shoes that have been walked in should be aired and then tread.

The same dress or shoes should never be worn two days in succession. If you have only two dresses, wear them alternately—if you have three or four then wear them in rotation. They will last and stay fresh much longer if they are allowed periods of "recovery" between wearing. Pressing is less necessary than supposed. If you hang a dress over steam in the bathroom for an hour or so and then hang it in the air for a day or a night, it will press itself much better and with less injury to the material than ironing it.

If silk stockings are rinsed the moment they are taken off, they will wear longer than if washed less often.

The woman who has a limited income and no one but herself to look after her clothes should choose materials that clean and stay "in press" easily. As I have already said, woolens, crêpes de Chine and maroquins—chiffons and charmeuses—in fact most materials press themselves beautifully if hung in a bathroom over a tub filled with a few inches of hot water.

Dresses that have organdy collars can be made instantly crisp and clean-looking by putting on a clean collar—assuming of course that the dress is spotless and odorless.

No one can look beautifully appointed who is not beautifully clean, both in person and surroundings, one cannot emerge from a musty, dirty home or put fine raiment on top of unwashed skin or underthings and expect to look smart or to exert the least charm. One might look effective in the distance but upon close approach those keen of scent will detect a waft of tell-tale fetidness than which nothing is more loathsome. On the other hand, the simplest, most unpretending clothes, clean and well-aired, on a thoroughly well-groomed body, can not possibly produce anything less than a dainty and therefore delectable personality.

Castaway Stuff

(Continued from page 65)

eyesight of the island and espied two figures on the shore.

"There they are!" cried Harkaway. "Safe and sound. The future of American pictures is assured again. Birney, for heaven's sakes, get this!"

"Cripes!" said Ed. Birney, disgustedly. "I've been working the old crank for the past five minutes. Give me credit for that much sense." And to give him credit, he never let up until the whole story was packed away in celluloid. It was apparent from the first that Conover's thoughtfulness, after all, had not been necessary. The marooned couple gave every evidence of activity and health. They skipped about the beach and waved excitedly.

"Be sure and get this, Ed," cautioned Harkaway, as they launched the first row boat. "I'm going to jump out before we beach and wade in to them. And I think—yes, I'll take Rena in my arms and kiss her. That'll make an effective bit, I think."

"I'll get it, never fear," muttered Birney.

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The Angel Standing in the Sun

[Continued from page 16]

as they may, the growth of the United States, from Plymouth Rock onward to the close of the World War, would be what the French call a conclusive exhibit. The older and sadder nations of Europe and Asia have not always had our advantages. The slow but sure corrosion of time has eaten into their optimism and confidence. Yet they feel, as do all right minded people, the need of thanksgiving. But the American nation is unique in setting apart one day for the giving of thanks to the Author of all good. This day has no patron saint because it includes every benefactor of humanity. It magnifies no earthly ruler, because the supreme moral Sovereign of the Universe is the sole object of its undivided praise. The President himself is its herald; the various Governors of States echo his official proclamation; the people ratify it by their observance of the day. Public and private benefits, matters purely personal or of nation-wide importance, are blended together as a reason for gratitude. As a matter of fact, the day is the appointed time for home-comings when parents and children, lovers and friends gather together after the Old Testament manner, and keep their feast upon the hearth.

We usually connect Thanksgiving with the gains of agriculture, manufacture and trade. But its genuine importance is heightened by its religious genesis. It began in times of trouble, trial and starvation, when it was not very easy to see "The Angel Standing in the Sun" who mercifully directs its vital rays. It is difficult, unless one knows the American people, to understand why they should commingle grief with gratitude, and severe privations with praise. Yet this is exactly what they have done on Thanksgiving Day because they hold that their Protector safeguards the nation in the sun and eclipse, as well as at its meridian. The day has a nobler meaning because it originated in sorrows sanctified by faith.

Again, the United States is chiefly an agricultural nation drawing its health and vigor from the soil, and on Thanksgiving Day it pays its tribute to Nature as the prolific mother. One sometimes hears

complaints about Thanksgiving orations which dwell upon our abundant harvests, enabling us to feed ourselves and half the world besides. Yet these references are a return to the wise worship of the Old Testament, which shows in Nature's beauty and bounty the robe which God is always weaving for himself. The Psalmists and Prophets delighted in the stretches of growing corn which "laugh and sing." Our Lord Himself emphasised the sower going forth to sow, and following hard on the heels of the ploughman. He taught people to see the beauty of the hills and fields. His parables and metaphors were steeped in the daily round of the husbandman and the householder. To bring into the churches at Thanksgiving the first-fruits of the farm and field is a commendable custom. To gratefully enforce the beneficence they exemplify is a relative obligation. Of course there are times when crops wither, cattle die, and blizzards or droughts blot out the harvests for which men labor. Nature like the stream of human events, is not a perpetual merry-maker. Yet these are nothing more than her turnings in the mighty bed of her rest. Her normal tasks are to fill the oceans to the brim; to isolate the peaks, carve out the river channels, shift the strata, and renew the soil. For one crop she ruins she produces a million; for one human being she starves she feeds ten millions. It is entirely appropriate, as I see it, that we should link Thanksgiving with the wonder, loveliness, the utility of Heaven's bountiful abundance to men through Nature's stewardship.

Every nation makes its contribution to the aggregate of human good or evil. That nation will survive which by force of example, and not of armed strength, shall sustain the ideals which preserve and elevate humanity. In this spirit we hail Thanksgiving Day of 1925. The year which it crowns has been one of marked progress, here, and everywhere. The foes of justice and peace are on the defensive.

We have stable ground for hope, for faith, and for that charity which buds at Christmas-tide, flowers at Easter and brings its welcome fruits to grateful hearts and homes at Thanksgiving.

Making Your Vote Count for Something

[Continued from page 2]

of the Civil War, until the election of Grover Cleveland, there never had been a Democratic president in power. If anyone had told me up to that time that it would be possible to change the government of our country from a Republican form to a Democratic form, and not very nearly blow up the whole works, I would have thought them violently insane. I was just a girl, working like a galley slave to do whatever the Republicans suggested might be done by a woman for the election of James G. Blaine. I knew all about his twenty years in Congress, his brand of statesmanship. I thought him then, as I think him now, one of the greatest political figures this country has ever known. When the awful "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" fiasco occurred in the New York speech which defeated James G. Blaine just at the close of his campaign, my father came home a sick man. He said that one unfortunate phrase in the mouth of a Republican speaker would defeat our candidate, and it did. When it became known the day following the election that what my father had felt would occur really had occurred, we shut ourselves up in our house while the parading Democrats rode up and down the sidewalk, up our front walk, and with long-handled brooms swept our residence from the upper story to the lower. Regardless of flower beds and the lawn, they rode round us, a howling mob. My father had made many speeches: he had always influenced many voters. That day he sat with his head bowed and his heart almost broken; then we waited in fear and trembling to learn what the awful Democrats were going to do. I have not the faintest notion today as to exactly what I expected that they would do. It was to be some big, black, menacing thing that

was to blast the entire country. This may seem extreme now, but it was not at that time. I happened to live in a county that, so far back as my memory extended, never had known a Democratic official. Wabash county always had gone Republican by huge majorities. Later I woke to the dumbfounding realization that for six months the Democrats had been in power, while the blasting menace that was to sweep the entire country, in so far as it affected us, had resolved itself into the best Post Office the city had ever known. I learned to my amazement that we could have a Democratic President and get from the change of administration a better Post Office!

When that realization struck home, it marked the first period at which I quit being gullible and began to think for myself. I realized that it was quite possible that it did not matter who was in the Presidential chair; God would go on reigning in Heaven, and the Government in Washington would continue to survive.

Looking back without prejudice over the history of nations that have been controlled by the votes of the people, one sees that there always have been two opposing parties that have handled the affairs of the government. To be sure, we have always had a train of little parties and movements, the result of a lot of pestle heads too bony to realize that under our constitution the man who received the majority of electoral votes was going to be President; that the chances were ninety-nine out of one hundred that the candidate of one or the other of the two great parties would always hold the high office. Just why such a large per cent of our people have been intensely interested in throwing away their votes, I do not understand.

There is no substitute in woman's beauty for a flawless skin



"And on the liquid mirror glow'd
The clear perfection of
her face."
Tennyson.

THOUGH poets and authors in their praise of woman's beauty describe her luxuriant hair, soulful eyes, classic features or perfect mouth, all these lose their loveliness if her complexion is dull or lifeless.

A clear, satin-like skin creates a daintiness of appearance which heightens beauty of feature and is in itself woman's chief charm. Many women fail to possess this charm because they do not know how to care for the skin.

For proper cleansing, soap should be used once a day—but it must be the right kind. RESINOL SOAP is ideal for every skin and will stand any test of purity. Its particular fragrance as well as its rich color is your guarantee for the healthful Resinol properties it contains.

No heavy perfume is required to conceal inferior quality. Buy a cake

from your druggist or toilet goods dealer, and bathe your face with it tonight. Note how readily it lathers, how gently but thoroughly it cleanses the pores, how easily it rinses, how soft, velvety and refreshed it leaves your skin.

But don't let your treatment be too harsh! Many a woman ruins her beauty at the start by scrubbing her face with a rough cloth and hot water, when she should use lukewarm water and a soft cloth—or better still—her finger tips. The rinsing should be thorough, and the skin dried carefully by patting lightly with a soft towel.

Where blemishes are already present, apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment is also unexcelled for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles, boils, chafings, scratches, etc. Your druggist sells the Resinol products. No home should be without them.

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An ELIZABETH ARDEN Treatment is based on three fundamental steps:

CLEANSING, TONING, NOURISHING

These same three steps should be a part of your daily care of the skin at home, for they supply every need of your skin to keep it clear and firm and smooth.

THE only really effective method of skin treatment—so Elizabeth Arden has found in her years of study and experience—is that which aids and stimulates the natural activities of the tissues. No cream can transform the skin. No cosmetics successfully conceal its blemishes. But scientific care, which helps to keep the skin healthy, will keep it fresh and lovely, too.

Each step of the Elizabeth Arden Treatment is fundamentally sound and effective, because it answers a definite need of the skin. The Cleansing—with pure soft *Venetian Cleansing Cream*—dissolves and dislodges all the dust and impurities which clog the pores. The Toning—with *Ardena Skin Tonic* and *Special Astringent*—awakens brisk circulation through the skin, closes the pores, and lifts and firms the contours. The Nourishing—with *Venetian Orange Skin Food* or the delicate *Velva Cream*—keeps every skin cell full and firm, and so prevents or corrects the wrinkles and lines of impoverishment.

A single Treatment at the Elizabeth Arden Salon will tone and refresh your skin wonderfully. But if you are too far away to make this possible, you can follow the same method in your care of the skin at home. Elizabeth Arden will be happy to answer your inquiry on the correct use of her Preparations or the use of her method to correct your individual skin faults. Elizabeth Arden recommends these Preparations for your Self Treatments each morning and night:

Venetian Cleansing Cream. Dissolves and dislodges all impurities in the pores, leaves the skin soft and receptive. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. Tones, firms and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, \$1, \$3.75, \$4.75.

Venetian Orange Skin Food. Keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles and lines. \$1, \$1.75, \$2.75, \$4.25.

Venetian Velva Cream. A delicate skin food for sensitive skins; nourishes without fattening. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

Venetian Muscle Oil. A rich penetrating oil, restores sunken tissues or flabby muscles. \$1, \$2.50, \$4.

Venetian Special Astringent. Lifts and firms the tissues, tightens the skin. \$2.25, \$4.

Arden Patter. For applying Skin Tonic and Special Astringent more effectively. (Shown in Treatment pictured above.) \$5.

Venetian Pore Cream. Closes open pores, corrects their inactivity, refines the coarsest skin. \$1, \$2.50.

Venetian Amoretta Cream. An exquisite protective cream, gives a soft, smooth, natural bloom to the skin. An excellent powder foundation. \$1, \$2.

Poudre d'Illusion. Exquisite powder, fine, pure. *Illusion* (a peach blend), *Rachel*, *Ocre*, *White*, and a new shade called *Minerva*, \$3.

Write for a copy of "The Quest of The Beautiful," Elizabeth Arden's book describing the correct care of your skin according to her famous method.

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With a Bob— It's The Upkeep That Counts

DIRECTIONS BY VIRGINIA KIRKUS

DON'T think a bob means a lazy life! First and foremost you should have a clip at least once in three weeks, by an expert. No home-clippings. Insist that the neckline be neat but not harsh; and that the back, if cut close, be clipped French fashion a few hairs at a time, never in straight lines.



BOBBED hair tends to be oily, so be very careful in shampooing to soap and rinse thoroughly at least three times, then rinse in gradually cooler water and dry by hand. If you would have lustrous hair, brush twice a day, through to the scalp and up.

IF you must conceal your bob and look truly dignified, use a cover-bob. It's an ingenious double switch held securely in the shortest hair by cleverly contrived combs. A soft chignon covers the telltale neckline, a hair net and a few pins do the rest.



THERE'S lots more that can be told to you of the bobbed head. Send us a two cent stamp (for postage), for suggestions about shampooing, waving and treating short hair. Or if your problems concern long hair, or figure, or hands, send ten cents for "The Little Book of Good Looks." Address: The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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You carry it with you wherever you go. Let a single tablet dissolve in your mouth—that's all. Your breath will breathe the fragrance of Maytime.

Bad breath is a universal offense. The causes are many and hard to avoid.

Certain foods cause it. Smoking is another cause; decaying food in the mouth another, stomach disorders, etc.

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There's a Land That Is Fairer Than Day

[Continued from page 50]

young boys who haven't any folks in Heaven to help him finish the house. He'll be fretting because I haven't come and wanting me to hurry. I hope he has a fireplace that won't smoke. This one always has been such a comfort."

"But it won't make any difference," I said, blundering thoughtlessly again. "It is to be June, and fine weather, and you won't want a fire, but will be outdoors."

She sighed and sat gazing thoughtfully into the flames. "Maybe not," she said, a little wearily. "There are so many things about Heaven I can't figure out. I know everything will be perfect, but I can't just figure out how. It would be something of a disappointment if I couldn't have an open fire to sit by some of the time." She spoke wistfully, but brightened at a new thought. "Maybe it's wicked to ask so much," she said. "But He can fix it so we all can have everything we desire."

The next day I was called to a distant city and returned at the end of a week. I had noticed the slow failing of her strength and as soon as I reached the village I drove up to the old house on the hill. I found her sitting in her big chair by the fire and her smile was welcoming and untroubled. "Dan'l is getting impatient," she said presently. "I reckon the house is done now. He'll be lonely waiting all this time for me to come."

"A thousand years is like a day up there, Aunt Caroline," I reminded her.

"Not for Dan'l with me not there," she snapped quickly. "I don't reckon Dan'l will think it's Heaven at all until I come. He'll be wandering around the field pottering with the plants, or upsetting every drawer in the house. He can't stand it to wait for me much longer."

"We can't stand to be without you either, Aunt Caroline," I said.

"Laws, child, you can't miss me nothing like Dan'l does," she said complacently.

Two days before Christmas the nurse telephoned to me, asking me to come to the house. I found Aunt Caroline sitting propped up among her pillows, a look of amazing happiness transfiguring her face. She seemed not to observe that I had entered the room. "She has been like this for an hour," the nurse whispered. "She has been talking of Heaven as if she has seen it and I'm—I'm scared."

"I wasn't sleeping, child," she said, as I took her almost transparent hand in mine and felt the feeble flutter of the pulse. "I saw it and it is all true, just as Dan'l and I knew it would be. The city is beautiful and bright, and so wonderful it made my old eyes ache. There is the most beautiful country all around the city, with woods and hills and a creek. Dan'l built the house on a little hill with the creek winding around in front of it."

She paused and turned her face toward me, lighted with triumph. "I wanted to see it before I went, child," she continued simply, "so as to let you know it was true. You always acted as if you only half believed. I knew I would see it, because of the old hymn."

"Which one, Aunt Caroline?"

Her tired voice quavered feebly: "There's a land that is fairer than day"

"And by faith I can see it afar."

"By faith," she repeated, "I knew I'd see it, and I saw it just now. Dan'l has a wide porch on the house and a big stone money, and flowers in the yard, and honeysuckle starting on the porch pillars. From the porch you can see the city, the towers of gold shining, and the pearly gates glowing; and Dan'l's waiting."

She closed her eyes and sank back in the pillows. In her wrist I could feel the slow ebbing of life. Suddenly there was a quickening of the pulse, such as often precedes the final flutter of life. She opened her eyes, and seemed to recognize us all, and smiled. "Child," she said to me, "tell Annie to fetch me my best bonnet and shawl from the hall closet. Dan'l does hate to be kept waiting."

The maid brought the bonnet and I folded the India shawl across her shoulders. She smiled at me, and closed her eyes. The pulse in her wrist was weakly. Presently she opened her eyes again and said:

"Coming, Dan'l."

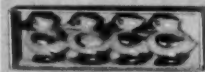
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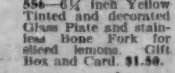
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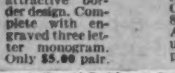
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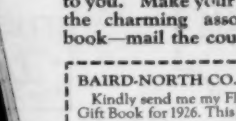
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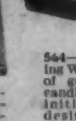
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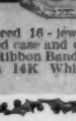
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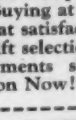
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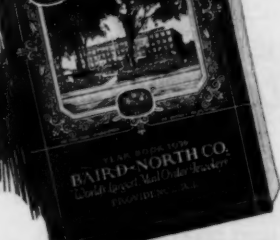


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FABRIC—Knitted of fine soft yarn into durable ribbed cloth, which conforms readily to the body—absorbs moisture and allows the pores to "breathe."

STRAPS—Genuine "E-Z" tubular knitted straps, the only straps for real comfort and satisfactory wear in a knitted suit.

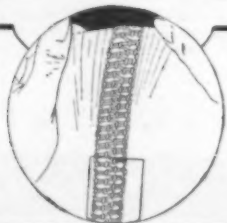
BUTTONS—All of real bone. Garment-supporting buttons all taped on and doubly secured. Won't break in the wringer and can't tear off during play.

BUTTONHOLES—Special "E-Z" reinforced. Will not tear, break or unravel.

GARTER HOLDER—No metal tube to rust or smash in the wringer. A "tube of tape" keeps the garter pin straight and always in perfect position.

PACKING—An attractive individual glassine envelope for each suit. Insures sanitary, spotless cleanliness.

FINISH—Uniformly excellent workmanship throughout. All seams flatlocked, leaving no bulky ridges to irritate tender skins.



"Meet The Boy-Friend!"

*Of Course One Never Means to Say or Do Anything
Awkward When Introducing Friends—But—!*



VERSES BY LOUISE THOMAS

Service Editor, McCall's Magazine



*If you would glitter socially,
Don't say, when guests arrive for tea,
"Miss Jones, shake hands with Mr. Knight,"
Or, "Meet my girl-friend Sally White!"*



*In this picture is a sample
Of a Horrible Example—
But perhaps He does not know
That He should stand until They go.*



*When Fate presents you, at a dance,
To any Possible Romance,
It isn't etiquette to rise—
Just register receptive eyes!*



*Avoid that cheery social blight—
The man who shakes hands at first
sight.
No wonder that his presence daunts
The hearts of little debutantes!*



*If : a must shake hands when you
meet,
Your hand-shake should be short
and sweet—
Not like the person pictured here
Who thinks she's being Vere-de-
Vere.*

TO know the complete *savoir faire* and *savoir dire* of introductions and all good manners, send for our booklet, *A Book of Manners* (new edition). Price ten cents. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

L'Echo de Paris

*Flowing Lines
distinguish
The Evening Mode*



4257

4269
Emb. No. 1296

No. 4257. The lower back of this youthful dance frock swings out in the accepted flare and joins the upper back in a distinctive fashion. Inverted tucks at each side subtly suggest a low waistline in front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4269. A crushed girle cleverly cut in one with the bodice and tied in front is the point of interest on this charming evening frock. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. The wheels of ribbon may be made from Embroidery Design No. 1296.

No. 4262. This evening wrap provides wide sleeves cut kimono fashion and a gathered flounce to intrigue one's fancy. Wide bands of fur provide the trimming and add a luxurious note. Sizes: small, 14 to 16 years; medium, 36 to 38 bust and large, 40 to 42 bust.

No. 4215. A long slender bodice and circular skirt are joined under a ribbon sash which ties in front in this smart model. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Developed in georgette with beaded trimming from Embroidery No. 1465 it would be exceedingly chic.



4262

4215
Emb.
No. 1465

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 86.

Echo de Paris

*Jabots that flutter
and Capes that swing*



4287

4305



4280



4300

4273

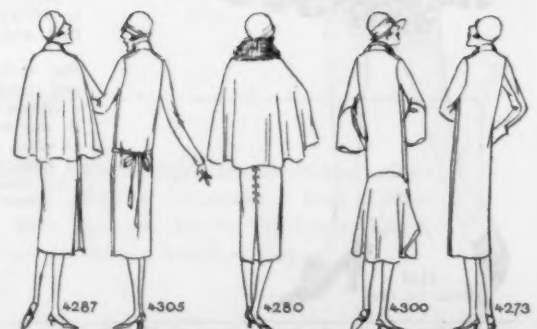
No. 4273. A buttoned tab fastens this slender coat frock over an underfront of contrasting material. The sleeve tab is cut in one with the long set-in sleeve. A practical model for cool November days. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust.

No. 4300. Another coat frock of wool material has an underfront of figured silk in clever simulation of a coat and separate frock. Circular sections on the sleeves and sides add the flare and swinging movement that Paris demands. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

No. 4280. Equally appropriate for practical or more formal wear, this smart coat wears a dashing cape and a long shawl collar cut on becoming lines. An inverted pleat gives additional width in back. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust.

No. 4305. This is an excellent choice for the new bordered materials and is especially adapted to cut from 54-inch widths. Two jabots cascade in graceful ripples down the front revealing a contrasting panel underneath. The standing collar with tie is a smart addition. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust.

No. 4287. One should have at least one of these practical tailleurs with its fluttering shoulder cape and inverted pleats at sides and front. The buttoned closing and boyish collar strike the youthful note. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.



4287

4305

4280

4300

4273

L'Echo de Paris

*The Mode acquires
a new grace and motion*



4270
Emb. No. 1115



4296

No. 4270. A youthful frock is this smart one-piece model with flaring lower edge, and triangular motifs applied over each hip. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Cherry sprays, in satin-stitch, from Embroidery No. 1115 may be used.

No. 4296. With true Parisian chic this little frock buttons itself down the back and wears a rippling flounce in front. The smart collar ties in back. Gathers over the bust provide additional fullness. Long set-in sleeves complete the effect. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4291. Close fitting shoulders, and a flaring lower edge achieved by means of circular sections set in at each side, are the smart features of this coat. The back is flat and the collar adjustable. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust.



4291



4272
Emb. No. 1474



4304

No. 4272. Full bell sleeves and a jabot collar that ripples gracefully down the front are the smart style features on this lovely afternoon frock. The circular skirt joins the waist at the hipline. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Button holed flowers from Embroidery No. 1474 would make a charming finish.

No. 4304. The back of this skillfully cut tailleur is plain in contrast to its bolero front with underfront of contrasting silk. Long snug fitting sleeves set into normal armholes and tie collar are smart. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.



Sister Nell Goes to a Party

The Fashion-Doll Cut-Outs

By Nandor Honti

Cut out each piece, carefully following the outlines. Fold on dotted lines. Paste the matching numbers together, beginning by pasting 1 to 1 and so on till all the numbers are used. Hold the pasted places together until the paste hardens enough to hold, so they will not slip apart.



PATENT PENDING

Fashion Cut-outs dressed in McCall Designs. Step-In Chemise No. 4209; Dress and Slip No. 4220; Cape No. 4117.



THE OUTLOOK

by
Anne Rittenhouse

PARIS is full of a number of interesting tricks and devices in dress. Women are amusing themselves mightily with accessories, jewelry, coiffure experiments, scarfs and small shawls, mufflers for coats, reptilian shoes. The most amusing and amazing movement in dress is a desire to wear masculine clothes with an excessive degree of femininity. Only women with slender bodies and fragile faces achieve the best result. French women who possess these physical features carry off the trick with astonishing success. That we are trying to do the same thing is apparent to any of us who have just crossed the ocean, homeward. Therefore a distinct warning is imperative; if your body is big and even slightly cumbersome, if your face is florid and jaws heavy, if your hair is long and arranged in a French twist or heavy knot, abjure this trick of masculine apparel. It is not for you. Probably the large woman will be as disgusted with fashion as she has been off and on since the war began, since brevity was substituted for decoration; but she must seek and find some middle way, she must study the problem to suit her physical appearance.

That vast and increasing variety of womenkind who look like planked shad, walk with the undulating grace of a cat, wear their hair cropped close to the skull, and know that painted cheeks are terribly common, but painted lips are not, such as these can play with the new masculine fashions without fear. In truth they are the women who invented them. The moment a woman looks masculine, then the game is up. The main idea behind the craze is to compel the onlooker to perceive a vivid contrast between what you are and what you wear.

I emphasize this creed, this doctrine, for all the women over here do not understand it. They have heard that masculine toggery is the smart thing and they immediately translate it into hard-brimmed hats, four-in-hand cravats, blue serge suits, low-heeled shoes and white shirt-waists, or they turn from the fashion with scorn and declare themselves unrelentingly against it. [Turn to page 86]

4210
Emb. No. 1466

4299

For descriptions turn
to page 86

4288

4288

4299

4210

4010

4010

L'Echo de Paris

*The suggested waist line—
a new line of division*



4250



4276



4271



4264



4277

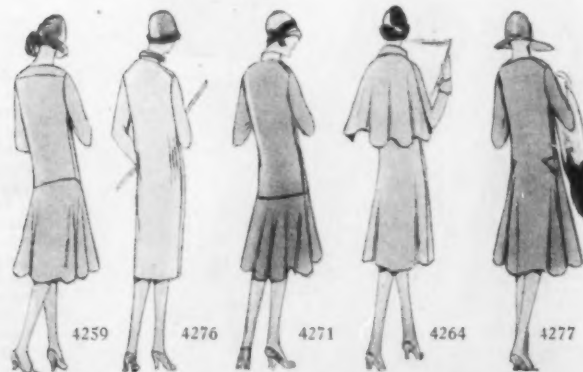
NO. 4264, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with cape. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 54-inch material; collar and cuffs, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch; cape lining, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

NO. 4276, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; front closing with inverted pleat below. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

NO. 4271, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material; collar, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

NO. 4277, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; cut circular at sides; applied motif on each hip. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch. Width, about $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards.

NO. 4259, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with circular tunic and jabot. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.



4259

4276

4271

4264

4277

Echo de Paris

*Fashion approves the Redingote
and surplice front*



4297

4279

NO. 4279, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with underfront; kimono sleeves. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; underfront, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

NO. 4297, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; surplice front; two-piece skirt; two-piece circular tunic. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; vest, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

NO. 4301, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with underfront; set-in sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; underfront, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

NO. 4287, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with cape. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; cape lining, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch; collar, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

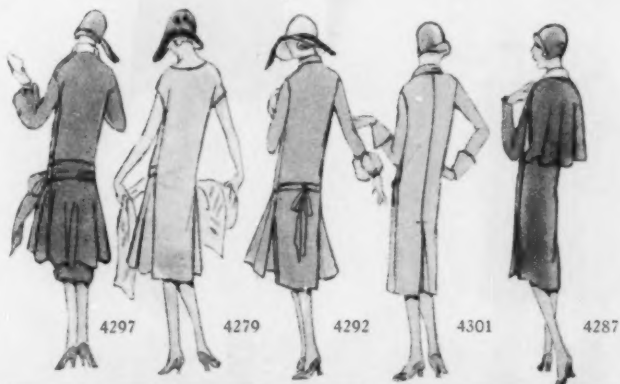
NO. 4292, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with circular front tunics. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting puffs, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



4292

4301

4287



4297

4279

4292

4301

4287

Echo de Paris

*The
Princess
silhouette
sponsored by
Paris*



NO. 4285, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with vest and convertible collar. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 2 yards.

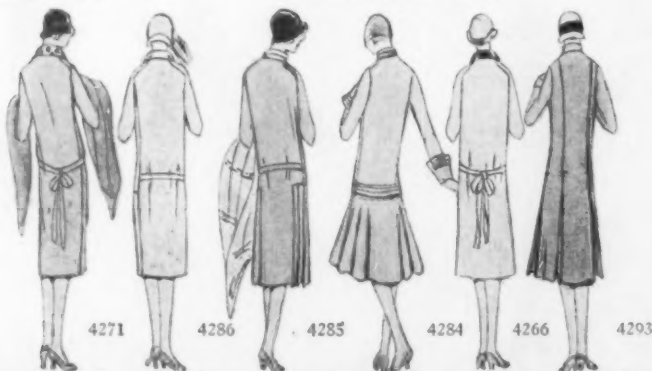
NO. 4286, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with vest; front gathered in apron effect. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch bordered; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

NO. 4271, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; contrasting collar and tie. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

NO. 4284, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; in the new princess style; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40- or 3 yards of 54-inch material. Width, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

NO. 4266, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; inverted pleats at front and sides. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

NO. 4293, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; slightly fitted. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch. Width, about $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Darning-stitch trimming may be made from Embroidery No. 1450.



Echo de Paris

*Neck-
and
hemlines
points of
interest*



4295

4265

4303

4272



4302

NO. 4272, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

NO. 4295, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with circular insets. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material; collar facing, $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

NO. 4302, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; kimono sleeves lengthened. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material (bordered); contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54-inch. Width, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

NO. 4265, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with flaring lower edge. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

NO. 4303, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; suitable for 54-inch material. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch (bordered); contrasting bands and straps, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

NO. 4263, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; overblouse and camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.



4263



4302

4295

4272

4265

4303

4263

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1/3 to 1/2



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The simple tailleur worn by the Parisian



4267

4303
Emb. No. 1315

4278



4263
Emb. No. 1377



4263

4267

4303

4278

No. 4267, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS; in bolero effect; scarf collar of contrasting material. Size 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; collar, 1/2 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 3/4 yards.

No. 4263, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch; collar, 1/4 yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 3/4 yards. Motif in outline-stitch may be made from Embroidery No. 1377.

No. 4303, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; suitable for 54-inch bordered or plain material. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2 yards of 54-inch bordered. Width, about 1 1/2 yards. Embroidery No. 1315 in darning-stitch may be used.

No. 4278, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; in bolero effect with inverted box pleat at front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 3/4 yards.

*Bolero and coat effects
are chic*



4298
Emb. No. 1055

4305

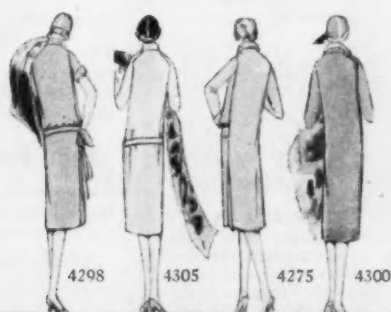
4275

No. 4298, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; surplice closing; set-in sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Banding may be worked in running-stitch from Embroidery No. 1055.

No. 4275, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' ETON DRESS; with contrasting waist front; inverted pleat at each side. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4305, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; yoke and sleeve in one; suitable for 54-inch material. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch (bordered) material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4300, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; in coat effect; with straight lower edge. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; inset, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 54-inch (cut crosswise). Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



4298

4305

4275

4300



4300



*When
Good Stockings
are Needed*

THERE are certain special times when only the best hosiery will do. Take, for instance, such festive occasions as dances and balls. Perhaps at no other times does hosiery prove its quality more. It must be both beautiful and serviceable.

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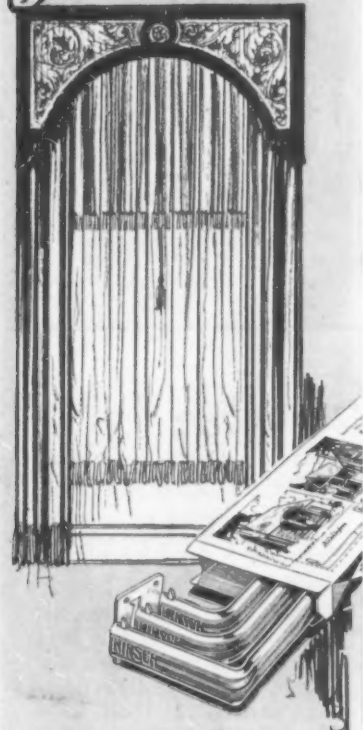
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BROWN DURRELL COMPANY
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New York Gordon Underwear Boston



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Practical Dress-up Jocks



4282



4274



4258



4267

4289

Emb. No. 1331

No. 4267, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS; in bolero effect. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4289, GIRLS' DRESS. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 14, 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch. Darning-stitch Embroidery No. 1331 may be used.

No. 4258, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS; yoke and sleeves in one. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 3/4 yards of 32-inch material; sash, 2 1/2 yards of ribbon.

No. 4282, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with special embroidery. Sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material; 2 1/2 yards of edging.

No. 4274, GIRLS' DRESS; with front box pleats. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1 7/8 yards of 54-inch material; collar 3/4 yard of 36-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 86.

Correct That Droop Under Your Chin



Watch your chin line, for "beneath your chin your age is written." Here are two photographs of the same woman—would you ever believe that just the chin line could make such a difference? One, the relaxed and sagging chin line of age; the other, the firm and graceful chin line of youth. Even with young women, that cruel droop may creep in through neglect.

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4281

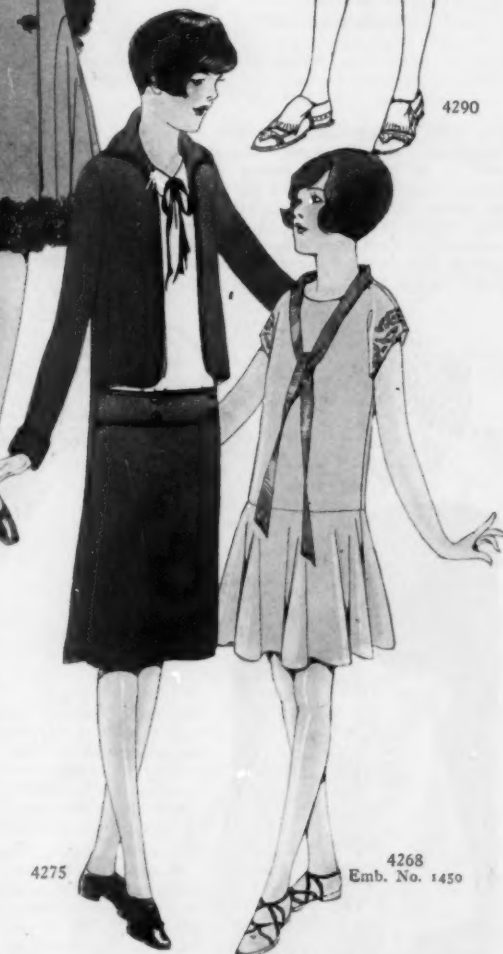
For the
smartly clad
Junior



4294



4290



4275

4268
Emb. No. 1450

No. 4294, GIRLS' COAT.
Sizes 6 to 14 years.
Size 14 requires 2½
yards of 54-inch material;
lining, 3¾ yards
of 36-inch; trimming,
3¾ yards of 4-inch.

No. 4281, CHILD'S
SLIP-ON DRESS; with
special embroidery.
Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size
6 requires 2 yards of
36-inch material or 1¾
yards of 40-inch; petals
¼ yard of 40-inch;
4½ yards of edging.

No. 4290, GIRLS' SLIP-
ON DRESS; kimono
sleeves lengthened by
gathered sleeves. Sizes
6 to 14 years. Size 12
requires 3 yards of 32-
inch; contrasting, ½
yard of 36-inch.

No. 4275, MISSES' AND
JUNIORS' ETON DRESS;
with set-in sleeve. Sizes
12 to 20 years. Size 14
requires 2½ yards of
54-inch material; ¾
yard of 36-inch.

No. 4268, GIRLS' DRESS.
Sizes 6 to 14 years.
Size 10, 2¾ yards of
36-inch; 1½ yards of
3-inch ribbon. Darning-
stitch Embroidery No.
1450 may be used.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from
The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 86

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you've always wanted;

Those generous supplies of
lingerie in flower tints;

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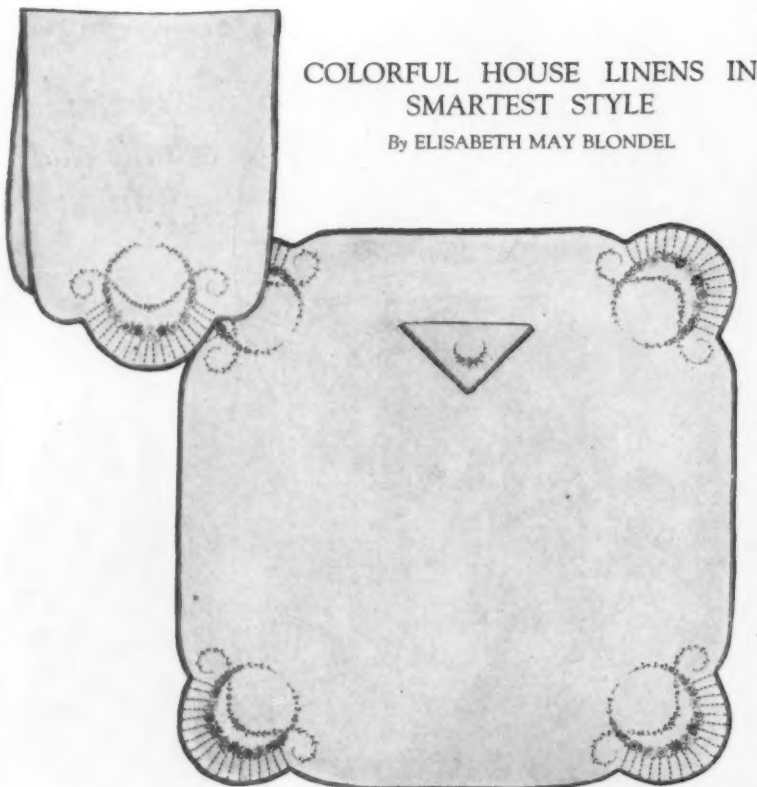


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No. 225—Medium blue border harmonizes with blue outline basket design and tiny pink roses. Both towels easy to work.

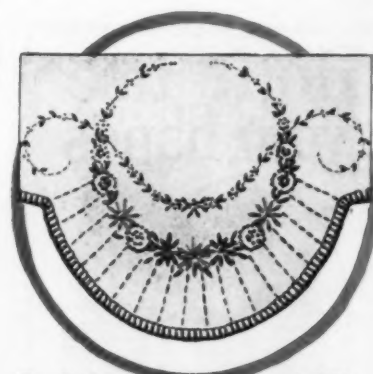
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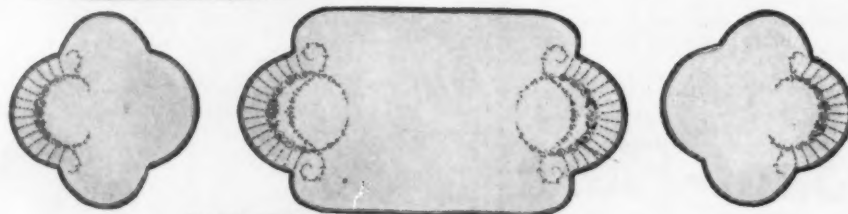
By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



Detail of scalloped corners in set 1476 showing lazy-daisy, French knots, and running-stitch; also the buttonholed edge.

No. 1476, DESIGN FOR COMPLETE SET OF DINING-ROOM LINENS. The vogue for the "ensemble" invades domestic linens with the same insistence for harmonious effects as in the consideration of personal attire. And in the dining-room where guests frequently join the family gathering, the pride of the housewife lies in the fine linens of her own creation, following the models she sees in the best stores. The 35-inch square centerpiece with napkins, is matched by the three-piece buffet set and long scarf for serving-table, all decorated with wreaths and garlands of gay coloring.

1476 Distinctive linens for the dining-room include two styles of buffet scarfs and a 35-inch square centerpiece. See description above.



No. 1478, MULTI-COLOR DESIGN FOR BEDSPREAD AND BOLSTER. Measuring 18½ x 26 inches, this basket design forms a handsome center for the spread of unbleached muslin. Straight stitches with French knots, running-, lazy-daisy- and outline-stitch are worked with cottons in the stamped colors, rose, blue, yellow, green, purple, black.



The three-piece buffet set that replaces the straight long scarf now and then. See No. 1476.



4281 Dress (below)



4282 Dress (below)

1478 Bedspread Design Bolster Motifs

No. 4281, CHILD'S EMBROIDERED SLIP-ON DRESS. 3 sizes, 2, 4, 6 years. A fetching feature of the small maid's frock is the embroidered collar of 7 overlapping petals. Wreaths worked in rambler-rose- and lazy-daisy-stitch with French knots in dainty colors, alternate with smaller motifs on the petals. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material, ¼ yard for petals, 4½ yards lace edging.

No. 4282, CHILD'S EMBROIDERED SLIP-ON DRESS. 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years. The smart circular yoke of this model is embroidered prettily in pink, rose, blue and green; the stitches in rambler-rose-, lazy-daisy-, French knots, running- and satin-stitch. On the skirt is a wreath motif as well. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material; 2¼ yards lace edging.

No. 1477, DESIGN FOR SMALL SPRAYS AND MOTIFS (illustrated on opposite page). Ship motifs, little Dutch girls and boys, ballet dancers, butterflies, bouquets, etc., are the trimmings of the day for children's dresses, ladies' lingerie and house linens. Adapted to 19 different motifs with duplicates, and four each of those lettered D, G, M, N.

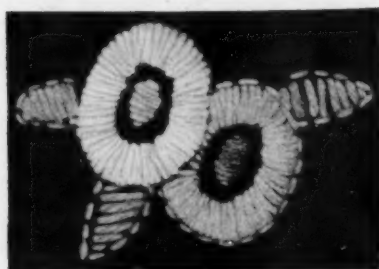
THE TREND OF FASHION IN EMBROIDERED MOTIFS

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

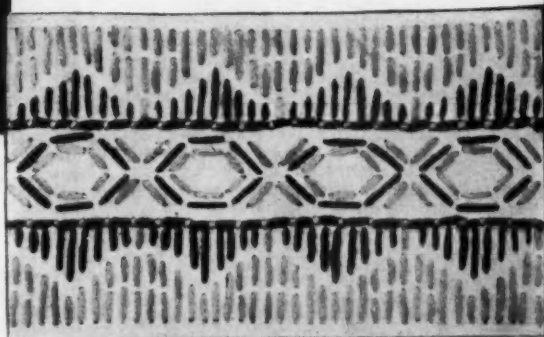


4202 Dress
Emb. No. 1473

NO. 4202, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at left shoulder. 7 sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. The modish fulness in front is individualized by the smart wool embroidered banding down the side. Adapted from Multi-Color Design No. 1473, the width 3½ inches, the length 3 yards.



1474. Detail of Motif Developed in Wools of Various Colors.



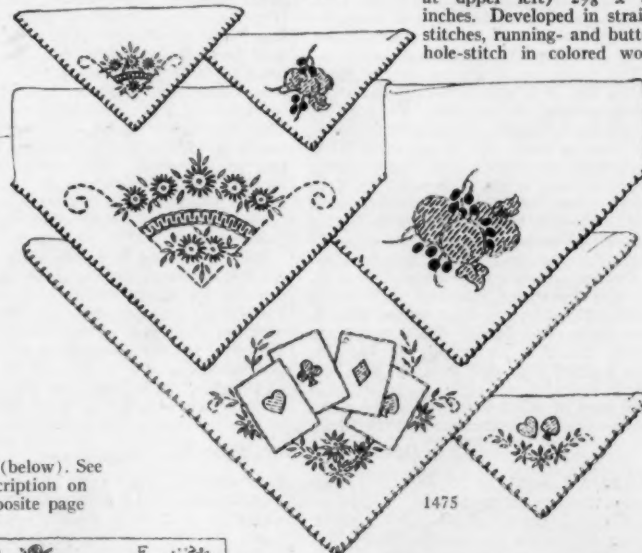
1473. Detail of Wool Banding on dress at left.



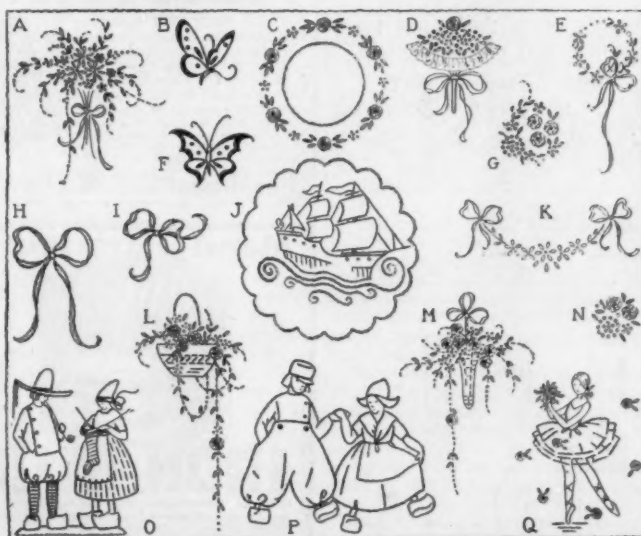
4270 Dress
Emb. No. 1474

NO. 4270, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. 7 sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Embroidered pockets are indispensable to this smartly semi-tailored model. Design No. 1474 provides 1 pair of triangular motifs, 3¼ x 7 inches; 9 small motifs (see illustration at upper left) 2¼ x 3¼ inches. Developed in straight stitches, running- and button-hole-stitch in colored wools.

1475. Detail of Motif on Corners of Refreshment Set.



1477 (below). See description on opposite page



NO. 1475, DESIGN FOR THREE REFRESHMENT SETS. Essential to the success of the afternoon "at home" are the dainty viands served on the embroidered linen set. Design for cards, fruit and floral fan-shape, each set matched by half a dozen napkin corners.



1477. Detail of Motif D, 1¼ x 2¼ inches.

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THE OUTLOOK

[Continued from page 75]

But they will see it on every side this winter, well-done and ill-done, and they must reckon with it.

Let us look over the ingredients that make this insistent phase of dress. To begin with, English tweeds have replaced kasha to a large extent in Paris. They are in several light brown and tan colorings. Lanvin's special fabric, woven in England for her house, has a cubistic design woven on one side. This allows either a solid color or a geometric patterning in brick, green, rust and brown to go on the outside. Whatever the coloration the textile must be soft and flexible. Every material must cling to the body. That is the foundation of this season's fashion. These tweeds are built into short-jacketed suits for the morning with over-blouses of cream crêpe de Chine made like a man's tennis shirt. Also they are built into top coats cut about two inches above the short skirt. The frock beneath must not be formal in fabric or style. It is of crêpe de Chine—this fabric maintains its prestige—and must be made on severe lines. The Paris verdict is that no tweeds are to be worn after the lunch hour, not even shopping.

Skirts are shorter than heretofore. They make the conservative gasp, even when she is convinced that nothing further in dress could shock her. The knee is the length limit among the young. It is also the limit on evening gowns worn by settled women. The hem is straight around; no dip in front or back; its incredible narrowness compels it to be short. Flares are universal, but they are more often placed at back than front. The plain back appears to have had its day, except in sports and morning street skirts which are finely pleated at front and sides and plain in middle of back. There is no absolute rule for pleats except that they be as flat and narrow as the blade of a carving knife. Most skirts are really kilts. They have been frankly adopted from the Scot's beloved tartans, but plaid is not used. Nothing but solid color goes.

Top coats for afternoon are of black ribbed silk in a new and curious broken weave, also of black velvet. Velvet is to be the formal fabric of the winter season, not only in black, but in any color. Iris blue, water and jade green, bluish-orchid, beige, almond green, Burgundy red, are velvet colors to be built into hats, top coats, evening gowns, one-piece frocks, jumpers or casques as they are called in Paris. Pale tan shades hold their position.

Blouses go over, not under the skirt, and are made in imitation of a man's shirt with narrow rolling collar, turned-over cuffs, and broad pleats down the front. There is no cravat, no bar-pin; men's pearl link cuff buttons hold the fronts and the soft cuffs. Hats are of a new kind of silk felt which can be rolled

up and put in the pocket of the top coat. All top coats have big English army pockets with buttoned flaps. Hats are higher in the crown, a trifle wider in the brim, and turned up at back where the brim is held with a flat bow of the felt. They are very small in the head size for the smart women have coiffures like young men; long hair in front brushed sleekly back from the forehead in a straight marcelled line to the crown of the head, ears showing and shingled at nape of neck. The men's barbers cut it. The men's tailors make most of the women's sports and street clothes, the haberdashers furnish the sports shirts, the link buttons, the silk mufflers, sweaters blouses, felt hats. It's the smart thing to go to your husband's outfitting shops to get one's informal clothes. Against each masculinity in dress the feminine instinct shows itself in a prodigality of jewelry. Evening clothes are two-thirds jewels. Diamonds are preferred to pearls. The big colored pearls are not worn. Stickpins of single stones or flowers are used on silk mufflers instead of bar pins. Jewels have disappeared from slippers, however. Buckles are also absent from the smart street and house shoes. The American pump with straight Spanish heel, quite slender, is the fashion. These are made of lizard, shark, snake and other similar skins. Silver slippers are worn in the evening with silver frocks. Silver is to be a dominant color this winter for evening apparel; a thin and flexible silver that resembles the silver foil wrapped around small pieces of chocolate. Earrings are kept for the evening. They are nearly as big as chandeliers.

Under the formal afternoon top coat goes a gown of velvet, or crêpe de Chine, or a closely printed silk of sturdy weave. The patterning on these silks is small and not cubistic. The designs look like those pressed flowers shown in Victorian glass paper weights. Big splashing designs on fabrics are kept for outdoor sports clothes. Hand-painted designs on silk or velvet, used by Lanvin and others, are copied from the late 18th century.

Handbags are immense, and they too are made of reptilian skins as shoes are. They are nearly square with the tobacco pouch opening or twisted knobs of metal, and so capacious could easily be used for an overnight bag in an emergency. In the afternoon, the leather bag is discarded for one of needle point without a handle.

Lace is gaining in power each month. All the dressmakers use some of it, especially on black velvet gowns. The Flemish patterns are preferred. Silver lace takes its place with other silvered fabrics. The now famous mannequins at the Exposition, especially those used by Jenny and Callot, are silvered by blown paint and women propose to look like them.

Descriptions for Page 75

No. 4210, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material; lining 3¾ yards of 40-inch. Embroidery No. 1466 would be effective in straight stitches and French knots.

No. 4010, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; double-breasted and full length. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3¾ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4299, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT; with circular lower back. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch or 3¾ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3¾ yards of 40-inch. Fur is used to trim collar and cuffs.

No. 4288, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE COAT. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch or 3¾ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 4 yards of 40-inch.

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

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4010..40	4299..45	4267..45	4273..45	4279..50	4286..45	4291..45	4296..45	4301..45	
4202..45	4268..50	4268..35	4274..35	4280..45	4287..45	4292..45	4297..45	4302..45	
4210..45	4263..45	4269..50	4275..45	4281..35	4288..45	4293..45	4298..45	4303..45	
4215..45	4264..45	4270..45	4276..45	4282..35	4289..35	4294..35	4299..45	4304..45	
4257..45	4265..45	4271..45	4277..45	4284..45	4290..35	4295..45	4300..50	4305..45	
4258..35	4266..45	4272..45	4278..45	4285..45					

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1115..25	1331..40	1450..40	1466..40	1474..40	1476..50	1478..50
1206..35						

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A Man Under Authority

[Continued from page 23]

chief trouble? Want of sleep?"

"I never sleep," said Gaspard, bitterly. "Look here, Gaspard! I wonder whether your mother would consent to let you study with me for an hour or two every day, if I undertook not to let you get overtired?" Bill's voice was eager.

"Oh she'll consent," declared Gaspard. "I say, padre, this is decent of you—a bit rash, you know." He grinned at Bill like an impish child, and then abruptly his whole demeanour changed. He lay down again very soberly upon his pillows, all the light gone out of his face. "Yes, I wonder how soon you will repent."

"Cheer up!" said Bill. "I dare say we shan't quarrel overmuch. If we do—"

"Yes, if we do?" Gaspard looked at him with a sort of heavy curiosity.

Something about him touched Bill—something that was in neither speech nor expression. He fathomed the fact that somewhere, deeply hidden in this boy's soul, was a bitter need.

"I say, I wish you'd call me Bill," he said. "There's no sense in standing on ceremony if we're going to be pals."

"All right, Bill." Some of Gaspard's former animation returned.

"I say, Bill, do you—pray?"

"Rather!" said Bill.

The boy looked at him uncertainly. "I don't mean just the usual routine ones."

"Nor do I," said Bill.

Gaspard's confidence increased. "You believe in it then? You do it because you think you'll get something out of it?"

"Yes," said Bill with absolute sincerity. Gaspard turned to him fully. "Then it's no good doing it—on the chance?"

"What?" said Bill. "Pray to Something you don't believe in, for something you don't think you'll ever get? No, I don't think there's much in that."

Gaspard uttered a hard, involuntary sigh, and passed on. "And you don't believe in confession and absolution and all that sort of thing?"

"But of course I do!" said Bill with decision. "Or I shouldn't be what I am. To some, confession is an impossibility; to others, a necessity. And as for absolution—"

"Yes—absolution!" said Gaspard.

Bill made a quiet and very reverent gesture. "Ask God for that!" he said.

"You mean you couldn't give it to anyone?" There was almost entreaty in Gaspard's voice.

"Only as the instrument of God."

"You couldn't give it to an infidel?"

Bill faced him squarely. "I could give it to anyone who wanted it, Gaspard."

"You could? You are sure?" He raised himself again eagerly; for an instant a new light shone in his eyes, and then it was gone. He dropped back again. "What rot we are talking! We shall be discussing penances next!"

"No, I don't believe in penances."

"You don't? And why not?" Again the black eyes sought the Vicar's.

"I only believe in trying to make amends." Bill's tone held absolute simplicity; if he had noticed anything unusual a moment before, his manner betrayed nothing of it.

He left Gaspard a few minutes later and went down to the garden in search of Lady Rivers and the General.

As he neared it, he heard voices—the General's gruff and hearty, and that quiet, sweet laugh of hers that set his veins tingling anew.

"My dear lady," said the General's voice, "he's a man in a thousand, but he has a heart of flint. There's only one spinster in the district who has got anywhere near softening it. And she hasn't made a vast success of it, apparently. Oh, you'll never catch Bill Quentin napping. He knows a bit too much."

Bill's hands clenched abruptly; he walked straight forward.

"Hullo!" was the General's greeting. "The man himself! We were just talking about you. I've been telling Lady Rivers what a wonderful padre you are, how you preach wisdom to the fools and folly to the wise, and so on."

"I hope she hasn't believed you, sir," said Bill soberly.

"Sit down!" said Lady Rivers. "How did you find that boy of mine?"

Bill remained on his feet. Somehow it had become imperative to get the General

away as quickly as possible. He made the approaching storm an excuse. He was silent most of the way back to the Vicarage gate. Old General Farjeon stumped through and waited for him.

"Well?" he demanded, as Bill maintained his uncompromising silence. "What about it? Haven't you got anything to say? You told me yourself she wasn't ordinary, and by gad, you were right. That sort of woman doesn't come and bury herself in the depths of the country for nothing, I tell you. They simply don't do it. Why, she'd be an empress in her own sphere! Adoration is her daily food. It sticks out a yard long, man. She's used to walking over the necks of her slaves, and she'd like to add you to the number. She's a dangerous woman, I tell you. How do I know it? Why, I can feel it in my bones. I've met that sort before."

Here Bill muttered something.

"What do you say, Bill? What? Speak up, man! I can't hear."

Bill turned towards him. His face was pale; his eyes were extraordinarily bright. "I said, 'Rot!' sir," he said, with great distinctness. "And I meant it."

The General broke into a laugh. "That's quite enough, Bill." He laid a hard, old hand on the Vicar's shoulder. "That's what I like about you, Bill," he said. "You're so straight. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. But you'll be careful?"

"As careful as you are yourself, sir," Bill promised. "And now—I don't want to hurry you, but—hadn't you better be getting back before the storm breaks?"

He saw his old friend mount, and speeded him from his gate with relief.

Then he came out on to the lawn and stood there for a second or two as if dazed. Before him stood the aloe, one long sheaf of unopened buds gleaming against the dark spears of its foliage. He moved forward slowly till he reached it, and stretching out a hand, he held the lovely thing against his face.

"Empress indeed!" he said. "Could a slave of yours do anything but adore?"

General Farjeon, riding home in the stormy evening light, spent a good deal of thought upon Bill.

"For of course he's smitten—badly smitten," mused the General. "He wouldn't be human if he weren't. Good heavens, what must it mean to a man like Bill, who sees nothing but Winches and Barnets every day of his life, when a woman of that type floats above the horizon? Why, I'd sooner see him married to my pretty Molly." His thoughts veered. "No, hang it! He shan't have Molly. She'd die of boredom if she married Bill. I'm not sure that Stafford would be much better for her—except that she's in love with him, the minx. Yes, she'd better have Stafford—if I can bring him into line. Curse the fellow! He's got the pride of the devil, but I believe he's fond of the girl all the same."

The old problem occupied his mind once more. Stafford and Molly had been friendly enough in the winter, but there had been a split of some sort. Either Stafford had been too overbearing or Molly too exacting. Perhaps both, and the result had been a rupture and the failure of old General Farjeon's most tenderly cherished plans. For in his aged, querulous way, he had set his heart upon having Molly for his nephew's wife. He did not like Stafford, but he regarded him as a pawn in the game. And he firmly believed that once married to Stafford, Molly would spend as much time in his company as in that of her husband.

"No brains—no brains!" the General always said of his nephew, but Molly had brains enough for both. She would make her mark wherever she went. Though only eighteen, her originality and independence stamped her as one who would always hold her own—even if by sheer selfishness.

"Yes, I'd like my little Molly to reign at Hatchstead Place when I drop out," said the General. "By gad, there'll be some gnashing of teeth in the county if she does! But she'll hold her own."

He was nearing his own abode as he came to this comfortable conclusion, but save for a few deep rolls of thunder far behind him the storm seemed no nearer than before. He [Turn to page 89]

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A Dozen Unusual Dinners

(Continued from page 48)

Stir in remaining flour, salt, pepper and milk and cook until gravy is thick, stirring constantly. Serve over pork.

SEASONED DRESSING

1/2 cup French Dressing
1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon Chili sauce
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon chopped olive
1/2 hard boiled egg cut in fine pieces.
2 tablespoons chopped celery

Mix ingredients and serve on lettuce.

BLACKBERRY BREAD SPONGE

Stale bread Lemon juice
Cooked Blackberry juice

Cut stale bread into slices, then in 1 inch squares. Place in a bowl and pour over them juice from stewed blackberries sweetened to taste and to which has been added a little lemon juice, the amount depending on the acidity of berries. Use enough blackberry juice to color all the bread. A lighter mixture results if juice is added cold rather than hot. Stand bowl in refrigerator or cool place for several hours after which it can be turned out onto a platter without losing its shape. Serve with fresh blackberries around it or with cream, or both.

CREAM-OF-SPINACH SOUP

2/3 cup cooked spinach 1/2 teaspoon scraped onion
2 tablespoons butter 1/2 cup milk
1 tablespoon flour 1/2 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon pepper 1/2 cup milk salt

Put cooked spinach through a sieve. Melt butter, add flour, pepper and onion. Mix thoroughly then add spinach pulp and milk. Cook until thick stirring constantly. Add salt and serve hot.

RICE MUFFINS

1 cup milk 1/2 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening 1 cake compressed yeast
3 tablespoons sugar 1/2 cup lukewarm water
1 cup hot boiled rice 3/4 cups flour

Scald milk and pour over shortening, sugar and salt. Add rice. Mix yeast with lukewarm water and when milk mixture is also lukewarm add the yeast. Add flour, beat thoroughly, cover and let rise in a warm place until light and double in bulk.

Knead this on a slightly floured board until free from large air bubbles. Pull off bits of dough to fill greased muffin-pans 1/3 full. Let rise again until double in bulk, about one hour. Bake in a hot oven (375° F.) about 20 minutes. With the amount of yeast used here these muffins can be prepared in 4 1/2 hours.

ESCALLOPED CABBAGE WITH CHEESE

3 cups finely cut cabbage 1/2 teaspoon salt
2/3 cup grated cheese 1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup milk 1 cup butter

Cook the finely cut cabbage uncovered in boiling salted water until tender. Toward end of cooking let water evaporate so there will be little to discard. Put a layer of cabbage in bottom of greased baking-dish, sprinkle with half each of the following: cheese, bread crumbs, salt and pepper. Repeat, using ingredients, having bread crumbs on top. Add milk. Dot with butter and sprinkle over with salt and paprika.

Bake in hot oven (375° F.) 25 minutes or until brown on top and thoroughly heated through.

SALMON LOAF WITH WHITE SAUCE

2 cups cooked salmon 1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 cup soft, stale bread crumbs 1/2 teaspoon scraped onion
1/2 cup milk 1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 eggs 1/4 teaspoon salt White sauce

Remove bones from salmon and flake into small pieces. Add bread crumbs, milk, eggs and seasonings. Mix thoroughly. Bake in moderate oven (325° F.) about 1 hour. Serve hot with white sauce to which has been added 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.



Children like this protection against colds!

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Oh, Girls!

Keep ever at your best
By Edna Wallace Hopper

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I was a plain girl, but those helps made me famous as a beauty. They brought me a glorious stage career. And I believe that millions of girls can multiply their beauty with them.

Now I am old, but I still look young. I look 19, I play a beauty's part. That because I have kept up, for 40 years, the search for youth and beauty. I have kept in touch with all new discoveries.

The best I have found is now placed at every woman's call. Toilet counters everywhere supply them in my name. And I am sending samples to every girl and woman who requests. They are, I know, the best helps in existence. I wish you would ask for one.

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Name.....
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A Man Under Authority

[Continued from page 87]

turned his horse, and rode on to Hatchstead Rectory.

In the heavy gloom of the brooding storm the place looked unutterably dreary and forlorn. An old-fashioned bell-pull hung by the front door, and the General gave it a sharp tug, but without result.

The open French window of the drawing-room at once attracted his attention, and some malicious spirit prompted him to step on to the grass of the lawn and approach the window without sound. He would surprise the sedate Lottie and the prim Mr. Bird at their love making.

The next instant, he stiffened, almost as if he were standing at attention.

For there, before him, prone upon the floor and sobbing—sobbing wildly, fiercely, with complete and even terrible abandonment—was his little Molly, who had never shed a tear in his presence before!

She did not hear his approach, but while he stood hesitating, Molly's terrier sensed the presence of the intruder and, burst upon him with indignant barks.

"Drat the dog!" said Molly, springing, dishevelled, to the rescue; then, turning in a fury upon her visitor, "And drat you too, for coming in like that! What did you do it for? You might have known!"

Old General Farjeon, however, despite the explosive character of his reception, was by no means abashed. "I quite agree with you, my dear Molly," he said. "Drat the dog! If I hadn't been wearing leggings, my calves would have been in ribbons."

"And served you right too!" stormed Molly, bestowing the full weight of her wrath upon him now that the dog was worsted. "What do you want to come sneaking in this way for?"

There was not another person in the world who would have addressed him thus. The General recognized the fact and chuckled. He looked at her flushed face and blazing eyes, and his own softened.

"I'm not going to apologize for interrupting you," he said, "because I'm very glad I did. In fact, I consider I arrived in the nick of time. What's the matter with you, child? What's the trouble?"

"Do you think I'd tell you?" demanded Molly with scorn.

"I think you'd tell me sooner than anyone else," rejoined the General diplomatically, "though I admit that may not be saying very much. Still, you will tell me, I know, because I'm your oldest friend and always ready to help."

Her tennis-racquet had been flung on a chair. She picked it up and began to hammer it moodily on the toes of her shoes.

He came to her boldly, and patted her shoulder with assurance. "I know what's the matter," he said.

She still played with her racquet, but there was tension in her attitude. The General, standing by in discreet silence, saw her chin begin to quiver.

"Tell me, Molly!" he said abruptly, and put his arm about her.

She turned impulsively and laid her head down on his shoulder. "If you make me cry any more, I'll kill you!" she whispered.

"You cry if you dare!" said the General.

She uttered a passionate sound that tried to be a laugh and lifted her head. "I daren't of course—not in your presence." She stamped on the ground in sudden fury. "Oh, why—why—why aren't you younger?" Then, with equal suddenness and even more passion, "Oh, dear darling, forgive me! I didn't mean that! I didn't!"

Her arms were round his neck. She would have kissed him, but—to her amazement—he refused her kiss, holding her from him in an iron grip.

"I don't care what you mean," he said. "Whatever I am, I'm flesh and blood, not a miserable coxcomb and rumpooping like Stafford. I may have been in the world a bit longer than you, but I'm made of the real stuff the same as you are. And I'm going to prove it, do you hear? I'll marry you myself."

"Good gracious!" said Molly.

She stood in his hold as if turned to stone. The General was as a man into whose being new life had suddenly been infused. He held her with stern intention. There was a keen, compelling look in his eyes which Molly— [Turn to page 90]

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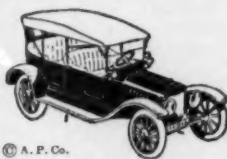
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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

A Man Under Authority

[Continued from page 89]

Molly whom no one had managed to intimidate in the whole of her unruly existence before—found it impossible to meet.

"Don't!" she said. "Don't!"

"Don't what?" demanded the General. "Think I'm not in earnest, eh?"

"No!" gasped Molly, and she said it under her breath as though afraid.

"By gad!" he said. "So you're frightened! Is that it? Frightened because you're caught!" He put his hand under her chin and turned her unwilling face upwards. "Molly, my little Molly, do you want to break away?"

He pulled her suddenly to him. Her slender, childlike form lay against his breast. "Think I can't make you happy?"

"I don't know," she repeated, in the same scared way.

He pressed her closer to him till her quick heart was beating with a wild drumming against his own.

"You've got to let me try now, Molly," he said. "I'm not the sort that lets go. Are you afraid of me after all these years? Molly! Molly! I believe I've been in love with you from the very moment you were born."

She made a slight movement as if to free herself, but in a moment was passive again in response to his tightening hold.

"I don't believe in love," she said.

He laughed, laying his cheek against her fresh young face. "You will—all in good time," he said.

She turned her lips away. "I shan't," she said. "I couldn't be in love with you anyway. I've known you too long."

"I don't want you to be in love with me," declared the General. "Couldn't stand it at any price. My being in love with you is a very different matter. I always have been. And I'd like you to be as you always have been with me. We suit each other that way."

"Oh, well!" said Molly, and drew a breath that sounded like relief. "I shouldn't mind that so much—not if I may always do as I like."

"I've never pictured you doing anything else," said the General. "You won't be able to marry Stafford though—when you're a merry widow, I mean. You'll have to make up your mind to that."

"Stafford! Stafford!" She broke in on him with a renewed gust of fury. "I hate, detest, and loathe Stafford! Surely you know that!"

The General chuckled. "Then I think you've chosen a pretty sure way of getting even with him, my dear."

"Well, but he has been such a cad!" she said. "Always blowing hot and cold, and imagining that I—I!—would dance to his piping! Only this evening, I was at the Tennis Club, and I met him as I was coming out. Of course I meant to cut him—I always do. And do you know, he dared—he dared—to cut me first!"

"Puppy!" snorted the General.

"Yes, I do think he's the conceitedest ass I've ever met. I wouldn't marry him if he were the very last man left in the world. I wouldn't!" vowed Molly vindictively. "I'd—I'd spurn him!"

"Very wise! Very sensible!" said the General. "Well, since you haven't spurned me, perhaps you would like to renew that offer of a kiss you made me just now!"

"Rather!" said Molly. She turned and gave him an impulsive hug with a brief caress at the end of it—the kiss of a child.

Then she skipped delightedly. "And when I'm Queen of Hatchstead Place, I shall be County, shan't I? I shall go in to dinner in front of that old cat Mrs. Winch! While as for the Reverend Bill—" she snapped her fingers with delicious scorn.

"Yes," said the General dryly. "He also will be making a fool of himself before very long, I am convinced."

"Oh, really?" said Molly. "Is he going to marry somebody young and beautiful same as you?"

"No," said the General, tweaking her ear. "She isn't young, and she isn't beautiful. She's just one of your vampire women that fools of men can't keep away from."

"Oh, you mean the Beech Mount mystery," said Molly. "He's after her, is he? Horrid prig! I hope she'll let him down."

"There seems to be every chance that your kind wish will be gratified," said the General. "She'll let him down all right."

My only hope is she won't marry him first. I don't like these Verlaine women."

"Verlaine?" Molly frowned.

"Don't you remember the famous trial? She killed her husband, but she was so beautiful and so appealing that they let her off. I suppose it happened before you began to take notice. But Stafford knows all about it. He knew the woman."

"Stafford always knows everything," said Molly. "But what has Lady Rivers to do with the Verlaine woman?"

"The same type, my dear, and very true to it. I've always called her Madame Verlaine ever since I heard your description of her, and now that I've seen her—"

"Oh, you've seen her, have you?"

"I went under Bill's auspices."

"Oh, Bill! He worms in everywhere. I hate him," said Molly with simplicity.

The General turned. Even Molly was not privileged to speak against his friends. "You'll have to change that before you become Queen of Hatchstead Place," he told her plainly. "He is one of my best pals, and I'll have you treat him as such."

Molly's eyes flashed. She was on the verge of a fiery rejoinder. But something checked her.

"He'll have to learn one or two things too, then," she said. "I am quite sure he will do his dutiful utmost—at whatever cost to himself—to dissuade you from marrying me."

"Well, he won't succeed." The General pulled her roughly to him again. "No one is going to take my Molly away from me—not even her own father."

So she smiled and slipped free from his encircling arm. "Let's go and tell everybody!" she said.

There came the sound of voices in the hall, Mrs. Morton's weary and plaintive, Fanny's high and fussy. Molly suddenly turned upon the General with an impish grin. "Come along! Let's pretend we're lovers!" she said.

She jumped to his side as the door opened, and then sprang away again in well-timed dismay as her father and mother and Fanny appeared.

Mrs. Morton stood and gazed at them with parted lips. "Why—" she faltered.

The General found his voice and with it dispelled his brief embarrassment. "My dear madam," he said, "it was to see little Molly that I came, and I hope you will be as kind to me as she has been."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Morton vaguely.

"Well," said the General, "she has been very kind to me." He turned to Molly and took her hand. "She has promised—subject to your approval—to be my wife."

"What a lie!" said Molly.

"Good gracious!" said Fanny.

"I don't mean I haven't said 'Yes,'" amended Molly. "I have—without any conditions."

But her father held out a friendly hand on the instant. "If you love her, General, you shall have her," he said.

He drew her to him and kissed her before them all—a tender kiss. Then "I shall be round in the morning," said the General. "We're going up to town, remember, to choose the ring. I'll call for you in the car at ten."

"Right!" she said lightly. "I'll be ready. My love to Stafford, and I hope he is prepared to give his new aunt a dutiful welcome!"

"Come and help me mount!" said the General. They went out together.

"I wonder if you'll be sorry in the morning," said the General.

"You probably are already."

He laughed. "Not I! I know my own mind, and I don't change it. I shan't let you change yours either, young lady, so make no mistake. So long, little girl!"

"So long!" called Molly, standing back. She waved a careless hand, and went away without stopping to see him go—a lack of ceremony with which, curiously enough, the General was pleased.

"Please God she'll never grow up!" he said, as he rode away.

While Molly raced down the garden at the top of her speed, her face convulsed with weeping, sobbing: "Stafford! Stafford! Stafford!" to the silent trees.

[Continued in DECEMBER McCall's]



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The Father of Little Women

[Continued from page 11]

a long interview with her after she had laid herself in bed. Her thoughts come rushing after each other with a vivid celerity, so fast and so evanescent both in idea and expression that 'twas almost impossible to fasten them in the mind. They were all clear and vivid to her. Her reactions are dramatic, Anna's owing to the reflective quality of her mind are epic."

I turned the leaves slowly, reading a paragraph here and there, immeasurably moved and touched, for here in my hands lay the record of the baby soul of Louisa Alcott and of Anna her sister, set down with astounding perspicacity and tenderness. Slowly, reverently, page after page, of the fine, illegible and beautiful script, and then, without warning, a touch so poignant that I could have wept! Traced over one of the close written leaves, the outline of a little child's hand—Louisa's hand as she had laid it on her father's diary, ninety years ago! I wonder with what quaint saying he bade her hold the restless, dramatic little hand there while he outlined it first in pencil (the pencil marks have outlasted the years) then traced it in ink—that little hand which afterward was to write the greatest of all story books for youth.

"... Louisa is making rapid progress in spoken language. She adds new words to her vocabulary daily. I believe she appreciates all the relations of expression, using every part of speech. . . . She is very pantomimic; gesture, countenance, forming no inept types of her ideas and sentiments. Anna depends more on words. Her vocabulary is large for a child of her years. . . ."

They are much delighted with dramatic pastimes, particularly after tea. They spend an hour, at twilight, usually, in this active way. Among the pastimes most attractive—stock pieces on their little theatre—are Wilson's Snow Storm, in which Louisa is very successful in personating the character of Hannah Lee, left in the snow—the old woman and the peddler (a profound drama on personal identity) Little Henri and The Gypsy. These are personated every evening and with ever new delight. The accompaniments of music and dancing are also super added. The hour before going to bed is usually devoted to these; after which comes the Story and they pass from the world of fiction into sleep.

I had a long conversation with them today. We were speaking of love when Anna said:

"Father, I don't love you as well as I do Mother."

"Aye! said I, 'I should like to be loved as much as Mother. I suppose, when I am as good as Mother, you will love me as much. Don't you think you shall?'"

"Yes, Father, I think I shall."

"But Anna, why am I not as good as Mother? What have I done? I wish you would tell me, so that I may try to make you love me as much as you do her. Do you think you can tell me?'"

"You punish me, Father, and Mother does not."

"Aye, that is the reason then! Well, should not naughty girls—naughty children—be punished to make them better?'"

"Yes, Father."

"Well, then cannot you love Father, who punishes you to make you dislike your naughtiness?'"

"Well, Father, I like you both, sometimes, and sometimes I do not like you both. But you are both good!"

"... Anna mentioned to me the fact of Louisa's hurting her. . . I called Louisa to me and said, 'Louisa, Anna says you took hold of her hair so' (pulling it, while she looked into my face with a prying curiosity to discover whether I was punishing her or only showing her, being somewhat dubious from the tone of my voice and the expression of my countenance) 'and,' continued I, 'That you pinched her cheeks so' (pinching it)."

"She hesitated a moment whether to mind the pain or not. At last the fortitude prevailed and she said, 'Father, I was naughty to hurt Anna so.'"

"Yes, Louisa, and what has father been doing to you?'"

"Hurting me," said she.

"Why?'"

"Because I was naughty," said she.

"And did you hurt Anna because she was naughty?'"

"No," said she, perceiving the object of my question.

"Father hurt Louisa to show her how she hurt Anna. Did you know that you hurt her so when you pulled and pinched?'"

"She made no answer, but she understood me. . . ."

I closed the book and turned to Mrs. Pratt. "Yet, the man who wrote this diary, they ridiculed as a failure! Didn't any one sympathize with him, outside his family?'"

"I know that Emerson understood and expressed himself forcibly," said Mrs. Pratt. "I think I can lay hands on some of his statements." She placed Emerson's Journals before me and I read first a letter to the scholar Furness:

"I always shall love you for loving Alcott. He is a great man. His conversation is sublime, yet when I see how he is under-estimated by cultivated people, I fancy none but I have heard him talk."

Then from Emerson's journal: "the plight of Mr. Alcott, the most refined and the most advanced soul we have had in New England, who makes all other souls appear slow and cheap and mechanical, a man of such courtesy and greatness—he has the unalterable sweetness of a muse) is unbelievable. . . . because he cannot earn money by his pen or talk or school keeping, for this very cause, that he is so ahead of his contemporaries, is higher than they,—it is the unanimous opinion of New England judges that this man must die! We do not adjudge him to hemlock or garroting. We are much too hypocritical and cowardly for that. But we not less surely doom him by refusing to protect against this doom or combining to save him and to set him in employment fit for him and salutary for the State—or to the Senate of fine souls which is the heart of the State."

I laid aside Emerson's journal and returned to Mr. Alcott's fine delicate handwriting. He recorded the failure of his school, the terrible attacks in Boston papers and his own sharp illness. Then, before going on with the record of his children's souls, he makes this entry:

"Apply to S— school committee man for the privilege of teaching the children of the primary school near Emerson's. But my services are declined. Are there no avenues open to the sympathies of my townspeople? O God, wilt Thou not permit me to be useful to my fellow men? Suffer me to use my gifts for my neighbors' children if not for themselves, and thus bless the coming if not the present generation. But my own children still are within reach of my influence."

The former peddler lad! What could he have desired to teach to children that so roused people's resentment? I stared at the driving snow which was burying the little town of Concord, the same little town that nearly a century before had struggled to crucify Bronson Alcott.

What was his story? The story of the father of Little Women? That snowy day I began my search and I have set down as best I can all that I found, the story of the making of a very great American.

The farther I have gone back into Bronson Alcott's boyhood, the more remarkable does the story of his grown-up life become to me. The more I read in his diaries and those of his daughters of his relationship to Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy, the more I realize that he was, to a major degree, responsible for the work Louisa Alcott did and that he also represented in himself the very finest type of what New Englanders might have given to America had not New England itself been too meager of soul properly to estimate the potentialities of her own son. Nothing is so tragic about the disappearance of the New England leaven from American life as the fact that New England itself destroyed so much of that leaven. And the story of Bronson Alcott tells, as nothing else can tell, how New England killed the things it loved.

Although Bronson's father and mother were hard working farmer folk, they came of distinguished stock, Anglo Saxon on both sides. One of [Turn to page 92]



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MORTON'S SALT

The Father of Little Women

[Continued from page 91]

the earlier Alcotts was Lord Chancellor of England. His descendant, John Alcott, was granted a farm of a thousand acres near Boston by the Honorable General Court of Massachusetts "in consideration of many long services discharged for his country as also of other services." Sons and daughters of this John married governors and diplomats and men and women distinguished for their love of letters. One of these sons was Bronson's great grandfather, a Yale graduate, who hewed out of the Connecticut wilderness, twenty-five miles north of New Haven, a farm of a thousand acres. His grandson Joseph married Anna Bronson, so the little boy who was to become Father March of Little Women was named Amos Bronson Alcott. He was born on his father's farm on Spindle Hill near Wolcott, Conn., November 29, 1799.

He was a very beautiful little boy with blue eyes and yellow hair, a slender, serious face and lips that had humorous corners. It was a good looking family though, and it was probably not his beauty that made him rather the favorite with his mother of her six children. To these other children, husky hard working, hard playing, independent farm children, she gave, of course, a mother's devotion, but little Bronson, from babyhood, was different; a quiet child with a quiet passion for beauty and for matters of the mind that his brothers and sisters did not show.

Even as a very little fellow, Bronson could not be content with his small chores and crude games. One winter's day his mother kept him long beside her, handing the warping threads for the reel as she wove the web in her loom. He was a patient little chap, but as the shadows grew heavy in the great rafted kitchen he protested.

"I don't like this, mother. I'd rather have you tell me stories."

"I've told you all my stories, little son," replied his mother. She must have been tired, dear soul, to have answered him so!

"I wish they were all written down and that I could read them for myself," sighed the small Bronson.

"A sensible wish for you that can neither read nor write, and are too little to go to the school house," smiled his mother.

"But if I had paper and pen I could try. I would make marks, I could." Bronson forgot his task and stared up into his mother's face, eyes blazing with ambition.

His mother shook her head. "The pen I could give you, but the paper, no." Then as if she could not bear the look of disappointment in the blue eyes, she suggested, "Why not a nicely sharpened piece of charcoal and the clean floor here beside the loom?"

The child dashed to the fireplace and returned with a charred and pointed stick. His mother descended from the loom and the two knelt on the floor. "A a, B b, C c."

The weaving was forgotten. The fire burned low. The western light in the kitchen window changed from crimson to pink. Soon the men of the household would come in from their chores starving for supper and supper would be late. But that did not matter. The child who was to grow into the greatest teacher in America was receiving his first lesson in his A B C's!

From that day on for weeks the hours at weaving and spinning, hitherto such dragging chores, became the great hours of the day for mother and son, now teacher and pupil. The child galloped through the New England primer. "In Adam's Fall, We Sinned All." "The Eagle's Flight is Out of Sight." Then he clamored for more. There was the Bible, the Almanac—little else. His mother talked the matter over with his father. Little as he was, she felt Bronson must go to school.

Picture to yourself little Bronson, at five panting down the long hill from the farm to the schoolhouse, and standing abashed just within the door as school was called, too frightened to take off cap or mittens or the huge knit scarf of his father's in which his mother had swaddled him. Too frightened to tell the teacher his name, or to wipe his little red nose, or to heed the children tittering at him; but not so frightened that his small heart did not thrill when he saw the half dozen books on the teacher's desk. Books!

Amos Bronson Alcott, aged 5. He was



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The Father of Little Women

seated on the front bench beneath the teacher's eye with a half dozen other wriggling young sculpins of the first class, not a pocket handkerchief among the crew. And after the teacher had prepared many pens for many children with chilblained fingers, after a dozen bottles of home made ink had been thawed out at the blazing fire, after the teacher had set innumerable copies on papers and slates, after the second class had read stumbingly from the Gospel of St. Luke, and the third and fourth classes had spelled by heart long columns of astounding and unheard of words, the master called the little first class before his desk. They came with their primers and slates. Bronson, the tiniest and the newcomer, at the foot of the class.

The five before Bronson spelled laboriously through a sentence each. It was Bronson's turn. Blushing, in a tiny treble voice, he read his sentence without hesitation. The school master turned a rapid page or two and pointed to a little fable. Bronson read it without an error, fece crimson, blue eyes filled with tears of embarrassment. The master, a staid young man, preparing for the ministry, looked at the small boy with a brightening eye.

"How far have you gone in the primer, Bronson?"

"Through it, please, sir!" guiltily from the child.

"Have you read anything else?" The school master told attention, even the loutish chaps of fifteen listening.

"The 1804 Almanac and some of the Gospels," whispered Bronson.

The master opened his Bible to the lesson over which the second class had been stumbling and pointed with his quill pen. "Read this if you can, Bronson."

And the child read clearly, without hesitation. "There was in the days of Herod, the king of Judea, a certain priest named Zacharias, of the course of Abia . . ."

And on and on through whatever passages the master showed him. Finally the master took the book from him and said, "You will read with the top class. Can you spell?"

"Only through the primer!" replied Bronson.

"You will spell with the second class. Can you write?"

"Yes, sir. Mother taught me on the floor." He stood at the master's desk, pink tongue caught in the corner of his mouth and with his little chapped fist clasping the slate pencil wrote without copy—"God is Love."

The master stared at the huge graceful letters and sighed from sheer pleasure.

"You will write with the top class."

And so the small Bronson was launched on his school career. One must pick the story of this with great patience from his later diaries, from his letters to his daughters, to his mother; from notes on his later writings. Mostly it is a story of hardship and of unbelievable yearning and striving for the finer things of life. It may be guessed that in a few terms of the district school he practically had exhausted its resources, and he began to look about him for other intellectual worlds to conquer. There were a few books in the neighborhood and Bronson borrowed them one after another. He read them winter evenings before the fire, while his mother knitted and his father worked out hickory axe helms. He read them in the spring when, set to weed the garden, he conscientiously did his stint; but at the rest periods he allowed himself, at the end of the rows, he buried himself in some treasury of words. Thus before he was twelve he had read through this small but astounding list: Young's Night Thoughts, Milton's Paradise Lost, Robinson Crusoe, Burgh's Dignity of Human Nature, Herry's Meditations, Thomson's Seasons. Then on a certain unforgettable day he borrowed a copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

"O charming story! he records. "My haunts by meadow, rock and brook were made by it enchanted ground. More than any work of genius, more than all other books, the Dreamer's Dream brought me into a living acquaintance with myself, my duties: and if the value of work is to be determined by its power to educate its readers, then I must acknowledge my debt to be the greatest to the author of Pilgrim's Progress."

He borrowed it again and yet again; copied whole chapters to have with him when he could not have the book, and often, he says, left the oxen and the plow standing in the furrow, while, sitting on the wall beside the field, he enacted the drama of that most dramatic book, himself taking the part of Christain.

You will recall that, in his diary about his children, he tells of their bed time dramatics, and you will recall that the Little Women loved nothing better than to impersonate the trials of the unforgettable Christian. Whoever loaned the book first to Bronson dropped a pebble into deep waters, the concentric rings of which were not to cease rippling for a hundred years.

(The next article, disclosing for the first time the diary of "The Father of Little Women," will appear next month.)

The Circus Lady

[Continued from page 28]

to the eye of any old timer.

The first word always as one jumps from the coach is, "Where's the lot?" It takes the place of "Good Morning" with any good Insider. Years may go by; circus life may be so far in the past that at times the days of the circus are forgotten unless something brings it to mind. But, "Where's the lot?" will always bring a smile to any trouper anywhere in the world.

A considerable amount of years have passed since I have been on the sawdust. There are so many new faces in the ring now, when I go back there to visit Madison Square in the spring. Even the tricks are different.

I sit in a reserved seat, a gillie for the second time, and watch the shining pageant pass by me—flying and riding and swooping from dizzy heights—for my amusement. I watch it eagerly, but alas, not as I feel I ought to—not with the eyes of a gillie—not with that breathless interest of one who is a stranger to the canvas tent.

Perhaps there is wild applause over a showy act, one that has been ushered in with loud music, and many spots. It looks hard to the gillies and they are vociferous about it. But I know well that the quiet man who rode so beautifully in the ring the act before was doing the work that should have been applauded. His was the work of the old school—beautiful work, that showed practise and the toil of years. He got by all right, but not with such thundering applause as greets the little slip of a girl half of whose

act is music and lights.

Perhaps, just as the old days of the arts and crafts are passing in every other trade, so they are passing in this too. Advertising, speed, and the desire to get famous quick, and get rich quick has set its mark here too.

When I am confronted by a little boy in a white jacket, wanting to sell me circus foods, do I buy as the rest about me are doing? No, I don't; I put my hand out and draw it back. My father's voice is saying to me, "Let the gillies eat the peanuts and drink the lemonade, Josie. You can do your work better without them."

Do I applaud with the rest of the gillies at some particularly good trick? Alas, not half the time, for I am too busy watching a certain muscle ripple under a silk tight to join in the handclapping. Or I am wishing I could get hold of that little girl riding her horse with such violent promise. Some of the things she does are so wrong, and I know how many can be ruined by training of the wrong kind. I could help her along the hard stony road over which my father led me so successfully.

In appearance and actions—in the things the Outsiders can see, I may be a gillie. In fact, I probably am, for years will leave their mark on the actions and the feelings as well as on the face. But I know that deep down, deeper than everyday gets me, I am still one of them and will be till I die. In my heart and soul I belong to the lot and the red wagons and the Big Top.



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The Mystery Lady

[Continued from page 20]

changed; gray days came and raw nights and rough water. It grew colder; the four winds were up and busy, blowing freshly one day, boisterously the next, never entirely quiet,—blustering winds, sudden winds, treacherous winds, arising capriciously anywhere and at any hour.

Duck, geese and swan now came in thousands—not remaining, however, very close to Star Shoal and The Old Man's, where early dredging operations stirred them up and kept them from returning until late at night. Also the duck and geese were made uneasy by activities on Tiger Island. Yet, even with all that stir and noise and the constant sailing of boats between Tiger Island and Bonnet Bay, the wild-fowl of that wilderness might not have felt very much disturbed had it not been for the nightly revels of Welper's gang—their sudden mania for lighting bonfires and setting off fireworks.

Why and what the Forty Thieves were celebrating nobody on Red Moon Island could guess. It made Lanier uneasy, apprehensive, and finally moody. Had it not been a case of shooting on sight between him and Eugene Renton, he might again have risked a visit to the Gay-Cat. He was contemplating it.

But he did not wish to kill Renton, or anybody else if it could be avoided. Moreover, there was another way of securing information. He went after luncheon one day with Jake in the launch to Bonnet Bay; and, from Everly's house at Stede's Landing, he called up Frank Lane, Desk Clerk at the Hotel Marquis-of-Granby in Norfolk.

"Frank," he said, "this is Number B. Give me your number."

"Double B. What is your letter?"

"Twenty-six. What is yours?"

"My letter is Fifty-two."

"All set, Frank?"

"All set."

"How is the fishing?" inquired Lanier.

"Number E is very anxious to go fishing. He calls me up every day for instructions. Have you any advice to give?"

"Yes. Please call up Number E and say you are wiring him instructions. Tell him in code that the fishing season has begun; that he is to go on the job at once, find out what is happening in the fish-pond, and get the information to me. You know where I am?"

"Perfectly."

LATE that windy afternoon, returning with Bob Skaw from a cautious cruise through a choppy sea, he noticed a strange launch off Red Moon Island, alongside the dredging scow. Bob told him that the launch belonged to the game warden, Bill Bailey, who was on his annual visit to those remote regions for the purpose of inspecting licenses.

The warden, a weather-beaten native in sou'wester and tarpaulin, hailed Bob jocosely: "Vere you-all been a-sailin' to ven I come a-visitin'?"

"We was chasin' sand-flies on False Cape. We got a license to kill skeeters, too." He handed the licenses to the warden, who inspected them and returned them.

"Vat you-all diggin' in de duck-veed, Cap'n Bob?" he demanded in a bantering voice, gazing at the dredging scow.

"We're diggin' up swans' aigs, Bill," replied Bob, gravely. "You-all been over to Tiger?"

"I reckon."

"What's all them fires 'n' fireworks for?" demanded Bob. "They act like they's aimin' to clar the bay o' duck."

"Vell," replied the warden, "ven I seen dem doins' yonder I vent over vit' de launch. Dee tell me how dee done find some ole ship sunk off'n Tiger?"

"Wot kinda ship!" demanded Bob incredulously.

"Dee tell me she's Spanish an' dees a heap o' money in de hold."

"Is that why they're shootin' rockets an' celebratin'?"

"I reckon h't's dat a-way, Cap'n Bob."

"A-h," retorted Bob, "they're a b'ilin' hunch o' liars, them Bonnet Bay bums. Bert Mewling he's a crook and a poacher and a liar. Don't you let 'em tell you they found no Spanish ship full o' gold?"

"I reckon it's silver," drawled the warden, "—vich is vat dee showed me, any-

vay."

"You seen silver money took up out of the water off'n Tiger!" demanded Bob furiously.

"I reckon."

The warden ejected a compact quid, slowly gnawed a section from a twist of native plug, thoughtfully started his engine, seated himself and took the tiller.

Lanier called across the widening interval of water: "Did you see those silver coins, warden?"

"Yaas, I did, suh."

"What kind?"

"Spanish, I reckon, suh," came the faint reply across the water.

Bob poled the launch to the dock; Lanier sprang to the landing and tied up. "That looks bad for us, sir," remarked Bob Skaw in sombre tones.

"I wonder," muttered Lanier.

WHEN he was bathed and dressed it was near the dinner hour. He found Maddaleen in the library before an open fire, her slender feet on the fender. She extended one hand to him in friendly welcome.

"Well," he said, seating himself, "how is the dredging going on?"

"Nothing, so far," she admitted ruefully.

"You're not discouraged, are you?"

"I don't know. Jake told me, just now, what the game warden told you and Bob Skaw."

"About the Tiger Island gang finding some silver coins?"

"Spanish silver. That is rather disturbing, isn't it?"

"In a way. Welper pretends that he's discovered a sunken ship and has dredged up some Spanish silver coins. In consequence the gang over there got boiling drunk, lighted bonfires, and fired rockets. And yet, Maddaleen, I'm not as much disturbed as the wild duck are."

The girl turned in her arm-chair and saw that he was smiling. He said: "In the documents you have, there is no mention of silver. We are told, only, that The Red Moon, galley, was loaded to the gunwales with pure, soft, Indian gold. The metal mentioned was Indian, not Spanish. And that remote ancestor of yours traded with Indians, not with Spaniards. He was not paid for his beads and knives and looking-glasses in Spanish coin or in coin of any sort, either gold or silver. He was paid in soft Indian gold."

The girl flushed slightly. "Really," she said, "you have an extraordinary talent for comforting people. I've been rather blue since Jake told me what the warden said."

"It worried me, too. But I've been thinking it over. If The Red Moon was laden with gold, that gold, of course, was not minted. The Indians had no coinage. The gold was native gold. Perhaps there were raw lumps of it, perhaps utensils, or sacrificial implements. But what I think is this; that your adventurous ancestor acquired many sackfuls of those marvelous specimens of the Maya and Aztec goldsmiths' art which once—and even today—are found in the tombs of certain important personages who reigned or who functioned as big dignitaries in the ancient Maya and Aztec civilizations."

Maddaleen had seen the superb collection of golden objects d'art in the Museum of Natural History in New York. But, somehow—and naturally enough where piracy was concerned—the girl had thought of golden treasure on the sunken Red Moon in terms of doubloons. Now, suddenly, Lanier's theory appeared to be the reasonable one: gold ornaments from Maya tombs!—of these was the treasure of The Red Moon composed!

DINNER had been announced; the girl rose and took Lanier's offered arm, resting on it with light yet confident familiarity. "I breathe freely again," she said, "thanks to you, John Lanier."

That, so far, was her concession—his full name, John Lanier, but not the more intimate John, alone.

Dirck, who had been on Crescent Bar, was a little late in changing his wet clothing. He appeared when dinner was nearly over, almost starved. [Turn to page 97]



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The Love of Cactus Carrie

[Continued from page 5]

counter with an expert hand, "Our little Ye-vonne ain't sleepin' on th' job. She's got a weather eye out for a permanent meal ticket, I'll say."

"For Pete's sake," cried the owner of the name, "don't call me Ye-vonne!" She thrust her hand, with an angry gesture, up the back of her head, fluffing her curly brown "bob" until it stuck out wildly.

"Calm yourself, kid," advised Miss Eppel, in her capacity of head-waitress. "There's a customer."

Yvonne became outwardly calm, but she "had it in" for Annie. And, in further proof of her histrionic ability, she turned a pleasant face to the man on the high stool, and asked: "What'll yuh have, Mister?" in a sweet, soft voice.

"These kids," complained Miss Eppel to Cactus Carrie, who was shining the coffee machine, "are hard to handle. If they'd only learn to hold their tongues!—They might take a few lessons from you, Carrie. You don't give no one any lip."

As she spoke she passed Carrie, who glanced sidewise after her. It was a swift look that said many things—had there been one to read—patience, obedience, were in it—and a strong contempt.

Carrie was the only woman in the place who had kept her natural color and full amount of hair. Two long, straight, blue-black braids encircled her head and were pinned primly. She was flat and straight of body, her hips narrow, her back like a totem-pole, shoulders square.

She had been working three months, and Mr. Hinton, the manager—watching her sharply—knew that she would make a better head-waitress than Sadie Eppel. But Sadie had done nothing to merit displacement; so Carrie—dubbed Cactus by the inventive Annie, the first hour of her arrival—continued to polish and serve with that minute care and earnest application which characterized her daily life.

She turned from the coffee-urn and glanced down the length of the counter. Her dark eyes rested on the figure of the man Yvonne was serving with "swims and sinkers"—(doughnuts and coffee). It was a shapely figure—one which should have been athletic—grown now a bit too heavy with the soft flesh of idleness. It slouched at the high counter, and the hand that held the cup of thick china, trembled. But the face that turned toward the perky, pretty, Irish waitress was as appealing as a child's face, with a broad brow, wide between the eyes; the nose straight and fine, with delicate nostrils. Two deep dimples bit the cheeks at each slow smile. The grey eyes were very careless and lazy with dreams; and the lips seemed to have lost the power to meet firmly—they continually smiled.

Cactus Carrie had never seen this man before, but as she watched his damaged beauty the years rolled back. She was a girl again in a New England meadow; a maiden dreaming of knighthood. The Fairy Prince in all of her dreams had looked like this man, before . . . Ah, she had lived a checkered, troubled life! Yet she had never quite forgotten those shy dreams; that shining knight who rode through them. . . . And now the fair armor of his courtly strength was dull, tarnished in the tilt of life; and she was—Cactus Carrie from "beyond the line!"

She went and stood by Yvonne, listening. "Where'd you come from, Rudolph?" Yvonne said, "kidding" him: "you've sure got an appetite!"

The stranger looked up. The incessant smile widened. "Wall Street," he said. "Advance agent for H. R. H. No, your pardon, young lady. Where did I come from? Hanged if I know!"

Yvonne laughed, and ruffled the back of her bobbed hair. But the quiet lips of Cactus Carrie drew into a firm line; her eyes narrowed questioningly. "English, ain't you?" she asked; and the man's attention became, suddenly, fixed upon her. His shoulders lifted a little, and the smile and the dimples disappeared.

"Imprimis, he was broke," he said, quoting, "Thereafter left his regiment,—later took to drink and losing the balance of his friends—joined the people of the land— That's Arizona and the gentry of the rope and spur, the genus cow-boy. Only work is so blame scarce! Sure I'm English." He slid from [Turn to page 96]

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The Love of Cactus Carrie

[Continued from page 95]

the high stool and raised the half-empty cup of coffee. "Tight little Isle!" he said, and drank.

He set down the cup and searched the pockets of his ragged corduroys, then his worn, grey shirt. The search revealed two nickles and a dime.

"That," said Yvonne Kelly, "ain't enough. You owe two bits."

Again he thrust his unsteady fingers into empty pockets. Then he shook his head and smiled. The shrug of helplessness that followed stirred a fierce pity in the gaunt woman behind the counter.

"Young lady," he said gently to Yvonne, "it'll have to do. Those insignificant coins are all I have. I am powerless—as you see. The ex—excellent coffee and cakes are, unfortunately, mine for keeps."

Yvonne turned to call the manager but Carrie stopped her. She thrust the necessary five cent piece into the girl's hand.—The man turned his dreamy eyes to her.

"Now why—just why," he said, "did you do that?"

"I don't know," said Cactus Carrie.

The ragged derelict stepped back and bowed elaborately, to his own imminent peril and that of the cups on the counter.

"Accept our thanks," he said majestically. "The cakes were passing good."

Then he was gone. Cactus Carrie looked after him with sombre eyes.

"Wasn't he the limit!" said Yvonne, in disgust. "Been drunk for a month, I'll bet. That's an old drunk. Too slow and settled for late stuff!"

Carrie did not answer. For the rest of the day she worked to the accompaniment of that drawing, amused voice; a voice whose quality reached within her consciousness like music.

Two days passed, and she saw no more of the ragged stranger, which was odd, considering that one might take in the whole town at a glance. And then, at night, he came. He dined at the lunch counter. He handled the food, the knife and fork, with a strange delicacy, and paid with a good American dollar. He was rather sober this time, and the devil-may-care mood, the geniality of his former visit, were sunk in pensive sadness. This time Carrie waited on him. She watched him with hungry eyes, and gave him fifteen cents—the best of the bargain—in the matter of change. She and little, plain Celia were alone on the late shift.

"I thought you'd gone," she said abruptly, as he lingered.

"What made you think so?"

"I didn't see you anywhere—"

"Isn't this the west—the Great and Glorious!—where a man's past is his own and no questions asked?" he said, with a wide gesture.

Cactus Carrie blushed for the first time in many a hard-bit year.

"It is," she answered frankly, "and I'm sorry I seemed just curious."

"You needn't be sorry," he assured her largely, "you have a right to ask—the right of friendliness. You are," and he bowed to her, "the lady who loaned me that small but needful coin. Which—allow me to return before I forget—my memory is really not what it should be—or before I spend it for pulque."

He fished in the pocket of his shirt and laid a dime on the counter. Carrie gravely changed it and gave him back a nickel. There was something of dignity in the transaction, as if, with the payment, he took on a shade of responsibility.

"That pulque is bad," she said.

"Not half so bad as the mescal," he said quickly. "My great Aunt Jane! Were you ever drunk on mescal? Oh, I beg your pardon; forgive me for that!" He rose to his feet and regarded her with contrite eyes.

His evident implication that such a thing as a mescal jag was not to be thought of in connection with the trim, luscious woman behind the counter, went into Carrie like a knife. It set her thin lips together in a sharp line.

"I will," she said, "and whenever you get too much, come in here. There's always coffee in the machine—"

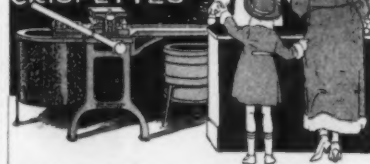
The man laughed. "What?" he said, "sober me up—after I've spent my last centavo getting that way? I fear you're a poor financier."

"I'd sober you up [Turn to page 99]

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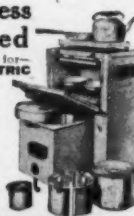
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The Rat Bis-Kit Co., Springfield, Ohio

The Mystery Lady

[Continued from page 94]

"Sis," he said, "you and Lanier"—the boy was proud to call him Lanier without prefix—"should have been on Crescent. There was a northwest wind and the duck came in as fast as driven snow-flakes. Geese, too! My, what a sight, and what a day!"

"What did you get?" asked Maddaleen with the unfeigned interest of a sportsman. "I got my limit. I could have doubled it—tripled it! I got four geese, six sprig, three canvas, seven mallard, two red-head, a golden-eye, a blue-bill and a black duck."

"Fine, Dirck. Did any of the decoys get loose?"

"Oh, I had a terrible time with that old gander, Major Bagstock. The Major always keeps at his leg-cord until he gets it off. He went nearly half-way to Tiger before I headed him. Then two mallard pulled loose and I had a time rounding them in."

Maddaleen and Lanier lingered over their coffee to listen to the boy's adventures by flood and field; and he talked and ate and gesticulated with a detached vigour and delightful freedom from brag and pose that showed what he really was under wholesome influence and home conditions.

The decease of each one of those twenty-five wild-fowl had to be related, singly and in detail. Each episode was described with excited pantomime—how the wretched geese-decoys sulked and refused to "call" at the critical moment; how he, Dirck, had "called" where he crouched; how the crafty leader of the clamoring but wary geese in the sky overhead finally swerved, turned, beguiled to his doom below; and how this deluded gander carried down with him the wide-winged squad of comrades to the water where their treacherous fellows preened and floated off the fatal blind.

As his sister and Lanier listened, they seemed to see the wild duck whirling in; see their short, strong wings curve to a bow; the webbed feet thrust out as they lit on the rough water; see the hidden figure in the blind stand up; the gray light glint on his gun-barrels; hear the scuttering clatter of startled wild-fowl rising, breast to the wind; hear the two short, dry reports; see a pair of towering duck collapse in mid-air, hurtle downward and strike the water with separate splashes.

"You're very graphic, young man," said Lanier gravely. "I feel the fever myself; and if this cursed thirst for Spanish gold would ever let up I'd go and burn a few shells myself."

"You could have gone today," said Maddaleen.

"No, I had to go to Stede's Landing."

"Why?" inquired Dirck.

Lanier lit a cigarette. "I'll tell you why. In the peculiar service in which I am engaged there is a man named Donald Mayne. We keep in touch with each other." . . . He smiled at Maddaleen. "Don, also, is a member of the Forty Club."

"Dirck," interrupted the girl seriously, "you understand how confidential this is. You know what would happen to Mr. Lanier and to his comrade, Mr. Mayne, if Welper suspected them?"

"Yes," said the boy bitterly, "I know."

Lanier nodded and went on: "I sent word to Donald Mayne I needed him on Tiger Island. He'll be here tonight. I want you both to know that—in case a stranger appears in these waters asking for me, probably the man will be Donald Mayne. And the way you may recognize Mayne is this: When he says, 'Tell John Lanier a fisherman wants to see him,' you must say, 'What do you do with the fish you catch?' If it is Mayne he will say, 'When I catch them I fry them.'"

"I've told Jake. Jake is to instruct all your men how to recognize one of my friends, no matter where he comes from."

In spite of the real seriousness of the situation—which they never yet had entirely realized—the boy and his sister were agreeably conscious of the dramatic element developing daily in the unusual affair of The Red Moon, galley. The discovery of the Eden documents, the linked chain of events which followed—every episode had arisen in logical consequence, promising in turn some inevitable sequel.

[Continued in DECEMBER McCALL'S]

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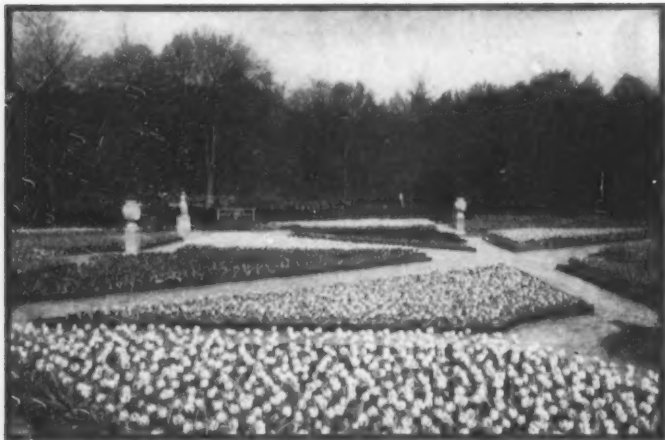
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Two striking features of the show were this replica of a seventeenth-century tulip garden, and an acre of woodland where a million daffodils danced in the breeze

All Hail the Tulip and the Daffodil!

BY DOROTHY GILES

McCall's Special Representative at the World's Greatest Flower Show Held Recently in Holland

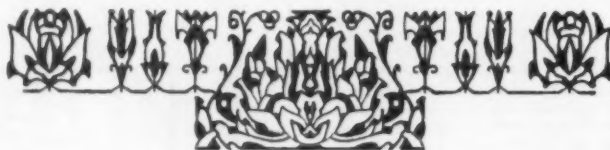
EVERY fall when the packages of bulbs arrive from the nursery men, and I take my dozens of *Clara Butts* and *Princes of Austria* and *Glories of Leyden* from their neat, brown paper wrappings, my faith in miracles springs up anew. So much wizardry of color, so much promise of fragrance, such daring bravery of March winds and wayward April weather, compact in these knobby brown and red-skinned bulbs that look for all the world like rather misshapen onions!

Show me a skeptic, I say, and I will give him a bulb. Two of them, by preference—a tulip in one hand, a narcissus in the other. And, if I can stand guard over him long enough to make sure that he plants them with even a moderate degree of care, there, in six months, I guarantee to show you a believer! So much of faith will he have learned of Mother Earth.

Of the great bulb family, in which the lily is easily queen, and the humble, if useful, onion the poor relation—those which most concern us are the tulip, the narcissus, the hyacinth, the crocus and—if your spirit too is quickened by the sight of blue blossoms in bloom so soon as the snow mantle is swept away—the scilla and grape hyacinth. But chief of these are the tulip and narcissus.

For the latter I love to use the old English folk name of daffodil, although this belongs truly to the double yellow variety alone. "Lent lilies," the old gardeners called them, since in the sheltered corner of Kentish gardens they may be found blooming cheerily in the chill, dark days before Easter. So too I have seen them, springing joyously from the green turf within the cloisters of Pisa, planted there in soil brought long ago from the Mount of Olives and keeping faithful guard over the bodies of the old monks who were such valiant gardeners.

But to see either the tulip or narcissus at its perfection one must go to Holland—as I did last May—that brave little country by the North Sea whose chief exports are—cheeses

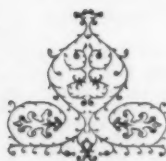


and bulbs! In the rich peat meadows that lie just within the sand dunes are hundreds of acres devoted to their propagation. And of this great industry, which Holland estimates is worth some twenty-two million florins (\$8,800,000) yearly, more than one-half have been destined for the American market. So popular, on our side of the Atlantic, are these gay harbingers of the spring.

The world's finest tulips come from Holland, where the affection of the Dutch people for their national flower shows no sign of waning



In this charming, though simple, rock garden low-growing foliage and flowering plants give an effect of color and mass



To the Dutch, bulb culture is more than a commercial enterprise, it is their great national enthusiasm. No cottage is so poor that it does not boast at least one pot of blossoms on the window ledge.

Even the canal boats, passing slowly down the *grachten* of Amsterdam, carry tubs of earth from which spring miniature gardens of blooming red and orange tulips set around with sprigs of box or yew.

This enthusiastic interest was evident in the great International Bloemententoonstelling (Flower Show) held last spring near the old city of Haarlem. There, in a park of nearly twenty acres, Dutch and Belgian and French nurserymen exhibited their finest bulbs for the joy and admiration of hundreds of thousands of garden enthusiasts from all parts of the world, of whom it was my joy to be one.



And such bulbs! Against a background of clipped yew hedges flamed formal plantings of tulips—red, orange, yellow, pink, and two glorious deep purples—*Van Der Neer* and *Couleur Cardinal*. Bold masses of the vivid orange cups of the *Prince of Austria* caught and gave back the April sunshine; and at the edge of a little wood, informal groupings of the lovely double tulips: *Murillo*, *Mr. Van der Hoef* and *Theeroos* made patches of pale yellow and blush pink against the glossy green of rhododendrons.

In one sheltered garden of winding, flagged-stone paths, the pointed, flame colored buds of *General de Wet* flickered above a haze of blue forgetmenots. A lovely planting this, and one which lends itself to even a very small garden where tulips are at their best planted informally and with a ground cover at their feet.

For narcissus enthusiasts—and I confess myself to be of their company—the crowning wonder was the Wood of Daffodils, a little valley of gray-trunked beech trees, and dancing at their feet, a million daffodils! Not that I counted; but, having seen them, I am content to [Turn to page 99]

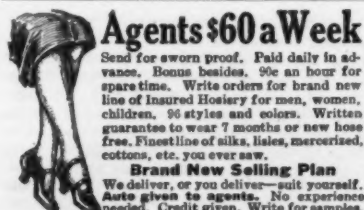


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The Love of Cactus Carrie

[Continued from page 96]

for good," she said savagely, "if I could." "It can't be done," he answered airily, with a steady look, "but I'm grateful for the wish. Selah!"

He rose, paused at the open door to turn and look back; then he went out into the soft, warm Arizona night—and Cactus Carrie scoured everything in sight, as an outlet to the strange disturbance in her soul.

In the weeks that followed, the grey-eyed renegade came often to partake of his accustomed cakes and coffee. There were times, even when unusually drunk, that he had money in his pockets, but more often he had none. When he was "flush," the barren times were provided for by the simple expedient of depositing with Carrie the whole of a silver dollar. It was surprising how long those dollars lasted, too.

"Why don't you get a job?" the woman asked him once.

His shoulders lifted in a shrug: "With the blankets spread for monte on the sand?" he asked, smiling. "With the lanterns throwing shadows and the smoke of cigarettes drifting by in clouds? And there is always pulque!"

"Gambling with Mexicans!" she said sharply. "Where's your pride?"

"Across the sea," he answered promptly, "where I left every good impulse I was dowered with."

"Why don't you go back?"

"Please," he said with dignity, "forget it. I'd cut my worthless throat first."

The bitter tone of finality stirred the girl beyond her bounds of reserve. To save her life she could not help the fleeting touch she gave his hand. At that he looked at her and smiled—one of his sweet, appealing smiles—as elusive, as wistful as mist on a mountain meadow.

But Annie Bruce, the ferret-eyed, saw. "Seems like Old Ironside's melting, Ye-vonne," she said. "Do you get the look in her eye when his Nibs comes in? I mean th' guy with the open-work pants an' the permanent jag. It's Indian summer around here about four times a week."

"Is that so?" said Yvonne, who still resented Annie. "It'll take more than bein' sorry for a down-an'-outer to melt a wise guy like yourself."

"Can th' amenities, girls," said Miss Eppel. "If th' Boss don't fire you both, I'm sure a bum fortune-teller."

Mr. Hinton, overhearing, sauntered down the room.

"Miss Eppel is right," he said quietly. "I wouldn't deal too closely in personalities. There is such a thing as the milk of human kindness, Annie, you know; though it is somewhat rare these days." "Arizon'd sour it—pasteurized!" flashed the undaunted Annie; but pretty little Yvonne looked at the Boss with soft eyes.

"You—an' me—an' Cactus Carrie, Mr. Hinton," she said, "we know what it is." The manager smiled at the little Irish waitress. Annie flung up her head with a note of laughter. [Turn to page 100]

All Hail the Tulip

[Continued from page 98]

accept the estimate of Mr. Ernest Krelage, President of the Exposition, as conservative. All our old favorites were there—Emperor, Empress, Glory of Leyden—seen now on its native heath and oh, so lovely! the exquisite, cream white Madame de Graaff and three delicate and fragrant double daffodils of the Phoenix type—Sulphur, Primrose and Apricot—the last named an entrancing shell pink!

Surely no sturdy spring blossoms are more generous of their gifts than these. The bright, swaying tulip cups are brimmed with gladness; the golden trumpets of the daffodils sound a jocund challenge to the spring. Even now, with November ousting October from the calendar, the touch of their rough bulbs removes the dread of approaching frost and cold. Hostages are they, which we give into winter's keeping, secure in the faith that having entrusted them to the rewarding earth, spring will bloom again in our borders.

"THEY USED TO CALL ME 'WEARY WINIFRED'"

The personal story of a woman who never was really sick, yet always ailing, always too tired to enjoy life—and how she made herself into a virile, vital being of super-health and strength.



IN New York City there lives a woman who has such amazing vitality that she is the envy of all her friends. Yet not so long ago they used to call her "Weary Winifred." Her story is printed here in her own words, as an open letter to all women who are discouraged with their burdens.

"The strangest thing," she says, "is that I never realized there was anything the matter with me. My life, I thought, was that of the ordinary wife and mother. I tried to be a good wife and mother, and at the same time to keep in touch with my social duties.

"But somehow, I never seemed to catch up with myself. If I stayed up late one night, I could hardly drag myself out of bed the next morning. I had to cancel engagements frequently, not because I was ever really sick, but simply because I was too weary to make the effort. I looked tired, acted tired, and was tired.

"My looks began to show the effect, too. My neck began to look stringy and hollow. My cheek muscles sagged, my complexion was 'pasty' and colorless. My figure began to look dumpty. My age—which was only twenty-five—began to feel like fifty. Life was becoming 'just too much for me'—and I didn't know why.

"Of course I did things about this state of affairs. I took pills and powders. I tried various creams and lotions for my complexion. I tried, in various ways, to gain strength and yet reduce weight, changing from one thing to another. I 'fussed' with everything.

"Yet with all these little ailments, I was not really sick. There was nothing organic the matter with me. And so it never occurred to me that I was not a normal woman. I just thought that I was the victim of ills that a great many unfortunate women were heir to.

"But one day, something happened that made me 'sit up and take notice.' I read an article, telling the story of Annette Kellermann's life—of how she, who is called 'the world's most perfectly formed woman,' was once a puny, ailing girl, always in ill health. The story of how she dragged herself out of her misery and actually

made herself the lovely creature of glorious health and beauty that she is today was a revelation to me. Indeed, I was so lost in admiration for that wonderful woman that I wrote her. In response, I received not only a charming personal letter from Miss Kellermann, but, far more important, a copy of her book called 'The Body Beautiful'—a book which I can truthfully say led me to my present health and happiness.

"That little book opened my eyes to the fact that it is totally unnecessary for women to suffer as they do—totally unnecessary for them to be continually incapacitated by petty little ailments—totally unnecessary for them to look old and haggard and worn.

"I know that this is so because I have proved it. Today I am practically never tired. I am never nervous or irritable. I never have any of the petty ailments from which so many women suffer. I look years younger than most other women of my age. My step is springy, my eyes are bright, my skin is firm and clear, and my body is slender and has the free, lithe grace of a young girl.

"I cannot too strongly recommend to other women that they take this simple way out of their troubles. It is so easy!"

FREE— The Body Beautiful

Annette Kellermann, in this book—which she will send absolutely free, upon request to any woman—tells exactly how she transformed herself from an invalid into a woman world-famous for her health and beauty. Any woman, by devoting only fifteen minutes a day to her methods, can obtain a perfect figure, neither too stout nor too thin, mould each part of her body to graceful, youthful lines; can acquire a clear, healthy complexion; and can overcome weaknesses and physical troubles that so many women suffer from.

If you would like to have a copy of Annette Kellermann's new book, write for it. There is no charge or obligation. Simply write a letter or mail the coupon below. Do it this minute—it may be the beginning of a new kind of health and happiness for you.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, Inc.

225 West 39th Street, Suite 811, New York City

**ANNETTE KELLERMANN, INC., Suite 811,
225 West 39th Street, New York City**

Dear Miss Kellermann: Kindly send me entirely without cost, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in:

() Body Building () Reducing Weight

Name

Address

City

"Good night!" she cried. "We don't hate ourselves, do we?"

The hot days passed with their usual routine. The cross-continent trains roared in; poured their streams of tourists, for a brief time, along the lunch counter—in the dining-room beyond; tooted their warnings of haste; gathered up their hordes again and departed with monotonous regularity. It seemed to Cactus Carrie that the whole East was traveling this summer. Cactus Carrie sighed and set out the neat cases of salt, pepper, catsup, and toothpicks on the long, shining counter.

She lived for the late shifts, the warm nights when there was little to do; merely the passing of the Eleven-Ten with its few train-hands who came in for their midnight lunch; lived and watched for the nights when the grey-eyed man "blew in." No matter how drunk he was, there was always the wistful smile, the courtly manner that sat so airily upon him. Each time of his arrival he performed a low and perilous bow—his hat sweeping the ground. Several times he appeared without the hat. He had, he said, lost it. The woman longed to buy him another; but there was something about him—something which she fiercely cherished and idolized that precluded patronage.

It was on these nocturnal visits that they talked most together—the hard-hit silent waitress from somewhere "south-of-the-line" and the pleasant delinquent—with a distant and grave courtesy of equality, a disregard of all circumstances.

"I owe you a lot," he said one night, after much strong coffee. "You're kind. Is there anything that one of my present social standing," and he flung out his hand in a gesture of mock grandeur, and with a wry smile, "could be so blest as to do for you? Anything—any smallest thing for-to-fetch, for-to-carry, for-to-bring from anywhere to any place? Could I go on errands for you? I have excellent legs, though they sometimes carry me to the pulque joints when I had fully intended them to take me out on the desert to watch the moon come up."

Without a word Cactus Carrie bent forward on the counter; with her head bowed on her arms she cried as though her heart would break.

The man slid off the stool and came to stand near her. "I beg a thousand pardons," he said softly. "What did I say? What did I do to you?" Then, at her silence, he raised a soiled and shapely hand; touched with his finger tips the glossy, black braids.

She lifted her head and turned upon him a drawn, twitched face.

"Yes," she said savagely, her voice breaking, "you can—only you can do something for me: get cold-sober for one day!" She watched, with a tortured heart, the look of dismay—what she knew was a comical dismay—cross his face. "Honest?" he asked in perturbation. "Is that all I can do? I thought you'd ask me something easy—like holding up the Overland . . ."

"I mean it," said Cactus Carrie, fighting to regain self-possession, and dabbing cold water on her eyes, "that's what I want."

He drew a deep sigh, and moved his long hand back and forth along the smooth counter. Then he pulled himself erect, smiled, and waved the fine, soiled hand airily.

"Done!" he said, "I give you the word of a Davenport—Swift as wind he caught back the final syllable. "I give you my word," he finished, flushing. "I'll be here tomorrow night in that state you command. The novelty of the prospect intrigues me." And with another grandiloquent bow he went out.

All the next day Cactus Carrie worked with her nerves strung to the tension of a singing wire. It seemed as if something vital and tragic hung upon the night. All through the day she felt a tightness in her breast and found herself holding her breath.

The day was more than ordinarily hot. Outside the railroad station heat waves glimmered along the wide sand levels. In the distance a low line of hills fringed the blue horizon. That was Mexico, not so far away. The line lay out there somewhere, marked at intervals by Government monuments. Carrie looked south with the insistent pang of unrest that had stirred in her for so many days. She worked efficiently all the morning; took her afternoon hours "off shift" with unaccustomed eagerness, and spent them in a new and engaging manner—namely, in self-beautification. She brushed her long, black hair until it shone; smoothed her dusky skin with talcum powder, and ironed a fresh-washed, white linen uniform with fastidious care. Did she hope that Grey-eyes, sober, would see in her a modicum of youthful grace—some warm, yet modest, claim to charm? She did not know. And would he keep his word? That strangely broken syllable—a name half spoken! She told herself that she was sure of nothing, and yet—

At eight o'clock she went on duty again in the sweltering, still heat of the breathless twilight. At nine the other girls went off, leaving her alone with Celia for the shift that lasted till midnight.

"Good land, ain't it hot tonight! My waist is stickin' to my back," Celia said, writhing. "We're goin' to have a storm."

Time, as though slowed by the heat, dragged by. Ten o'clock: Ten-thirty: Eleven . . . The night train humming down

The Love of Cactus Carrie

[Continued from page 99]



They heard her say to the driver:
"Drive—or I'll kill you."

the track. The train crew entered; ate and vanished: Carrie's head throbbed. Sharp on the half hour she heard the step. Surely a degree less lazy—less shuffling. She would know it among a thousand whispering feet. It had changed—something in it not the same. Regularity—that was it.

Her heart would not let her rest—an aching excitement blurred her vision. And then, he stood in the doorway and looked at her—a pitiful spectacle. He was pale, and the skin had sunk in upon the bones of his face! The pleasant, smiling eyes were tragic—starved—afraid. Out of him was drained the artificial life and strength and imagined well-being. For the first time in many months he was "stone-sober"; an empty bag of flesh. He bowed to her; one supporting hand trembling on the door frame.

"How long—O, lady?" he said captiously.
"My clay with long oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by."

Without a word Carrie turned to the coffee machine—dark and steaming coffee brimmed the cup. She set it forth on the counter, and he came obediently and drank it down.

Her own hands were trembling and cold. The very fact that he was here, that he had kept his word, was the most momentous thing that had happened for ten years of her drab life. She understood every phase of his present mood. "Tonight—for this time," she answered concisely. "Next time we'll make it longer."

"My word!" he exclaimed, in that same comical dismay with which he had taken up her challenge, "has there got to be a next time?"

"Many," she said, trying to hide the depth of her longing: "We've just begun."

He sat on the high stool and looked at her. The hollow eyes searched every angle of her plain face.

"You're a good woman," he said presently, "but why trouble yourself?"

"Good!" thought Carrie, with a sudden feeling of weakness. And aloud she was saying: "I don't know why, but I've got to—that's all—I've got to!"

He shook his head. "No use," he said, "The moving finger writes, and having writ—'but you know the rest of it.'"

"A man," she said, "ought to make a fight. I know a—a woman who did; and a man's got a better chance—a hundred-to-one better chance."

"True," he said, "but why should he? When all he wants to do is to forget?"

"Maybe," said Cactus Carrie, timidly, "maybe because there's someone wants him to; because someone would care enough to stand at his back and help, just to see him come up again—"

"Sounds alluring," he said gravely, "but, unfortunately, that kind of friend does not exist today."

THE woman opened her lips to answer, but her words were lost in the noise of a motor car which drew up outside and stopped. There was the quick shuffle of feet, and the screen-door opened to admit two men. One was Dan Crehardy, the local sheriff, the other, a stranger. They paused a moment, studiously alert, to look at the man on the stool, whose back was toward them. Crehardy turned a swift, questioning glance toward his companion. Then they advanced.

"No," the man on the stool was saying to Cactus Carrie, "the world is vanity. 'Fill the cup, and—'"

A hand fell heavily on his shoulder. "Sorry to interrupt," the stranger said, gravely, "but you're my man."

Crehardy stepped over to the counter, behind which stood Cactus Carrie. The grey-eyed man swung about and faced the two men. For a fleeting second there was in his face the

flash of a wild, inner fire, a glimpse of a sensitive nature capable still of making a stand. Then the fire was gone. He slipped off the stool and, pulling up his ragged waistband, smiled, as he said—with a subtle inflection of contempt on the final word: "At your service—gentlemen."

It had all happened so swiftly, there in the hot silence of the lunch room, at midnight—this night of the fulfilled promise! Cactus Carrie reached out a hand for support. She was dizzy—fighting for self-control. An icy flood of anguish was stifling her heart. She caught her breath.

She shook her head to clear her tear-blurred eyes. Her lips set—her black eyes narrowed. The neat and efficient waitress became that woman who had lived a checkered life across the border. She saw the stranger reaching in a pocket for "the bracelets." She leaned across the counter and snatched the sheriff's old gun from its holster.

"Stop!" she cried. The word was like a shot. The very quality of its utterance halted the stranger's hand, from which the handcuffs dangled. He turned startled eyes upon her. The sheriff, with his hand clasped to his empty holster, stared.

She stood very straight—very slim and dark against the shining coffee-urn.

"Move together—over there," she said, nodding, "and put up your hands."

She stepped alertly down the counter, around the end, herding the two men across the room. "You," and she nodded to the renegade, "get behind me." He was a little slow of comprehension, dulled perhaps by his sobriety. When she repeated

her command he caught her meaning, and again the fire shone in his face. "By the gods!" he cried. "And I said it couldn't be!"

With the first quick motion he had made for months he landed at her shoulder, backing as she backed toward the door. He pushed the screen-door open and Cactus Carrie, with her eyes upon the lighted room, said tensely: "Stay where you are, Crehardy. I'm a darn good shot—or used to be." Then the darkness hid her and they heard her say to the driver in the waiting car: "Drive—or I'll kill you."

There was the roar of the high-powered engine, the leap of the big car: then swiftly followed the diminishing sounds—silence.

FIVE years brought few changes to the tiny dot of a town that lay on the desert. The heat waves danced monotonously. The trains continued to pour their traveling hordes along the lunch counter and into the dining-room. But there were changes in the Harvey House. Annie Bruce had been discharged long since for her wicked tongue, and Miss Sadie Eppel had gone back to Boston. Only little Yvonne remained—fluffy and tender-hearted—for she had married the Boss.

In the late summer she rode beside her husband among the hills of Mexico. Their trip had taken them deep into the heart of the wild land. Here and there ranchos thrived with their picturesque flat-topped houses of adobe. They stopped at one to ask a direction.

At the sound of the car a two-year child scuttled indoors like a scared rabbit. They heard from the house a flute-note of laughter—then a loving cry. A woman came to the door holding the child up.

"I beg your pardon," began Hinton. But little Yvonne clutched his hand and shrieked in surprise.

"Cactus Carrie!" she cried. "Oh, don't you know her?—It's Cactus Carrie!"

The woman's quick body grew tense; the light of great joy in her face was instantly shaded by a look of defence.

Then they both talked to her at once: "You were a nine-days' wonder! We have never ceased to be glad for you! How did you do it?—And where is the man?"

Carrie, with a tender little cry pressed her lips to the golden head of the child. "Ah," she said, with a warmer smile than either had ever seen on her face, "then you are friends! Come in: you see I married him at the house of the first priest I found, while he was drunk on mescal. But I think he is not sorry, now—now that he is always sober." She put two fingers to her lips and whistled. At the door of the thatched stable appeared a man, with the sun in his eyes. He came forward at her gesture; his lean, straight body, brown and strong, moving swiftly. He looked sharply at the strangers, recognized them, and laughed.

"Selah!" he said, "mine host of the swims and sinkers!" He laid an arm about the woman's thin shoulders. "Why have you come?" he asked.

"All we want," said Hinton, "is to offer—congratulations." "Thanks," said the tall man—and, very gravely, he looked down at his wife. "If ever they were due anyone in this round world, they are due at this time and place and to me. Verily, the old order changeth—and that Life which was lost is found."

When the big car finally pulled away on its northward journey, there were tears in the blue eyes of Yvonne as she stood in the tonneau to wave a last farewell to the two who still stood, shoulder to shoulder, watching them. "Ain't it beautiful?" she sighed. "Ain't it the most romantic thing you ever heard of, John?"

"It's a rare dream come true," her husband agreed. "Yes, and Cactus Carrie is a fulfillment of that prophecy: 'For love shall redeem the world.'"

All Around You People Know This Secret—



Clear eyes, strong bodies, a new zest in living—all through one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-22, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"ABOUT 15 MONTHS AGO I was afflicted with sties. I had suffered from constipation for several years. One day I noticed dark spots appearing upon my hands. I consulted a physician. 'You have auto-intoxication,' he said, and explained that the waste matter was forcing itself into the blood. He handed me a pamphlet advertising Fleischmann's Yeast. I began taking yeast that day. I took it for four months. I have never had another sty since I ate the first cake; and I am freed of constipation."

Mrs. ANNA LEBERT, San Antonio, Texas

BELOW

"I AM THE OWNER of a grocery store and recommend Fleischmann's Yeast especially to my customers who mention having indigestion or nervous trouble. Because it was when I had those troubles myself that I started using Fleischmann's Yeast. I had only a half-hearted hope that it might help me. But in two months I was eating and sleeping normally. Today I have better health than I ever had before. In fact, I believe I am in perfect physical condition, and that Fleischmann's Yeast has been a great factor in helping me gain that ideal condition."

Mrs. ROBERT CARR, Toronto, Ont.



"BEFORE I BEGAN TAKING Fleischmann's Yeast my face and chest were in a terrible condition with pimples. Finally one day a young woman asked me if I had ever tried Fleischmann's Yeast. After all my failures I thought I might just as well experiment some more . . . After taking Fleischmann's Yeast for three or four months my skin began to be softer and better to look at. Soon my friends began remarking about the change. Now I am in a perfectly healthy condition."

BEATRICE COHEN, Toronto, Ont.

BELOW

"HAVING MARRIED somewhat late in life, I soon found myself doing daily the thousands of physical tasks it is necessary for a mother of four children to perform, at an age when most women are able to conserve their strength. I looked and felt at least ten years older than other women my age. I did not want to take medicine. To make a long story short, I began to take Fleischmann's Yeast. And when we found that it was toning up my system and re-building what I had unwittingly torn down, the cake of Yeast acted as leaven to the whole lump of happiness at our house."

Mrs. GEORGE N. DAVIS, Macon, Mo.

"CONSTIPATION was my deadliest foe. I always had the tired, sluggish feeling characteristic of this ailment. Impaired appetite, a sallow complexion and a pimply skin also contributed to my misery. My mother was employed by a prominent Boston physician who recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. I finally condescended to give it a trial. I continued for two months, when I noticed a slight change. At the end of the fifth month I had regained my lost vigor and my appetite had improved wonderfully. All signs of ache had vanished and the tired feeling was gone—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."

LAWRENCE A. PERRY, Medford, Mass.



This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating it today!



Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women

A CRITIC says that on this page I am "still trying to solve certain problems that are considered in the Old Testament and are as unsolved now as they were then."

My critic is wrong. My friends and I are discussing the problems, not solving them; only hoping they may be unraveled sometime, only believing that "no wrong ever yet was made right by keeping still about it."

The soldier-boy's reason for complaining fits human relations as well as war: "The wheel that does the squeaking is the wheel that gets the grease."

By investigation and experiment, man has revised many old opinions; has proved that the earth revolves about the sun; has discovered the secrets of the lightning and the thunder; has adapted light and sound to his luxuries; has solved scores of riddles of the physical world and today uses the information for his advantage. But man has not investigated his morality with much persistence. Admittedly, our mistakes in human relations are the same as those of ancient days.

Through scientific knowledge which man now possesses, he has developed the resources of the earth with such genius that the destruction of the race by war is possible. We are warned of this by wise men of our day.

But we know that if man's moral theory and practice had kept pace with his economical and commercial advance, there never would be another war. The moral ideas by which we pretend to live, but which we have not taken care to develop and apply, lag far behind our knowledge of the sciences with which we have taken infinite pains.

Consider marriage, the most intimate of human relationships. With it much which we call immorality is concerned.

Since Old Testament times, the civil laws concerning the rights of married women have improved, but they affect only the material and physical side of matrimony; they are concerned with property, cruelty, alimony.

The intimate, personal loves and hates, jealousies and suspicions of men and women have not changed since Adam told the Lord that Eve tempted him to eat the apple.

It is suspected by some scientists that these feelings never can change. If so, or if not so, all women should have the truth. Perhaps it is impossible for human beings to practice the moral ideals they have invented. They preach peace and practice war. Perhaps man is not destined to be monogamous. If so, every woman has a right to know about it before she marries; a right to choose whether or not she will abide by a double moral standard.

We hold certain ideals about the permanency of the home; nevertheless, divorce increases. I have read 1,500,000 letters from women in fifteen years, and it seems to me that there are few wives who have not at some time considered divorce for reasons which have little to do with their legal rights but are connected with elemental revulsions and attractions.

Easier divorce may, or may not, be desirable. We can't find out positively unless people think about it, talk about it, form opinions.

Marriage as an institution possibly may not accurately square with human nature. But we certainly can't discard it until we have an adequate substitute for the home wherein to rear children with the father and the mother to guard and guide them. No intelligent person wishes to impress his personal opinions upon others. But we all know that by discussing our troubles, we define them, set them in order, and thereafter are able the better to make our own decisions. And so, friends to this page, let's keep up our discussions of evils which ought not now to exist, which would not now exist, if our forebears had had fair opportunities to talk over certain problems of human relationship as frankly and honestly as we try to do on this page.

MODERN YOUTH IN LOVE

Reflecting the emotional instability of the time are the letters I've selected for this month's printing. Comments and criticisms are requested as well as other stories of experience.

Dear Winona Wilcox: I've had dates with boys for three years. I've been able to keep boys where they belong in a nice girl's life. But this spring I've met an entirely different type, the kind you just can't go with unless you are kissed. If I refuse to kiss a boy, he decides that I kiss every man except him and that I won't kiss him because I don't like him! So refusal doesn't work. And my conscience hurts me. I know men never truly love a "soft" girl. I suppose a few kisses will not harm me, but how many, and with how many men, before I am one of the despised common soft ones? How do men react to petting? Will some of them give an honest opinion and help me to decide?—A Nice Girl

Petting makes the average male feel quite complacent and

Do You Believe That Open Confession Is Good For The Soul?

Because it is a relief to minds by telling them
lize our convictions
down in words—
to explode before
runs too high—
to confessions and
as inquiries and opin-
be answered by mail
dressed envelope is enclos-



ed. Write to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

get our troubles off our
—Because we crystal-
when we set them
Because it is good
nervous tension
This page is open
explosions, as well
ions. Questions will
when stamped and ad-

egotistical, say the psychologists. Also it disgusts some intelligent men. Of the revulsion which sometimes follows petting, here is an example, from a man who reads this page:

Dear Madam: In love, I somehow became engaged, but the girl and I couldn't marry, we had to finish college. And so a sordid side of romance developed. She never became "tarnished goods," but we petted far too much. I was repelled and asked for my ring. I've always tried to have as much respect for a girl as she has for herself. Many times I've had more. This girl I loved was pretty, jolly, refined and charming. Of all the girls I've known, the last I'd suspect of freedom in petting. Now I'm to blame more than she is, but I was not trying her out. I'm convinced that any girl loses her attraction and even becomes repulsive if she indulges in easy petting. I'd give anything to love her with the fervor I once did. But it is impossible. I'd hate to take a chance on marrying her in my present frame of mind. In fact, I've grown pretty cynical about love and matrimony. I believe that I never again can love a girl.—E. A. N.

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Now for a comment on man's love as seen by a modern girl whom emotion does not blindfold:

Dear Winona Wilcox: SO—love is a game according to men! Not to women it isn't—it's life itself! I ask men—

Why do you all flatter yourselves that you are the only ones with ideals of what a woman should be? Girls have their standards of pure living as well as the over-supply of emotion you men are so fond of appealing to with your soft "I love you" and your perfuming kisses. You men reserve for yourselves the right of initiative in the business of love—why shift the responsibility for your morals upon the "weak emotional sex"? According to your code, a woman must possess the strength to dominate both her own and your impulses. You men are keen on "untarnished" goods, yet you forever are interested in making tarnished goods from pure gold. What price ideals? I don't pet—I'm just—"A Dumbell."

Courage rings in the above. Below, the same problem is treated with modern bravado. The difference betrays what is good and what is bad in a woman's mind and character.

Dear Winona Wilcox: We girls are subject to the same emotions as our brothers, I believe. Why should not we have the same rights? I, myself, have loved too well for a girl. If my brothers are fit for good husbands after such an experience, why not I for a good wife? I am not wicked at heart, neither am I cynical, nor have I lost faith in man. My experience has only given me a keener understanding of the better things in life, and sympathy for others more unfortunate than I. Let those without sin cast the first stone.—Billie.

Stones can't harm a girl like that. She cannot feel them. A similar boast ends with the same smugness:

"The pitiful part of it is, I am just as good at heart as ever any one could possibly be. The mud through which I crawled has not smirched my soul one particle. I am an idealist-dreamer as always."

Now I wonder what can reach a girl so sure that she can take the cash and let the credit go. Can anybody penetrate her egotism and show her that there's a difference between herself and that other girl who has ruled her emotions?

Screaming that "wrong" is "right" doesn't make it so, as some

sophisticates think. I am the other woman in an affair which nearly destroyed four persons. He and I had to stop seeing each other or there would have been a murder. I do not think of myself as "bad" though I loved not wisely. But I am doubly unhappy because, to me, being forced to use wisdom in love takes the beauty out of it.—B. B.

SAVING HIM FROM HIMSELF

Dear Winona Wilcox: The man I love is slipping, he is going with the wrong crowd. I have no influence over him. I can't stand by and see him go to pieces in the worst way. What can I do?—Mary.

Nothing at all, to judge from the failures made by many other women in like situations. It's seldom possible for a girl to keep a man from making his own experiments with life. I do not see how a girl can save a man from himself. Virtue is not a veneer, it must come from within. Once in a while, however, a wife accomplishes the impossible:

Dear Winona Wilcox: My husband was a spoiled son. I lived through six years of constant nagging and growling, at different times taking a stand against it but not changing him. When our children began to understand I said, "Now we will set a good example for our boys." At first he laughed but I was firm. I said, "No more growling in this family!" Why, I had to help him to speak in a different way, to use a pleasant tone, to find pleasing words! And today you wouldn't know we were the same family. I tell you a woman's family is what she makes it.—M.

"Innocently" a trespasser may wreck a peaceful home is this girl's claim.

"Boarding while teaching in a western community, I discovered that the man of the house was interested in me. I let things drift quite innocently. As was his custom with all teachers, he drove me to and from school. His wife accepted this as a matter of course. I was lonely in a strange place, he was attractive, he admired me, I didn't worry much about the wife nor his children. But now his wife has divorced him, taken his children from him. And along he comes east expecting me to marry him! Why, it's outrageous! He is 20 years older than I! Why are old men so silly?—Helen S."

For the same reasons that young girls are. "Innocence!" Vanity!

FOR THE CHILD'S SAKE

To offset the story of the town which ostracized an unwed mother and openly condoned a rich young man's offense, comes this account of the women of another community who united to help a young girl in her black hour.

Dear Winona Wilcox: The boy was a brilliant athlete, his parents rich and respectable. The girl a fair young thing, well liked and good. The girl's parents arranged a secret marriage a few weeks before the arrival of the infant but needless to say, the town knew the details. The couple never exchanged words after the ceremony. The man refused to assume his parental responsibilities. But the women and the girls of the town brought the young mother comfort and cheer and companionship because they were wise and understanding women. Today the girl is honored because she did the right thing when she might have sneaked out of her responsibility unnoticed. The man is regarded as a weakling and a slacker, not for the mistake he made, but because he was not man enough to shoulder his share in his child's care.—A.W.

TWO VIEWS OF MARRIAGE

Dear Winona Wilcox: Into our middle west town, a newly arrived widow has thrown a bomb. She is over forty, financially well fixed, is a good business woman, has many friends, owns her home and car, has no children, travels a good deal.

In our town she met a man who has no money, no social place and no job. Now she has been a widow less than a year but the first time she met our improvident citizen, she asked him to marry her!

And of course our husbands applaud her for acting as she feels! But we wives wonder what our men would say had the widow been poor, with several children, and in dire need of a husband's help! Would our men decide that she was a romantic creature whose feelings were a credit to her?—Mrs. B.

This is printed here as an odd detail from the vast canvas of human behavior; and as showing the "different" reactions of husbands and wives to the same situation.